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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

AS we go to press Toronto Saturday Night learns that George H. Munroe has left Toronto and Canada for all time.

Having accomplished the task that we set out to perform two weeks ago, the story now closes so far as Toronto Saturday Night is concerned.

The shareholders in the various companies in which George H. Munroe has been interested, will, we understand, endeavor to effect a reorganization, and in this effort Toronto Saturday Night will be only too pleased to render any possible assistance.

GEORGE H. MUNROE'S attempt to restore public confidence in himself and in his enterprises by means of a series of certificates—chartered accountant's certificates—respecting the disposition of the treasury stock of Bartlett Mines, Limited, and of Berna Motors and Taxicabs, Limited, proved a miserable failure.

Any one with an ounce of business sense is fully alive to the fact that the little treasury stock contained in these corporations has nothing whatever to do with the issues which SATURDAY NIGHT has already made plain and which are again entered into in detail in this issue. This gang of looters can never save their faces by such a flimsy, weak-kneed device.

However, the hardest knock of all came when the firm of Henry Barber & Company, chartered accountants, in whose name the whitewashing certificate of Bartlett Mines, Ltd., was issued, came out with a statement utterly disowning any connection or knowledge of Munroe's two corporations.

If the financial transactions of George H. Munroe in connection with Berna Motors and Taxicabs, Ltd., and Bartlett Mines, Ltd., are not crooked, and will bear the inspection of the public eye, why are not statements concerning these corporations issued? Let Munroe and his able assistants, with the help of someone whom the public can trust, issue a sworn statement which will set forth the facts fully and clearly, in place of this grotesque, farcical attempt to hide behind the statement which deals with the treasury stock of these two corporations.

George H. Munroe knows, and TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT knows, that this crowd of financial filibusters have not lived up to the provisions of the Joint Stock Company's Act; an Act devised to protect the public, and which for some unaccountable reason fails in its object.

Munroe knows, and SATURDAY NIGHT knows, and the officers of the law should know, if they don't, that the financial transactions of Berna Motors and Taxicabs and Bartlett Mines, have never, since the inception of these two corporations, been open and above board. Munroe knows, and TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT knows, that act after act of this gang of jovial freebooters has been so schemed and devised as to fool and befuddle the public. And now this man Munroe has the temerity to attempt the drawing a herring over his financial trail in the shape of a certificate of "character" from an accountant, in order that he may perchance, weather the storm, and proceed with his financial brigandage.

The one hope of Berna Motors and Taxicabs, Ltd., and the one hope of Bartlett Mines, Ltd.,—if there is still anything left other than an empty shell—and the one hope of the honest shareholders in these two corporations is the obliteration of George H. Munroe from the financial landscape.

Blot this man out and perchance these corporations have still sufficient vitality to make their own way. With Munroe they can do nothing but founder in the dirty pool of financial disrepute.

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IT is greatly to be regretted that the name of such men as the Hon. Richard Harcourt are involved in the Toronto financial schemes of George H. Munroe. As the investigation into the antics of this band of financial porch climbers proceeds, it becomes every day more evident that they stopped at nothing to attain their own ends. Gross deception and the misrepresentation of facts concerning the flotation of Bartlett Mines, Ltd., can be proven without a question of doubt. This gang of financial highbinders robbed the public of its money, and then when the dear public was milked dry, they proceeded to rob each other in the most approved fashion. It is a case of thieves falling out.

Had such men as the Hon. Richard Harcourt not been gulled into lending their names and reputations to such a game of "high" finance, it is questionable if the Munroe crowd could have hoodwinked the public into buying their worthless securities. That the Hon. Mr. Harcourt has suffered along with the rest is evident from the fact that he is the owner of a large block of Bartlett Mines stock, and it is a question whether he should be pitied or censured. A lucid public statement by Mr. Harcourt as to his part in this disreputable game of rob your neighbor would be welcome at this time, for it would unquestionably do much to ease the public mind and clear the skirts of an old and honored citizen.

THE Varsity, which twice a week publishes news and views affecting the undergraduates of the University of Toronto, quite often has something very sensible to say concerning education. This week it contains an interesting editorial article backing up the contention of Professor F. J. A. Davidson that the present examination system at the University is burdensome and unjust. Professor Davidson says that "the student is encouraged to approach knowledge not for its own sake and for the culture which it gives, but solely from the viewpoint of examinations." And he urges that "the great bugbear of final examinations be banished" in order that the pursuit of knowledge may be proceeded with "in a leisurely and scholarly way." The Varsity adopts this policy with avidity and advocates it with enthusiasm.

Certain it is that, not only at the University of Toronto but at practically all the educational institutions of the country, the aim seems too largely to be the development of expert performers at examinations rather than the guidance of students in the direction of cultivating well-grounded knowledge. A pupil may learn or memorize enough text-book material to pass a highly creditable examination and yet have very little knowledge of the subjects he has been playing with. The great purpose of education is to put the mind of a youth in proper working order; to discipline him, to broaden his outlook—to give him, not merely a degree, but such an attitude as will make him a man of discernment and a first-rate citizen. A good many university students imagine that when they have completed a college course they are equipped as bread-winners and citizens, and of course they imagine a vain thing. Your B. A. at graduation is only prepared to start being a citizen; and if he has done nothing more than cram his mind sufficiently to pass a final examination, he is not even prepared for such a start. To the average man the ultimate purpose of study is to acquire a working knowledge in some art or science. Yet it is common to see graduates in languages who cannot write a paragraph that would pass a city editor, graduates in music who cannot make music or do not even understand what music is, and so on all along the line. And how often we see university graduates who are excellent as friends but most exasperating as associates in the business of life! Of course there are individuals who could not be educated by any system, for education is a growth and cannot be tacked on a youth with no horse sense as a rare fruit can be produced by grafting a sprig of it on a crab apple tree. But it is apparent that something might easily be done to enlarge the understanding of students as a class—to make it clear to them that their work ought to be directed toward an ultimate, practical end and not toward the immediate end of doing something showy when examination day comes round. It might, indeed, prove to be an excellent innovation to send at regular intervals to every college in the land some man of practical ideas as well as ideals—some graduate of the big University of the World—to tell the students in plain language why their parents or guardians, and, in some cases, the State furnish them opportunities for study. Meanwhile, if a change in the examination system at the University of Toronto will serve to equip the students there with useful knowledge instead of filling their minds for the time being with a mass of answers to graduation questions, the matter ought to be taken up at once by the authorities.

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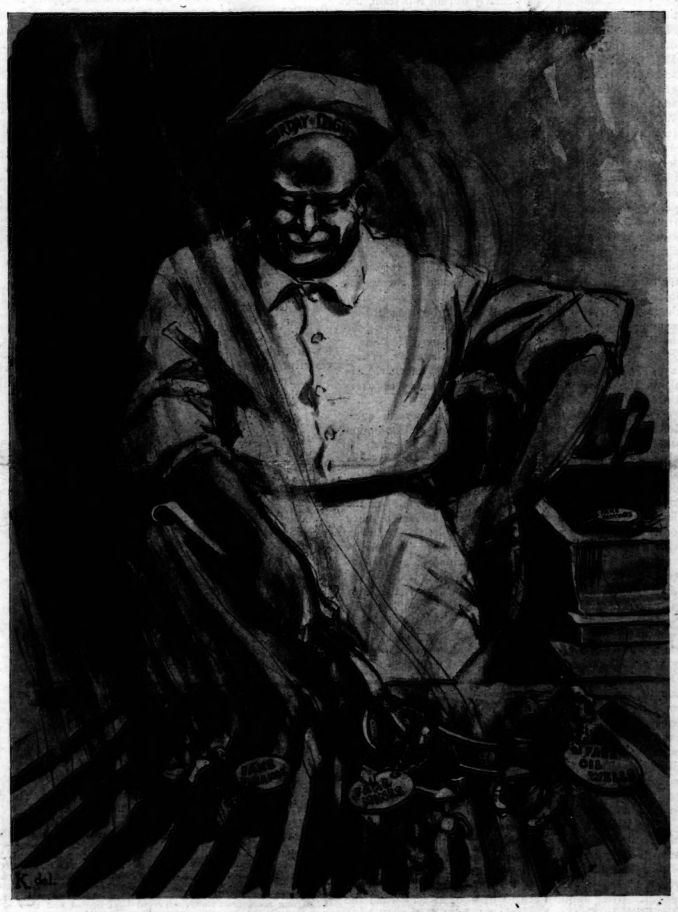
IF it is at all possible for the spirits of the great dead to follow the progress of events here on earth, and if they are at all interested in the attitude of posterity towards them, the spirit of Michael Angelo must have taken great pleasure in his recent handsome vindication by Colonel Denison in this city. The Morality Department, with the unfailing tact and fine artistic judgment which have always characterized it, had haled into Court the immortal "Last Judgment" of the great painter. Furthermore the Morality Department had called the attention of the Court to the fact that the marvelous Florentine was no gentleman; and the policemen who sit in judgment on works of art—from burlesque shows to the masterpieces of painting and literature—had pointed out the various ways in which the stupendous fresco sinned against ethics and æsthetics as understood by the "force." It was a very impressive scene—Michael Angelo in the dock with the quotidian "jags." In fact, it is a question if he was not registered as "Mike." This might explain his arrest as an exhibition of Orange prejudice on the part of the Department. In any case, whether as a Florentine or a United Irishman, he was brought to Court. But, fortunately, he was recognized by the presiding magistrate as an old friend.

"What! Can this be my old friend Mike? Put it there, Micky, me boy, put it there!" said Colonel Denison—figuratively speaking. And then while he patted the noble old artist on the head with one hand, he held up the other in warning to the Morality Squad. "You've got in wrong. This is an old pal of mine—met him in Rome. We used to hob-nob in the Sistine Chapel."

And then when the astonished vice-hunters had found out that the prisoner was not Irish at all, but was a "dego" of the name of Buonarroti, they decided to drop the prosecution. "Degos" are not supposed to have any morals anyway. And so Michael Angelo escaped his "thirty days, hard."

The whole case brings up a nice question in art and censorship. How far can a policeman go in his search for the vicious in art? Must all literature and painting and sculpture be subjected to the ethical tenets of his particular "beat?" And if not all art, then, how much art? And why that particular range? The problem, as presented in Toronto, offers a very wide field for discussion—too wide to be adequately dealt with here. But certainly our local system seems to work out to some peculiar results. Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" is ruled out as indecent, though there is reason to regard him as the least fleshly of painters. It is doubtful if it ever before occurred to anyone to regard a picture of his as an incitement to sensuality, even those in which the draperies are of the simplest description. But then there are very few people—let us hope—whose evil passions would be aroused by Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Susceptibilities differ, however, and those of the Morality Department seem to be very sensitive. The members of that branch of the municipal service discover vicious suggestions where no one else in the world would be apt to see them. Such keen scent for vice may or may not be a good and useful quality, and may or may not redound to the credit of the Morality Department. This is a question which I do not feel called upon to decide. But it does certainly seem a pity that the great works of art should have to submit to the requirements of a patrolman's sense of the ethical in art.



GRILLED.

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IN this issue of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT a page is given over to the Chicago-Alberta Oilfields Company, Ltd., and the California Alberta Oil. Both these corporations are now operating extensively in Canada. One proof of this is before the public in the large amount of advertising space taken up by both corporations in the Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg papers.

As is usual with corporations of this character, the advertising matter has a genial "come on" spirit about it which is likely to entrap the unwary, and as a matter of fact there is every indication that both these companies have been doing a large business in Canada. According to the admissions of the manager of one of these corporations, women have formed a large proportion of their customers.

As to the worth of the propositions and the advisability of placing money in them, I would refer you to another page of this issue of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. Mr. W. A. Fraser, author, geologist and oil expert, who, in company with the late Dr. Dawson, chief of the Canadian geological survey, spent years in studying the oil possibilities of both Northern and Southern Alberta, and whose pronouncement upon the subject must stand as authoritative, states that neither of these fields have ever produced petroleum in paying quantities, and further in his judgment, neither field ever will produce such oil.

It may also be pointed out that neither of these companies have ever sunk a well, or dug a foot in the ground for that matter—this they themselves admit.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has within the past few weeks received hundreds of letters from all parts of Canada, pertaining to these promotions. Some asked advice as to investing their funds in one or the other of these companies, while many others, having a glimmering suspicion that money was being taken from the public without promise of a fair return, appealed to this paper to make an exposure of the companies, their aims and their methods. These are the reasons that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT deals with the subject at this time.

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IF Home Rule is conferred on Ireland, what then? This is a phase of this vexed question which has always been carefully avoided by speakers both for and against. But now that the Irish Nationalists appear to hold the balance of power, and Home Rule is immeasurably nearer realization, it is a question which should be faced.

If Ireland is given the boon of self-government, Scotland will no doubt feel justified in demanding Home Rule too. And if Scotland, why not Wales? The Scots and Welsh have just as much right as the Irish. And if these three portions of the British Isles secure their legislative independence, the Channel Islands will probably set up a similar claim. And what is to hinder the North of England from demanding separation from the South? All this is a logical development, once the precedent is established.

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ARE we on this continent to become vegetarians, whether we will or no, or have the governments the power to drive the meat trust back into the slaughter house from which it emanated?

In the United States a general boycott on meat has been instituted by those who feel themselves aggrieved. The citizens of New York, Chicago, Rochester, Pittsburg, and various other centres have foresworn meat until such time as the price declines. In Pittsburg hotels and restaurants are featuring all-vegetable meals, and the owners of these establishments expect by this means to cut their butcher bills in two.

The question arises, however, as to how effective such measures can be. If a goodly percentage of the population, say one-third, would adhere to an all-vegetable diet, or confine their meat purchases to the barest necessities, which does not necessarily mean roast beef and beef steaks, then there would be some hope of such a movement accomplishing something. But under present conditions this is hardly to be hoped for. Those who can afford meat will have meat at any price, while those who have not the money will in any event go without.

There can be no question, however, but that the high price of living on this continent, and there appears to be no top to the market, is one of the gravest matters with which we must deal. Fortunately, so far Canada has not been obliged to bear up under these monopolistic conditions to the same extent as have the people of the United States. Nevertheless, the undue inflation of prices in the United States must necessarily react upon Canada to a great extent. As a matter of fact, there can be no question but that the ever upward tendency of prices in Canada is directly attributable to the United States.

Sooner or later the governments, both of the United States and Canada, must take hold of these questions, sift them to the bottom and apply the remedy, which would most naturally consist in taking away from these

monopolies the charters under which they work as corporations, or in the event of their not being corporations, then other means must be found to destroy them or at least render them harmless of doing the evil which can be directly traced to their methods.

At the moment a canners' combine, with many millions capitalization, is in the process of formation here in Canada. What if these gentlemen, with a list of canneries under their control as long as your arm, proceed to put up the prices of canned goods as have the meat combine, the milk combine, and the half dozen other combinations of capital in the United States?

Will the Government act?

I hope so.

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THE thriving town of Midland has jumped into the limelight through the romantic marriage of one of its aged citizens to the young woman of his choice in spite of irate relatives, disappointed heirs and legal injunctions. The story reads like a page from Sir Walter Scott.

Canadians, among others, are prone to complain that the present is a humdrum, matter-of-fact age, in which the pursuit of wealth has practically destroyed all the finer sentiments which gave the days of long ago such a charming rose color. Midland has given the lie to such unworthy pessimism. Love cannot die, romance still survives. It is a pity that the Midland idyll should be overshadowed by legal proceedings and bad feelings. To me it seems that in a free country like this there is no law to prevent an old man marrying a woman young enough to be his granddaughter.

Without entering into the merits of the dispute between him and his relatives, it may be pointed out that such disparity in ages does not always result in unhappy unions. One of the best of the present-day English novelists, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, made this the theme of his finest novel, "A Guarded Flame," wherein an aged philosopher weds his ward, aged 21. Other things being equal, there seems no reason why a man of eighty and a woman of thirty should not live together happily. They are old enough to know their own minds. A man of eighty has lost a lot of unreasonableness and lack of stability of the man in his twenties. He has no foolish illusions left about the perfection of womankind, and he is likely to be properly grateful for her attention to his comfort. He will not be unnecessarily jealous nor stay out late at nights. On the other hand, a woman of thirty has had time to discard a lot of impossible ideas about the married state which no doubt glorified her existence ten years previously. She marries for a home, and is capable of managing one when she gets it. More than that, she is apt to retain her independence in a much greater degree than the woman who marries a man of about her own age.

Many a marriage which the world approves, becomes an intolerable tie. Some most desirable matches end up in the divorce court. In brief, there are no hard and fast rules governing marriage. There is no open sesame to wedded felicity. The aged Midlander and his young spouse stand just as good a chance as anyone else, and here's luck to them!

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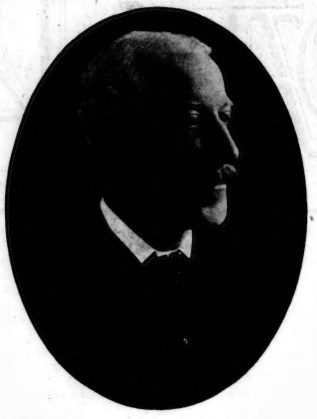
THE trouble with the present verdict of the British electorate is that it does not establish anything conclusively. It is extremely unfortunate that so memorable and bitter a campaign should come to so indefinite a decision. There were so many issues involved in the present appeal to the people, that it is impossible to assume just what the vote represents. If a voter plumped for the Unionists, he may have been declaring against a parsimonious naval policy, or in favor of the action of the House of Lords on the Budget, or against Home Rule for Ireland, or again, he may have cast his ballot for Tariff Reform.

On the other hand, a Liberal voter may have entertained an opposite view on each or all of these questions. It was Hobson's choice, to vote straight party or not at all. In the event of a Unionist triumph, the new Government would not be justified in considering the verdict an endorsation of Tariff Reform, or a mandate to make big increases in naval expenditures. On the other hand, the Liberals must be wondering where they are at.

In several instances the significance of the vote is understood. Portsmouth's huge majorities for Lord Beresford and his running mate were a declaration for a more aggressive naval policy. Birmingham voted for Tariff Reform, Manchester for Free Trade, Wales against the tyranny of the Lords, several English counties determined to repudiate the anti-Lords cry, Ireland voted for Home Rule, London was hopelessly divided on every issue, and so forth. Who is to determine the exact strength of sentiment toward each question? At this distance, it seems as if another election must be held soon to clear the air, and decide something definitely.

After all, it looks as if we conduct elections better in this country, where party ties are strong. Each voter gives *carte blanche* to his party to administer affairs during the next four years. Once in a while one issue overshadows all the others, but that is faced with true party faith and loyalty.

Straight partyism has its faults, but it does save us from such a conglomeration of confused issues, involved



William McMaster, who was recently elected a director of the Bank of Commerce.

ideas and floods of vituperation as the people of the Motherland have just experienced.

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SIGNS have not been wanting during the present Parliament, and more particularly during this term, that the representatives from Western Canada are getting out of accord with the members from the "effete East." Without being at all alarmist, the day may come soon when Miss Canada will have some trouble in driving the East and West in double harness. The new House after the general election of 1908 contained a good deal of new and promising material, much of which hailed from the Western provinces, and especially British Columbia. The recruits to the Opposition from that province could hardly wait for the perfunctory addresses from the mover and seconder of the Speech from the Throne, and from the two leaders, before they thrust themselves on the notice of their fellow-members. Three or four of them took part in the opening debate. The tradition carried down from 200 years of procedure in the Mother of Parliaments that a new member should be seen and not heard did not deter them in the least. Before the session was half over several of them had established a reputation for being good scrappers, able to take care of themselves in any situation. Rules of procedure and call-downs from the chair were ignored. They rode rough-shod over many ancient shibboleths of Parliament. If the man from the West had anything to say, he said it even if a Minister of the Crown had to sit fuming over the delay. There is no false modesty about the typical Westerner. He plants himself on his two feet and refuses to be overlooked.

The divergence of opinion on many important questions between the two great portions of the Dominion has become more marked during the present term. A large majority of the representatives from beyond the Great Lakes are out of sympathy with the prevailing ideas in the East on such questions as the tariff, transportation, and Asiatic labor. A good example of the cleavage in sentiment is afforded by the naval defence controversy. In accordance with their fetish of getting something done, and done quickly, they are in favor of sending a cash contribution to the British Admiralty instead of beginning the construction of a Canadian Navy which will take a lot of time, and at the end still be in the experimental stage. Then, again, the West has little sympathy with the bounties system to which the East has been dragooned into giving a weary acquiescence in order to quiet the clamor of certain lusty industrial infants. It was just the other day that the Liberal member for Red Deer, Alta., took occasion to denounce the iron and steel bounties in no uncertain terms and, more than that, to raise aloft the banner of Free Trade which has been lying covered with dust these many years either in the old caucus room of the then Liberal Opposition in the Commons or in the Toronto Globe office. His speech sounded like a page from some old musty romance, but Mr. Clark was in dead earnest, and it is safe to assume that he has an influential body of public opinion behind his back out in Alberta.

The Westerner is a firm believer in the greatness of his destiny, and as he is multiplying more rapidly than any other part of the Dominion, it would seem to be the wise course for the people of the Eastern provinces to get into more intimate touch with his viewpoint and ambitions. After another census or two, he will wield the Big Stick in Canadian political affairs. He will have his own manufacturing centres and his own mercantile wholesale houses. He will probably have direct access to the British markets for his grain via the Hudson Bay, and, all-in-all, will be a very independent and self-centred citizen of this great Dominion.

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WHATEVER truth there may be in the statement that Great Britain is rapidly becoming decadent, no such charge can be laid against the feminine sex over there. Indeed, the daring and resourcefulness of her English sister has set womankind all over the world gasping for breath and wondering what she will do next. Even the so-called smart American girl is a docile home-loving thing in comparison. After the Suffragettes' two years strenuous crusade, and their more recent antics during the present election campaign, such as stand-up fights with policemen, climbing steep roofs to hurl bricks down the chimneys, and smashing Mr. Winston Churchill's topper, one is prepared to expect an even more startling move, and sure enough it has arrived. The latest demand of English girls—not Suffragettes this time—is the right to enlist as scouts in General Sir Baden-Powell's organization, which has some branches in Canada. Not even the most hardened suffragette, one might, think, would contend that nature had intended her sex for the kind of hardships which scouting involves from the climbing of trees to rough and tumble fighting. It is purely a man's job, and a strong man's at that, but now that the ladies are after it, they will probably disprove that idea. I am sorry for Baden-Powell, for, from all accounts, he is a decent enough fellow. His siege at Mafeking will seem like a pink tea affair to the pressure to which he will now be subjected. If the skirts will be scouts there seems no help for it.

The Colonel

SIR JOSEPH G. WARD,
Prime Minister of New Zealand.

GOLD AND DROSS

Will you kindly inform me through your columns, viz:—(1) What properties do the Great Northern Mining Co. own? (2) Are they working on same? (3) Do they own the Cobalt Light and Power Co.? (4) Are they managing the property to the best interest of the shareholders? (5) Shares are selling about 10c. Do you consider it a reasonable speculation?

BALMY BEACH.

1st. The principal one is the Cleveland Cobalt.
2nd. No.
3rd. Yes.
4th. Apparently so.
5th. As their only source of revenue is their power plant this can hardly be expected to pay big dividends on $150,000 (capital $1,500,000) and the entrance of cheap water-generated power to the town may put them out of business.

Being a reader of SATURDAY NIGHT I shall esteem it a favor if you will intimate through your columns what you think of "Otisse" shares. I am a stockholder at 35 and 28. Would you advise me to buy more to average?

J. WILCOX.

Do not buy any more Otisse, in fact it were better to sell what you have and charge your loss up to experience.

In referring to the American Telephone Company, (American Telegraph and Telephone), in last week's Gold and Dross column, the word Telephone read by error Telegraphone, which is another institution. Our answer that it was a first class investment applies to the American Telegraph and Telephone Company but not to the Telegraphone Co., of New York. As a matter of fact the Telegraphone Co. bears little resemblance to its "near-name-sake" as a paying investment.

Editor Gold and Dross,—

Dear Editor—Having read your opinion about California and Alberta Oil Wells, would like to have your advice about Chicago Alberta Company as I am interested in it. Is it any better investment? Shares go up to-day to 40 cents, at least I was told they would.—F.H.F.

The Chicago Alberta Company is no better than the California Alberta Company. Neither of them are likely to ever earn a dollar for the stockholders. You might go and see if you can sell the stock back to them for what you paid for it. This offer should appeal to them if they are now getting forty cents a share for it. For further particulars regarding the "oil" wells, see other pages of this issue of Saturday Night. Keep out of Stirling Townsite at $4 per share or at any other price. Put your money in a bank and keep it there, or you will lose it to a moral certainty.

78 Brant street, W. Brantford, Ont.
Jan. 24, '10

Editor Gold and Dross Columns, Saturday Night,

Dear Sir.—What is your opinion of the International Tool Steel Co., as an investment? I have some money I would like invested in something good. It's a first investment and I would like to make a really good start.

If International T. Steel Co. does not meet with your views will you kindly recommend something else.

Yours truly,
GORDON MITCHELL.

International Tool Steel Company is not an investment, at least not yet. No property is an investment until it has proven itself. Buy BONDS or PREFERRED STOCKS in some first-class going concern that is earning good dividends on its common stock. Don't touch a common stock as an investment unless it is something of the character of C.P.R. or the best of the bank stocks.

Will you kindly give me your opinion of the Toronto Brazilian Diamonds and Gold Dredging Co.

C. F. C.

Leave it alone.

I should very much like your opinion of Asbestos common as an investment.

The Amalgamated appears to have issued $17,500,000 in stocks and bonds, and Black Lake $5,000,000, making a total of $22,500,000.

Does the demand for and supply of asbestos appear to warrant such capitalization and likelihood of continued dividends on the common?

INVESTOR.

There is no dividend paid on Asbestos common or on Black Lake common. The latter is more of a speculation than the former; we could not view the purchase of either in the light of an investment. Amalgamated Asbestos is certainly capitalized too highly, but it controls most of the best asbestos properties in Canada. Black Lake has not commenced operations as yet.

Will you kindly state through your columns what you know of the International Tool Steel Co. Is it a good investment and is it a genuine proposition?

AN ENQUIRER.

The proposition is a genuine one and some good names are connected with the flotation. However, it is not an investment. As stated last week, no proposition is an investment until it has proven its worth. Dominion Iron and Steel was in the days of its inception looked upon as an investment in some quarters. You probably know what hapepned. The stock went down to a few dollars a share, and much money was swallowed up. Only the strong men, financially, survived that ordeal and they are now reaping the benefit. International Tool Steel would come under the head of a speculative investment, which is a very different thing from a true investment, such, for instance, as the preferred stock or bonds of some going concern that is also earning a dividend upon its common stock.

"White Plague" Marriages.

To the Editor, Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—There is a well-known adage, "Prevention is better than cure;" at the present time a vast amount of energy, and a considerable amount of money, is being expended in an endeavor to stamp out what is rightly called the "white plague." Now of what avail is it to provide hospital accommodation when people infected with the germs of this deadly disease are allowed to come together in marriage.

A well known minister some days ago refused to marry a man so infected, but as he points out in a letter to the press the evil lies in the promiscuous way in which marriage licenses are being given out, and in the fact that it is only necessary for the prospective bridegroom to be present when securing a permit. It must be apparent to every intelligent person that the power to issue a marriage license should be in the hands of certain competent medical men appointed by Government, and who could at least detect any flagrant outward form of disease, and also compel both parties to the contract to be present.

The present system of peddling licenses and wedding rings over the same counter should be abolished as soon as possible, and the sooner the better prospects there will be for the rising generation.

Trusting you will ventilate this subject in your powerful journal, I remain, dear sir, yours obediently,

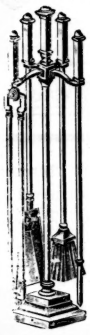
HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

16 Belmont Street, Toronto, January 24, 1910.

The development of the Brazilian Amazon Valley must in time amount to untold wealth. In the states of Para and the Amazons and the federal territory of Acre there are near the water's edge 10,000,000 rubber-bearing trees of the Hevea variety. These trees if properly tapped will live indefinitely and steadily increase their yield. The State of Para is considerably larger than Texas, and much of it will grow excellent cotton.

Vice-Admiral Ijuin, who is to succeed Admiral Togo in chief command of the Japanese fleet, distinguished himself in the Russo-Japanese War, and is well known in naval circles in America and England.

FINE FIREPLACE Furnishings



We have just taken into stock a specially fine line of English Brass Firesets and Stands.

Prices for 3-piece Sets, $3 to $6.

Brass Fire Companion Sets and Stands $6 to $10.

Black Fire Companion Sets and Stands $6 to $10.

Spring Tongs
Black, Black and Brass, and all Brass
50c., $1, $1.50.

Pokerettes
To match Tongs, 35c., 50c., 75c.

Coal Boxes
Black, Black and Brass, and all Brass, new and attractive designs
Prices $4, $4.50, $5 and $12.

Coal Vase Tongs, 50c. and $1.

We have just taken into stock new shipment of Coal Scuttles, Polished and Hammered Brass. Prices, $4.50 and $5.

RICE LEWIS & SON
LIMITED
Corner King and Victoria Streets

WALL PAPER

The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of tasteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

We are Experts in Home Decoration. Estimates submitted at short notice.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE ST., TORONTO

THE glorious old stage coach and tavern days have faded into history, but the desire for old-fashioned furniture, good cheer and generous hospitality still remains. The surroundings, appointments and atmosphere of the

St. Charles Grill

are in pleasing harmony with the old-time spirit. What a contrast it affords! Just a step inside from Toronto's busiest street to a cosy, quiet room where an old Flemish interior, shaded candelabra and snowy linen make a restful and cheery place to partake of the appetizing and well cooked meal which is served.

St. Charles Grill, 68-70 Yonge St.

ODD LINE SALE

WOMEN'S PATENT LEATHER LACE BOOTS

Reg. $3.50 for $2.50
Reg. 3.00 and $2.50 for $1.50

These are perfect goods but the sizes are broken, and they must be cleared out before Spring goods arrive

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge St.

Some Pretty Dinner Favors and Place Cards

recently received from Paris are distinctive novelties. And the prices here are less than in the retail stores in Paris.

We make a specialty of

Paper Articles for Table Use

and keep a well-assorted stock of

LACE DESSERT PAPERS, round and oval.

DISH PAPERS, oval embossed.

SQUARE TABLE D'OYLEYS in several handsome patterns, including Damask, Teneriffe, Torchon, and Point de Paris.

Pie Collars, Cutlet Frills, Ham Frills, Souffle or Ramequin Cases, Paper Napkins.

MICHIE & CO., Ltd.
7 King St. W., Toronto

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Bonds to yield from 5 to 6 per cent.

Stocks to yield from 5 to 7 per cent.

Selections made suitable to individual needs.

Particulars on request.

Orders executed on commission.

A. E. AMES & CO., LTD.
INVESTMENT BANKERS
7-9 King St. East, Toronto.

"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$42.45

LIFE DEPARTMENT
ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, LIMITED.
Chief Toronto Agents.

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO
DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

We own and offer:—

$1,000,000
Canadian Northern Railway Company
Winnipeg Terminals
Thirty year 4% guaranteed Gold Bonds.

Guaranteed as to principal and interest by endorsement by the Province of Manitoba.

The appraised value of the Terminals is placed at twice the amount of bonds outstanding.

The Terminals—169 acres in extent—are used by three important railways in Winnipeg, Manitoba, which is the third City in importance in Canada.

The passenger terminals are located on the main street of the City and in the heart of the business district.

Rentals paid by the Grand Trunk Pacific and National Transcontinental Railways for the joint use of the terminals amount to $97,500, or 80 per cent. of annual interest charge on outstanding bond issue.

Denominations—$1,000, or £205-9-7.

Principal and interest payable at New York, Toronto, London, Eng.

We recommend these bonds as a security of the highest character.

Any further information desired furnished upon request.

Income return, slightly over 4 per cent.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO 26 KING ST. EAST
BRANCHES
MONTREAL—WINNIPEG—LONDON, ENG.

MONTREAL, JAN. 27, 1910.

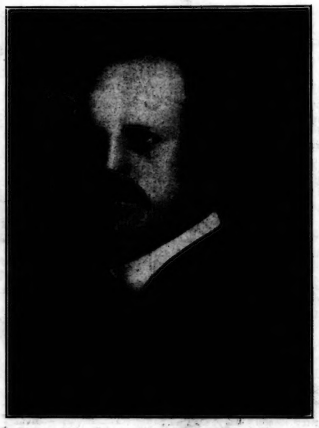
LAUGH and the world laughs with you,"
"Weep and you weep alone."

It is a statement of fact—a little grim, if you will, but true things are often grim. George McLaren Brown didn't compose the little couplet, but he had an intuitive grasp of the truth the lines convey. So he laughed. That doesn't mean that he went around giggling—he simply turned a cheerful countenance to a fretful world, and the fretful world went out of his office appeased, if not in smiles. It was a valuable asset, that cheerfulness of George McL. Brown. From Atlantic to Pacific, it infected the passengers of the Canadian Pacific Railway. After once meeting him they felt they had a friend at court. So they talked about him and said he was a fine fellow. People who had never seen him heard them talk, and in turn said that Brown was a fine fellow. And so he was. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy was not the last to find it out; and when Archer Baker, the company's late representative in London—which nearly means Europe—slipped away to join the great majority, a week or so ago, Sir Thomas, or Mr. Bosworth, sent us a pleasant little message, over the cables and under the sea, to tell us that G. McL. B. was "It." And all the transportation men in Montreal allow that Sir Thomas showed uncommonly good sense for a railway president.

⁂

Diplomatic Geo. McL. Brown.

Inasmuch as it begins to look as though the intelligent voter of Great Britain has decided that we are to play saddle horse for lords and heriditary institutions, for another session or two, it is only fair to say a word about Brown's ancestors. Brown may be a heriditary lord himself, some day. Well, his father is Adam Brown, of Hamilton, and he is well known in Ontario. Formerly M.P., now P.M.—if Hamilton were the cabbage patch Toronto says it is, and you went to the grocery to get your mail, Adam is the man who would discuss the contents of your post cards as he hands them to you, and it would be Adam's barrel of crackers you would be sitting on and Adam's prunes you would have in your pocket. When he was M.P., I think he was a "con." Geo. McL., being a born diplomat, married into a free trade family. I think it was, daughter of John Crerar, K.C. That may save him from eternal torment, some day.



George McL. Brown, the newly appointed European representative of the C.P.R.

⁂

Getting up in the Service.

It did not take the C.P.R. very long to find out what a diplomat was Brown. They sent him out to Vancouver, B. C., somewhere around 1890, as ticket agent, but before very long they concluded they could make better use of him as passenger manager. So successful was he in smoothing out the crinkles in irate travellers, that the company made him a sort of executive head or special agent, his duties being to smooth out everybody, particularly politicians, and make things go nicely out in B.C. After that he became chief of the sleeping and dining car department, with headquarters at Montreal. This was about 1900. Then he became general passenger agent of the Atlantic steamship service. About the end of 1908 he was sent to England, where, as already stated, he succeeded Archer Baker, upon the death of the latter, a few weeks ago.

⁂

Would Lift Your Bank Account.

Brown is one of those men who fasten themselves upon one's memory. To begin with, his very appearance is impressive. He is of massive proportions, standing, some say, close to six feet four, and weighing two hundred and thirty-six pounds. He has a fine, strong face and, altogether, is the sort of man to be remembered. As one of his friends says, when he tilts his head towards you in his characteristic, friendly manner you feel like handing him over your bank account right away. The C.P.R. people, here, do not think it possible that the most irascible passenger, after spending a little while in Brown's office, could go away "sore" on the company.

⁂

Handling Passengers.

Last summer, some of Brown's friends went over to England. They were naturally interested to learn how the cheerful George was making things go, over there. As the boat swung in, there he was, towering above everyone on the landing. The usual lost-ticket, stray-baggage excitement was breaking out, here and there, and soon Brown became the storm centre. Old ladies approached him in tears and passed on in smiles. His assurances were dealt out with lavish hand, and each person went ahead feeling that the tall man was giving special attention to his or her affairs and had nothing else in the world to do. So it went on till all the passengers had been sent on as happy as might be. Then Brown got a few of his friends together, secured a compartment for London, got in with them, and off they went, in a strange land and to a strange city, feeling as if they were all just coming home again.

⁂

Joke Was on Him.

Sometimes Brown's size and weight are against him. Particularly was this the case one dark, stormy night, when he went down to Father Point to meet one of the Empresses. In order to get on board, he had to climb something in the nature of a rope ladder. A gale was blowing and the ship rolled in the seas. Brown, with his great weight at the end of the ladder, was like a pendulum of a clock. He cut wide and terrifying swaths in the air, and, as he clung to the ladder, made fervent vows regarding his future conduct if he were saved just this once from the nautical locker of Davy Jones. He has a keen sense of humor, but never has he been able to see anything funny about his flying trapeze stunt that dark, stormy night, and no number of encores would persuade him to repeat the performance.

While scientists were delving after a means of delivering telephone receivers of their germ incubators, Brown was pursuing his investigations in another direction. He found a way of using the 'phone so that the microbes, no matter how agile they were, could not jump down one's throat. He pressed the receiver against his chest and talked ahead. It works, for I have tried it. He beneficiently insisted that all the clerks in the office should adopt his patent.

⁂

Will be a Success.

The new European manager of the C.P.R. has more appreciation of the sitting than of the standing posture. As for walking, he has a horror of it. He has but a hazy idea of the advantages of his length of limb, and so long as anything in the nature of a vehicle is in sight, will never be guilty of the crime of destroying shoe leather even for a dozen blocks. The Englishman may not like him for this, don't you know, but George will get at the Englishman some other way. In fact, people here say that inside half a dozen years he will be one of the most widely known men in Europe. The personal qualities of a man occupying his position are of enormous importance to the welfare of the company, and no one here seems to have any doubt that he will make a pronounced success. T.C.A.

⁂

TORONTO, JAN. 27, 1910.

FEW financial institutions in Canada have made such rapid progress in a decade as has the Traders Bank, a fact that was abundantly attested at its annual meeting the other day. From comparatively small beginnings, the late H. S. Strathy built up a business that evoked the confidence of a very large clientele, and, so far as present indications go, the bank is not likely to suffer under the administration of his nephew, Mr. Stuart Strathy. The past year was admittedly a poor one for banks, and it is not to be wondered at that the Traders shows depreciated profits. The net for the year amounted to $457,082, a decrease of $43,135 from those of the year 1908. While this is the case, the bank undoubtedly shows a healthy condition, its resources having been materially strengthened and a decided advance being indicated in all departments. The year saw an increase in the dividend rate from seven to eight per cent. per annum, and already payment at the latter figure for one quarter has been made. During the year the bank's deposits increased by $4,420,000, these now reaching the sum of $29,813,194. The assets have been increased by $5,104,000 as compared with an increase of $1,139,000 in 1908. The circulation during the past year reached the highest point in the bank's history, namely, $3,543,000, but the average amount in use at any one time was about two millions and a half.

⁂

Traders Bank to Invade Lower Provinces.

Owing to the absence of the president, Mr. C. D. Warren, the vice-president, the Hon. J. R. Stratton, presided at the meeting, his speech dealing with a number of matters interesting to those associated with the Traders Bank. It is gratifying to note that he and his fellow directors are taking their responsibilities seriously, and that they are insisting upon all the salient features of the bank's operations being brought before them from time to time. This is exactly as it should be, and if generally followed would doubtless do much to minimize the difficulties and dangers that have surrounded banking in the past. In order that the directors might have an idea of what was going on in all the offices, the auditor has devised a method by which the Board is able to pass upon the whole record of the business transacted in an intelligent and effective manner. Twenty new branches were opened, two of these at such strategic points as Montreal and Vancouver. Already the Traders Bank has made its name familiar to the people of the West, but the future holds in store a yet wider expansion. An important move is announced by the management when it will be necessary to consider in the near future what steps should be taken to connect the present system with the Maritime Provinces. In adopting this course the Traders will be placing itself in company with the foremost banking institutions in the country.

⁂

N. N. Company Had Successful Season.

The Northern Navigation Company as it exists to-day, with ten steamers plying upon two of the greatest of inland lakes, had very small beginnings. First of all there was the North Shore Navigation Company with a single steamer. Then there was an amalgamation with the Great Northern Transport Company which gave a combined fleet of two vessels. Later on the North-Western Transportation Company was brought into the fold, and since then progress has run along uninterruptedly until, at the annual meeting early this week, the shareholders were appraised of the fact that the earnings for the past year had reached the sum of $649,291.71, an increase of $114,000 over those of the previous year. The net earnings were $140,089, much of this very excellent showing being due to the introduction of two fine new steamers into the company's service, the "Hamonic," named after the late H. C. Hammond, and the "Waubic," a smaller vessel for the Georgian Bay trade.

(*Continued on next page.*)

Bank of Montreal
(Established 1817.)
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (*all paid up*),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	858,311.08

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Board of Directors:
RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., HON. PRES.
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., PRESIDENT.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., VICE-PRESIDENT.
E. B. GREENSHIELDS. SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD. R. B. ANGUS.
JAMES ROSS. HON. ROBT. MACKAY. SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
DAVID MORRICE. C. R. HOSMER.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., GENERAL MANAGER.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Connected with each Canadian Branch, and Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
COLLECTIONS—At all points in the Dominion of Canada and the United States undertaken at most favorable rates.
TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT—Issued negotiable in all parts of the World.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
Money can be remitted to any part of the world by **Draft** or **Telegraphic Transfer**
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape.

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Capital Paid up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000
Every service which the reliable business man can expect from the modern banking institution can be sought with success and satisfaction at all Branches of the Northern Crown Bank. We have every facility for collecting, transmitting or investing your money to your advantage.
(Savings Bank Department at all Branches
Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West

IF YOU WANT
TO SEND
MONEY
ANYWHERE—AT ANY TIME
PURCHASE A
Dominion Express Money Order or Foreign Draft
and rest content that if lost or delayed in the mails a refund will be promptly arranged or a new order issued without further charge.
TRAVELLERS CHEQUES ISSUED
MONEY SENT BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE
Toronto Offices: 48 Yonge St. and 1330 Queen West

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - - $1,307,809.25

Original Charter 1854
The Home Bank of Canada
Six Offices in Toronto
Twenty-five Branches in Ontario and the West
HEAD OFFICE:
8 King Street West
Toronto
British and Foreign Correspondents in all parts of the World
JAMES MASON, General Manager

SEASONED BONDS
Care in the selection of investment securities naturally suggests the advice of those who have personally investigated the integrity and soundness of the bonds they offer, and who, by reason of their experience, have come to possess accurate knowledge.
Write for list of well selected Public Service and Corporation Bonds.
W. Graham Browne & Co.
Dealers in Bonds
222 St. James Street - - Montreal
Tel. Main 6700 and 7051

Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 78.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. (11%) Per Annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st January, 1910, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

Tuesday, the 1st Day of February Next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to 31st of January, 1910, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, 22nd December, 1909.

BONDS FOR INVESTMENT

The Royal Securities Corporation, Limited, offers to investors Government, Municipal and Corporation bonds which present the most desirable investment opportunities. These offerings are chosen with two factors in mind: security of principal and amount of return.

Complete information concerning any security offered is always available.

Particulars will gladly be furnished by mail or through a representative, as may be requested, even if no investment is contemplated.

The bonds which are offered have been selected with a view to maximum security combined with the most attractive return, and are therefore deserving of your careful consideration.

Our January list of offerings mailed on request.

Orders may be wired at our expense.

Bonds will be delivered without extra charge at any bank which the purchaser may select.

Royal Securities Corporation, Limited
164 St. James St. - - Montreal
Halifax —— Quebec —— Toronto

Ætna Life Ins. Co.

(Founded 1820)

The Premium on $10,000 of insurance at age 30 on the 5 year Convertible Term Policy is only $29.00 quarterly. Ask for particulars. Other plans equally favorable.

Central Canada Branch Office:

59 Victoria St., Toronto

LABATT'S

Recommended by physicians for nervous people. Taken at night, it acts as a harmless and very effective hypnotic. Calming and a nerve tonic—nourishes and strengthens. Palatable and without any disagreeable after effects.

PORTER

Halifax Shredded CODFISH
(JUST A SHADE BY FED)

Makes delicious Fish Patties, Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.

IN TEN CENT PACKAGES AT YOUR GROCERS

MILES AND MILES OF SATISFACTION

DUNLOP AUTOMOBILE TIRES

Much of the success that has attended the Northern Navigation Company in its career, beginning with one vessel and culminating for the moment in ten, is due to the character of the men who have assisted in shaping its destiny. Mr. W. J. Sheppard, the president, has been for over a quarter of a century prominently connected with the lumber trade in the Georgian Bay district, and was consequently in a position to seize any opportunities that arose for forwarding the interests of the navigation company. Mr. Sheppard is one of the strong men of the north country, and what he has done for navigation on the Great Lakes, much in itself, is calculated to be only a tithe of what, with his restless energy, he is likely yet to accomplish. In the materialization of any of his ideas he has the assistance of two men who have had a long and a useful connection with the inland water trade, Messrs. H. H. Gildersleeve and C. A. Macdonald. In an effort to produce even better results than have been already attained, Mr. Gildersleeve, the general manager, will locate in Sarnia, while Mr. Macdonald, who, after an association with the company covering a period of twenty years, has been appointed assistant manager, will continue to look after the Collingwood end of the service.

Mr. Sheppard and His Associates.

***

Strong men naturally arouse opposition and so it is not to be wondered at that Mr. H. C. McLeod, the general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, has met with caustic criticism in his efforts to bring about external examination of such institutions. With a desire to clear away some of the objections which had been advanced, Mr. McLeod has written a long letter to the Montreal Witness, in which he says that "incompetence and dishonesty, with secretive management, have been the causes productive of failures of banks, large and small, in about the same percentages, from the failure a century ago of the collossal Bank of Amsterdam, which for two centuries had held the leading place in the world's finance, to the crash of the great banks of Italy in 1893 and even to the case of recent disreputable failures in this country." Mr. McLeod maintains that auditors accustomed to bank work could very readily estimate the quality of any particular account on a bank's books and would be just as able to scent danger as a regular bank inspector. Mr. James B. Forgan, president of the First National Bank of Chicago, has given it as his opinion that internal inspection of branches, such as is now conducted, along with compulsory periodical external inspections of the head offices by competent persons accustomed to such work, and duly authorized under license from the Dominion Government to perform it, would cover the necessities of the case in Canada.

Some Causes Productive of Bank Failures.

***

With something approaching unanimity, the shareholders of the Mexican Light and Power Company have decided to increase the capital of their concern to twenty-five millions. At present the capital paid up amounts to close upon sixteen millions, over thirteen and a half of which is common stock and slightly less than two and a half millions preferred. There will be now issued $5,400,000 additional common shares, but these will be held in reserve to be placed on the market as occasion requires. Only a portion of the extra $3,600,000 preference shares authorized will be disposed of immediately, the proceeds being devoted to the extension of transmission lines and to bring about the consolidation of another company with the Mexican Power. When the Nexcaxa dam broke some time ago, the estimates of the damage ranged all the way from two hundred thousand dollars to two million dollars. It was rumored that the new capital issue was designed in part to meet a loss running into the millions, but this report is utterly without foundation as the loss occasioned by the disaster to the works of the company will not run beyond the figure first mentioned. By the end of the year the company will have doubled its present power development, giving it a capacity of one hundred thousand horse power.

Mexican Power Increases its Capitalization.

***

In the speech from the Throne at the opening of the Ontario Legislature it was suggested that the Dominion Government would do well to appoint a Commission to investigate a matter that touches the people so vitally as the high cost of living. No one expects that any comprehensive remedy could be produced in this way. But certainly, on the evidence of those who are in daily touch with all the elements which go to make up the existing high scale of prices, the Commission would be able to reach a fairly accurate finding. Possessed of such knowledge not a few of those unintelligent and dangerous demands for legislative action which are sure to make their appearance sooner or later, will be happily averted. Wholesale merchants in discussing this matter with the writer were of the opinion that the public was largely to blame. The people, they contended, created the price for any given article. If everybody wants turkey and won't eat beef, for example, turkey is bound to be high and beef correspondingly low. But that is only one phase of a very complex subject.

Would Have Commission Make Enquiry.

***

For the third time since the Bank of England rate was advanced to five per cent., it has met with a reduction. Two of these reductions have taken place this year and all of them since the 31st of last October. The rate now established,—viz.: 3½ per cent.—is below the average that usually obtains in January. In the last nine years it has been as low as 3 per cent. twice, as high as 5 per cent. once, in 1907, and on four occasions has stood at 4 per cent. The impression seems to prevail in financial circles that the London market has pretty well decided what is to be the outcome of the political campaign now in progress and that an adjustment in accordance with that result is now in progress. The prospects are said to be for a 3 per cent. bank rate in the early spring with its natural corollary of much easier money.

Prospects are for Lower Money Rates.

INVESTOR.

A section of the amphitheatre in King Arthur's round table field in Monmouthshire, England, has been partially exhumed. The Archæological Society has made five excavations around the walls, and the searchers found the main entrance, the sand which formed the bed of the arena, and a corner-stone. From inscriptions on the stone they trace the date of the theatre back to 110 A.D., or 1800 years.

Wewanta, a postoffice in West Virginia, was so named because the villagers in their petition to the Postal Department said: "We don't care what you call it, only we want a postoffice." The request was granted, literally.

COMMENT ON COBALTS

THE general unsettlement in New York has but aided in the general decline in Cobalts, the real base of the decline being the lack of intrinsic worth in these issues. In financial stress the mining stocks are the first to go overboard, and the careful speculator has ever this contingency in mind. Of course, mining shares attract many purchasers who are novices to speculation, and who are therefore not victims of Wall Street's hysterics, but they are forever lambs ever ready to follow a lead.

Between the time this is written and it reaches the public eye, the Crown Reserve annual meeting shall have been held. While the directorate are enthusiasts in respect to their property, it is hardly possible that they can advance facts or sound arguments to show why the stock is worth more than it is selling for. In the very nature of things, there must be impatient shareholders, and we venture the guess the market goes down.

The Nipissing has handed out a most satisfactory statement, namely, that the company has some $1,000,000 odd in the treasury after paying nearly double the amount of dividend it did the year before. The manager reports that the ore reserves of the company are greater than ever.

This is satisfactory, no doubt, but it would be more so if one knew exactly how much the mine was worth before. "Better than before" lacks directness. One thing only we are certain of, and that is that $5,000,000 has come out of the mine which makes $5,000,000 less than there once was. However, it cannot be denied that the stock looks reasonably solid for a year or two, particularly as it appears to be very widely distributed, which diminishes its liability to decline through large interests unloading. It should not be inferred from this that the writer claims for Nipissing an intrinsic value of $10 per share. We must all recognize that the public refuses to look ahead more than from dividend to dividend.

There are two stocks whose movements on the exchanges are causing wonderment, and one is Little Nipissing and the other Cobalt Lake. These festive congars are as untamed as the day they were liberated. Little Nipissing is second only to Silver Leaf in the amount of lies that have been advanced in its interests, while Cobalt Lake was born of frenzy and bred in delusion. On the stock market Cobalt Lake figures at $720,000 and Little Nipissing $560,000. What the latter has no person seems to know, but Cobalt Lake is to get some $50,000 out of ore now being shipped. The dividend is coming with Halley's comet. The present seems to be an excellent time to sell Cobalt Lake, Little Nipissing ditto. Halley's comet may or may not strike the earth, but Cobalt mining stocks will get there if you give them time enough.

It looks as if there would never be a rally in Cobalts. Nine out of ten of the mining brokers are on the short side, and they would down any advance, even should any property spring into merit. Of course, there are exceptions. Rochester may be one of these. Peterson Lake should have advanced on the settlement, but the shorts would not let it.

The gilt is off the gingerbread up in Porcupine so far as wild cat claims are concerned. The stampeders have had another lesson, for it costs money to stampede. On the other hand, the camp is making good progress, and capital is to have a look in at less than $1,000,000 to draw cards.

Cobalt

Biblical Teaching at Toronto University.

THE following article, which appeared on the editorial pages of a recent issue of The Varsity, the mouthpiece of the undergraduates of the University of Toronto, is here reproduced for the reason that it may be supposed to express the student view of a question of general interest:

"The answer of the committee appointed to enquire into the Biblical teaching of certain members of the University staff has come, not as a surprise, but as a deliberate answer which has been set against every forward step in this department. It is significant that, after a thorough investigation, the committee brought in a report which, it is hoped, will renew the confidence of the public in the work of the staff. Popular sentiment welcomes even a suspicion of irregularity, and the narrow vision of those who made necessary this enquiry certainly has tended to give the impression that something of a serious nature was taking place. Any immediate danger has now been obviated, and it is hoped that the University may go on in the search for the reasonable and therefore true.

"'This century,' said Gladstone, 'can be summed up in a phrase—Unhand me!' And in this revolt against anything and everything that in any way seems to interfere with the freedom of the individual can be found the explanation for nearly all the developments of our time which may, by men of limited vision, be regarded as alarming. 'Unhand me' sounds menacing, and is. 'Give me action' has as much of menace in it, but the menace does not seem so disquieting, and there is also a plea—a plea of right and justice.

"The fact is the day of blind following of an unexplained leadership, the day of old-fashioned, slavish, self-disrespecting 'loyalty,' praised so much by those who wish to rule instead of to administer, is rapidly passing, not alone in America, but even in ignorant Russia and caste-cursed England. Never before were men so suspicious of 'authoritative' truth and light; but never were they so eager to know the truth, to see the light. The man who thinks for himself may not always, or, at first, often, think right. But he is never so badly off as the man who lets another do his thinking for him; and since the tide of individualism cannot be stemmed, the unseated and unseating authorities will be wiser and more useful if they stop raising the fair shouts of worn-out doctrines and begin to teach the deaf to hear and the blind to see."

King Victor Emmanuel is a scientific numismatist and collector of coins. His cabinet contains 60,000 coins, some most rare and almost priceless. The king will shortly publish a treatise on numismatics. It will run into several volumes, and will be entitled "Corpus Minimorum Italicorum." The printing of the first volume is almost complete. To insure correctness, proof sheets have been submitted to the keepers of the coin departments of the principal museums of the world.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 28th February, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after 1st of March next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 28th February, both inclusive.

By order of the Board.

J. TURNBULL,
Gen. Mgr.

Hamilton, 17th January, 1910.

Follow This Good Example
Order a Case of
O'Keefe's
Pilsener Lager

The water used in brewing is absolutely pure. It is filtered before use—the beer is filtered and then pasteurized after bottling.

O'Keefe's Pilsener is unexcelled in purity, flavor and excellence.

The Beer with A Reputation

H.P. Sauce

used daily in the dining rooms of both Britain's and Canada's Houses of Parliament

Made by a secret process, in the World's largest Malt Vinegar Brewery, at Birmingham, England, from choice Eastern fruits, scientifically selected spices, and pure Malt Vinegar.

The enormous scale of manufacture makes it possible to offer this pure, rich, delicious and valuable H.P. Sauce at a price accessible to everyone.

"Tronco" Port

BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY

TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN

(Established 1692)

AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

"Ask the Man at your Club"

Wherever gentlemen congregate, there will you find the keenest appreciation of

Tuckett's CIGARETTES

Of course that's no reason why YOU should smoke Tuckett's—

But there is a reason—

The same reason that prompts those others to select Tuckett brands when they want solid enjoyment.

"Quality" is the reason.

TUCKETT'S "CLUB" CIGARETTES—made from an exquisite blend of Virginia leaf.

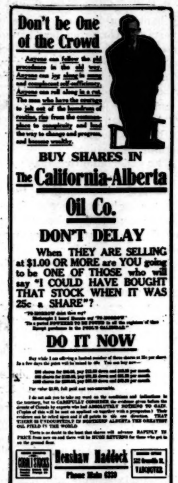
TUCKETT'S "T & B" CIGARETTES—for the man who likes a full-flavored Virginia.

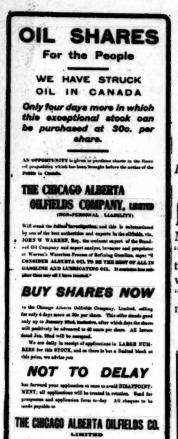
TUCKETT'S "SPECIALS"—made from a mild Turkish leaf, rich in flavor and aroma.

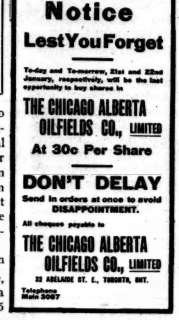
OIL STOCKS THAT CANADIANS ARE ASKED TO BUY

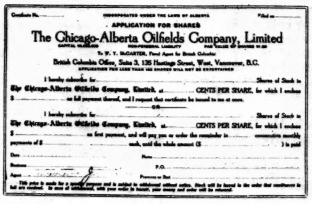
SATURDAY NIGHT INTERVIEWS THE PROMOTERS AND OBTAINS UNEXPECTED RESULTS · NO SIGNS OF OIL BUT PLENTY OF STOCK

WHY is it that Toronto should be the Canadian Mecca for every pilgrim with a questionable financial scheme in his head? Do the citizens of Ontario look so easy? Or, are our pocket-books so fat that they cannot be hidden away from the schemer who wishes to launch a dubious financial proposition? At the moment, we have in Toronto, two oil companies, neither of which if expert evidence can be believed, will ever return a dollar of the invested capital which is now flowing into the treasuries of these two corporations. TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT takes this occasion to apologize to its readers for taking up space at this time with an exposure of the methods and the real worth of the California-Alberta Oil Company and of the Chicago-Alberta Oil Fields Co., Limited. It would appear, however, that somebody must move in this matter. During the past









Lots of "Tar," but Little Oil.

Speaking of the Northern Alberta fields, in which is located the land of the California-Alberta Oil Company, W. A. Fraser says: "Northern Alberta produces maltha, a pitch-like substance, which does not contain over 3 to 5 per cent. of burning oil, and gas galore. I believe it to be the largest natural gas reservoir in the world. Both this gas and the presence of maltha will effectually block any attempts to bore to depth in this country."

few weeks the pages of the daily papers both in Toronto and Montreal have been placarded with great staring advertisements of these two corporations. In this interval the funds of the unwary have been flowing into their coffers, and, up to date they have unquestionably taken a great many thousands of dollars out of the people on oil schemes which any business man would shun, but which, unfortunately, are catching the dollars of the women and all others who have not a large business experience.

The first to arrive on the scene and pitch a tent in Toronto was the California-Alberta Oil Co., with one, H Maddock, as its active manager in this city. With a blare of advertisements, Maddock opened offices at 205 Yonge street, and proceeded to deal out oil stock in exchange for good Canadian dollars. The stock, the prospectus announces, originally sold at 15 c. per share, but is now up to 25 c., and, according to Maddock, is due for another rise. Just what should advance this stock, or, as a matter of fact, why it should be sold at all, is beyond the ordinary mind. For even according to the bright particular star of this outfit, H. Maddock, not a well has been dug, a shot fired, nor an ounce, not to speak of a barrel of oil extracted. According to Mr. Maddock's statements, the capitalization of the California-Alberta Oil Co. is 2,500,000 shares at a par value of $1.00 each, and he announces that he will sell of this amount 750,000 shares of Treasury Stock. The company's property is announced as two thousand acres approximately, located in Northern Alberta about twenty miles north of Edmonton. Mr. Maddock also states that $16,000 worth of machinery was shipped into the field by the company on January 1st, 1910. The nearest oil

A Challenge to "Oil" Promoters.

To anyone doubting Mr. Fraser's statements on these pages, he wishes to make the following announcement: "I will give," he says, "to the Children's Hospital or any other worthy charity the sum of $100 if a barrel of oil can be produced from the Northern Alberta fields which contains thirty per cent. of illuminating oil."

well, and even this one is of questionable value, is located one hundred and twenty miles north of the property of the California-Alberta Oil Co. This is Maddock's own statement. He also admits that his corporation has never bored a foot, and he has no proof that there is oil in this region in paying quantities. On the contrary, TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is able to state on the authority of a gentleman who spent years in this section of Canada in the interests of the Canadian Government, that there is actually no oil in paying quantities in what is familiarly known as the Northern Alberta oil fields. The expert we quote is Mr. W. A. Fraser, the well-known geological expert and author, who spent no less than six years in this territory. Mr. Fraser states that in the Northern Alberta fields, in which this California-Alberta Oil Co. has located its land, there is maltha abundant and also probably one of the largest gas reservoirs in the world, but, as for burning oil, none of any commercial value. This it must be understood is not hearsay, for in company with Director G. M. Dawson

of the Geological Survey of Canada, Mr. Fraser went over this entire territory with great care, and his pronouncements of the oil values in this section are authoritative.

As usual with corporations of this character, the "come on" literature which is being issued from the offices would never deceive anyone who has had experience in the oil business. In the company's prospectus Dr. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, is referred to in such a manner as would give the unwary the idea that he has approved of the field as an oil producing country, whereas, as a matter of fact, he never did anything of the kind. In the survey of this section of country, both Dr. Dawson and Mr. Fraser found a great deal of hardened pitch and other materials, but neither of these gentlemen ever even intimated that there was oil in paying quantities in this section. Even their own expert, Mr. H. Bradley, whoever he may be, doesn't go any farther than does the head of the Canadian Geographical Survey and Mr. Fraser. To quote from the prospectus, "large quantities of tar and sand, thick beds of asphaltum, and a heavy flow of oil gas have been found." Referring to this California-Alberta Oil Company, Mr. Fraser said that he personally owned a large area of what was presumed to be the most promising oil land in that section but he actually gave it away because it promised nothing.

The second company to loom on the scene in Toronto is the Chicago-Alberta Oil Fields Co., with offices at 32 Adelaide st. east. This proposition is very much of the same calibre as the California-Alberta Oil Company already referred to. The capital stock is 3,000,000 divided into shares of $1.00 each. The only difference between the two is that the latter corporation is exploiting the Southern Alberta oil fields instead of the Northern ones. The prospectus, which is also delightfully incoherent,

Gave Land Away Because it Was No Good.

"As an indication of the value from an oil producing point of view, I may state that I owned 160 acres of as promising oil land as there is in Northern Alberta, and I gave it away. This land was at Arthabaska Landing, the most promising centre, and I actually gave it away because it promised no returns."—W. A. Fraser.

states that four carloads of machinery are on the ground. They have never bored a foot, and only have surface showings of oil, which anyone who is aware of the geological formtaion of Southern Alberta knows to be absolutely valueless so far as regards any paying oil wells. The head of the Chicago-Alberta Oil Fields Company in Toronto is W. Y. McCarter, of Vancouver. The stock of this corporation is sold from 25c. to 40c. and is now being sold at the latter figure. In his prospectus he quotes Dr. Dawson as stating that there are great subterranean pools of oil underlying the district. Eliminate the word "great" and you probably have the facts which are concurred in by Mr. W. A. Fraser. Mr. Fraser states that he explored this entire field on behalf of a syndicate of leading Canadian capitalists, and, after examining it thoroughly, he personally turned it down, and so did the syndicate of capitalists upon his advice.

In the Southern fields now being exploited by the Chicago-Alberta Oil Fields Co., Mr. Fraser states that there is oil in small quantities, but that it is located in inaccessible places, and is of no commercial value, as it cannot be extracted in paying quantities. What oil there is in this section lies in pockets in the mountains, and anyone familiar with the geological formation must conclude, without any hesitancy, that placing money in a venture of this character will be just that much lost.

This company, like its forerunner, the California-Alberta Oil Co., has never even taken the trouble of endeavoring to prove whether there was oil there or not in paying quantities, and even the experts which they quote in some of their "come on" literature are shy of the subject. That there is oil in Southern Alberta (that is,

No Oil in Paying Quantities.

Speaking of the Southern Alberta fields, in which the property of the Chicago Alberta Oilfields Company is located, W. A. Fraser says: "In this territory small quantities of oil are to be found, but always in inaccessible places, and of absolutely no commercial value. In my opinion no oil will be produced in this country in paying quantities. What oil there is is found in pockets in a mountainous, inaccessible country. The quantity is extremely limited."

the little that can be gathered in Southern Alberta) is an unquestioned fact, but that it can be worked in paying quantities there is no reason to believe.

Just how many shares of stock the Chicago-Alberta Oil Fields Co. propose to put on the market is not announced. However, this is not a matter of any great importance at this time, any more than it might be stated that if either of these corporations had put into machinery the money they have put into advertising in Eastern Canada for the last two months, they could have obtained an oil well equipment the like of which is not owned by the Standard Oil Company.

It is to be presumed, however, that the Chicago-Alberta Oil Fields Co. will not be behind their friends, the California-Alberta Oil Co., in the amount of stock which they will sell, provided they can lure the people into buying it. Maddock announces they will sell 750,000 shares in the California-Alberta Oil Co. Presuming they do this at an average price of 25c. a share, it will give their company $187,500 of good Canadian dollars with which to purchase a few thousand dollars worth of machinery. What would be done with the remainder of the money is obvious to anyone who has had experience with flotations of this kind.

In this article will be found an interview with W. Y. McCarter, of the Chicago-Alberta Oil Fields Co., in which he states that the California-Alberta Oil Co. have no real values upon which to float their corporation.

Money Lost for all Time.

"I was the first man in these Alberta fields. I spent six years investigating these fields on behalf of the Canadian Government, and my judgment is that every dollar put into it with the object of obtaining oil in paying quantities, is lost for all time."—W. A. Fraser.

When Mr. McCarter made those statements to a member of the staff of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, he unquestionably did it with the object of driving the flies from the net of his rival into his own corporation. As a matter of fact, however, he spoke the truth, and he might have said the same of his own corporation as well as that of his rival.

Buying Shares for Mamma.

Being an interview with the Chicago-Alberta Oilfields Co., Ltd.

MAMMA had a couple of hundred dollars to burn. That is where it all started. Then she saw in a Montreal paper the Chicago-Alberta Oilfields Company's "ad," which is reproduced on this page. Mother decided that if she wanted to burn up some money, a good way would be to buy oil with it. So she sent me the "ad" in question, and asked me to go and interview the manager of the company at the address given.

I did so last Friday morning at about a quarter to

Who W. A. Fraser is, and Why He Condemns these Cheap Imitations of Real Oil Companies.

W. A. Fraser, geological expert and author, who is freely quoted in connection with the notation of these "oil" companies in Alberta, and who condemns them out of hand, has had thirty years' experience in the oil fields of the world. On behalf of the British Government, Mr. Fraser explored the oil fields of India, and he was employed by the Canadian Government to explore and report upon the possibilities of both Northern and Southern Alberta in connection with the production of petroleum.

The first experts to survey the Alberta field were Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, and Mr. W. A. Fraser, the two gentlemen working together on behalf of the Canadian Government. It therefore can be safely concluded that when Mr. Fraser condemns the present exploitations he knows what he is talking about, and his pronouncement is authoritative.

twelve. There is nothing like being precise in these matters. So at just fifteen minutes before noon on that day of grace, January the twenty-first, I found myself pushing the button of the elevator of No. 32 Adelaide street east.

"Chicago-Alberta!" said I to the elevator-man.

"Ay, ay, sir," said he, and then I thought he looked me over with a sort of thoughtful sadness. It might have been the wistful gaze with which age looks on youth. But it looked to me like—another sucker!

Sure enough, there was Office No. 8, with "Chicago-Alberta Oilfields Company, Ltd.," writ large as life on the door. There was something reassuring in the staid respectability of those black letters. I went in.

The principal piece of furniture in the office I entered was the stenographer—young, brunette, and vivacious.

"I'll see if Mr. Davis is busy," said she, and went into an office to the right, while I gazed into one to the left where there was a wash-basin with a towel hanging up over it. I wondered if it had anything to do with those "wash-sales" I had been hearing so much about.

Yes, Mr. Davis would be pleased to see me, and would I kindly step this way? I stepped.

"Good morning," said Mr. Davis, meeting me with outstretched hand. In view of the fact that he had never met me before, Mr. Davis was wonderfully glad to see me. Another man who happened to be in the office at the time sprang to his feet and gave me his chair.

"I'll see about that this afternoon," he said, and slipped out. Mr. Davis got up and closed the door after him very discreetly. "And now, my friend, what can I do for you?" he asked. His tone was that of the family physician, kindly and sympathetic—a sort of bed-side tone. And Mr. Davis looked as sympathetic as his tone. His smile was as wide as it was genial, and his close-set eyes twinkled with kindliness. Even his red toupee seemed to bob in good-humor and to radiate benevolence.

I showed him the "ad" mother had sent me.

"Ah, yes, yes—you want to see me about the stock," he said, as if that was the last thing in the world he was thinking of.

"Yes, of course," said I. "Mother thought it would be well to have me come in and talk to you about it before buying any shares."

He looked at me and smiled more than ever. It was

Turned It Down as No Good.

"I explored the entire southern field on behalf of a syndicate of leading Canadian capitalists. I was to have a one-third interest for my work, but after examining it thoroughly I turned it down and so did the syndicate of capitalists upon my advice."—W. A. Fraser.

a kindly smile, but somehow it made me feel the way a chicken must feel when the farmer's wife picks it up to try if it is fat enough.

"Well, I'll just tell you this," he said, "and it is my honest opinion—our stock is the best investment proposition on the market to-day. And if your mother is a wise woman, she'll buy—and buy all she can."

Then he told me all they had. There were 5,760 acres belonging to the company out in the Pincher Creek district of southern Alberta. He took down a blue-print map and showed me just where they were—three blocks of shaded white lines. The land had been bought from a Chicago syndicate by Mr. W. Y. McCarter, of Vancouver, who is a tremendous developer, and whom I would have had the pleasure of meeting, had I only called in at the office a few days before. Mr. McCarter realized the possibilities of the property which the Chicagoans "had bought on spec." But, in spite of his confidence,

OIL STOCKS THAT CANADIANS ARE ASKED TO BUY

he did nothing rash. He brought an oil-expert from Texas and another from California at a cost of $3,000. Their reports were enthusiastic. Therefore Mr. McCarter felt that he was justified in acquiring this great property for the sake of the Canadian investor.

"And so he took it over," said Mr. Davis in an impressive tone.

"Did he have to pay very much for it?"

"He has invested anywhere from $9,000 to $15,000," said Mr. Davis still more impressively. This was leaving a pretty generous margin.

"And now," he continued, "there is a superb equipment of the very latest design on the property. It cost $20,000, and it's boring away for all it's worth sinking two wells.

"But haven't you struck oil?" I asked thinking of the "ad" with its large-type announcement, "We Have Struck Oil in Canada."

"Why, we pick it up all over the surface of the property. A man can gather a barrel of it in forty hours—and that's going some. Look at this!"

He handed me a square-faced bottle that had about a quarter of a pint of some brownish liquid in it.

"There's oil for you!" and he leaned back with an air of that'll-hold-you-for-a-while.

"Wonderful!" said I, shaking the stuff up and trying to look through it at the light, "wonderful—simply wonderful!" I didn't know the stuff from maple syrup, but I felt that something was necessary.

Then we came back to the question of the stock.

"By the way," I said, "I noticed some ads for oil-stock in the local papers. I think they called themselves the California-Alberta—"

The pained expression on Mr. Davis' face stopped me. He waved his hand with melancholy dignity.

"Now, I don't make a practice of knocking competitors," he explained, "but if a man asks me a direct question—well, my sense of duty compels me to give him an honest and candid answer."

He looked as if he expected me to ask the direct question. So I did. He leaned over the desk towards me in an attitude of impressive confidence.

"Well, since you've asked me, I'm compelled to tell you, as man to man, that there's NOTHIN' TO THEM—ABSOLUTELY NOTHIN'! Theirs is just a spec'-latin' proposition instead of an investin' one."

Mr. Davis' emotion was so great that it interfered with his pronunciation.

"THEY'VE GOT NOTHIN'—NO OIL OR ANYTHIN' ELSE. They're just prospectin'."

I breathed a sigh of happy relief to think that mother's two hundred had not fallen into their hands.

"But look at us. We've got the oil—and what's more, we have a ten-foot seam of high-grade bituminous coal running the full length of the property. It was discovered too late to go into the prospectus, so I've put it on all our letter-heads." And he gave me one.

The California-Alberta Company being disposed of, Mr. Davis returned to his own stock.

"Let me read you this letter," he said. The name was that of an unmarried woman living on Pembroke street. The writer had bought two hundred shares of the company's stock at 25 cents per share, had acquired a second lot of four hundred shares at 30 cents, and now after a conversation with Mr. Davis was ordering eight hundred shares at 30 cents.

"You see, the price is going to forty cents to-morrow," he said with a very significant smile.

My heart dropped about a foot or two. Mother would not be able to get in on the thirty-cent basis! My disappointment probably showed in my face, for Mr. Davis in the greatness of his pity was moved to make better conditions for me.

"Well, now—let me see—" he said, drawing his hand over his chin, "you couldn't wire your mamma right away, could you?"

"Not very well. You see, I'd want to tell her all you told me."

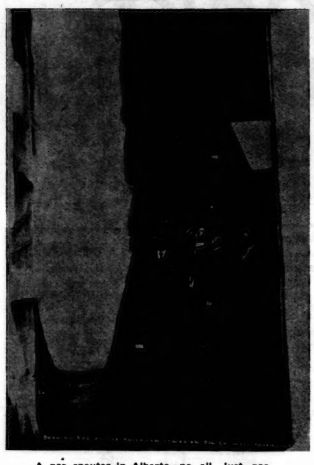
"Of course, of course—a very good plan, too. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. By coming to me this way you have practically made a contract with me. So I'll just consider the deal closed now, and if your mother dates her application on the twenty-second—why I'll let her come in on the thirty-cent price!"

This was generous! This was noble! My gratitude was not lessened by my doubt about having any contract with him. That was just his kind way of putting it, so that I wouldn't feel under too much obligation to him.

And then he began to tell me about all the stock they had sold since they started business about two months ago. They had got rid of 35,000 shares at 25 cents each, and they were now selling 50,000 at 30 cents. Of this block they had only 20,000 shares left.

"I wish I could show you a telegram I got from a friend of mine in St. John," said Mr. Davis, hunting around among the papers on his desk. "He ordered fifteen thousand shares at twenty-five. But although he was a friend of mine I couldn't let him have them. The best I could do for him was five thousand. That's the way the public is gobbling the stock up."

He then went on to tell me that they were placing eighty per cent. of the stock in Canada. It was their purpose to make it "an all-Canada company," and when the annual meeting was held, the American provisional directors were to give place to a Canadian board.



A gas spouter in Alberta—no oil, just gas.

"Are you a citizen of Toronto?" I happened to ask Mr. Davis in the course of his explanation.

"Well, I am—on and off," he said with an illuminating smile.

Another question I was emboldened to ask him, was whether or not they were selling any promotion stock. He looked at me with an expression of pained surprise, that such thoughts should have entered my mind.

"There is no preference in our stock," he said after a pause, "it is all common."

I had a feeling that this explanation did not entirely explain, but then who could have the heart to doubt that kindly smile? Certainly not I—nor mother.

"And now I want to give your mother some advice," he continued, with the tone of a preacher who had reached his "in conclusion, dear brethren,"—"I want to tell her that it's no use her taking out a miserable thirty or forty dollars' worth. There's nothing in that. She should take out enough to get a good turn-over on—say a couple of thousand shares. She doesn't need to pay it all at once. We'll let her pay it in deferred payments, if she hasn't the ready money. But it's my advice to buy at once, and buy a good block of the shares. It's a grand investment."

"That is your honest opinion, is it, Mr. Davis!"

Mr. Davis put on his most impressive look, and his voice became deep and solemn.

"Whatever I might say to a man," he said slowly, letting the words sink in, "by heavens, I could never deceive a woman!"

Before that voice and those words my last lingering doubts fled, as flee the specters of night before the dawn. I seized my hat and started for the door, so as to lose no time in writing to mother. Mr. Davis accompanied me and with fatherly solicitude pressed an application blank into my hand.

"There is nothing like oil stock," he said. "Interest of a thousand per cent. and more on investments is quite a common thing. In a few weeks when we have reached the oil, it won't be possible to buy a share of the stock. So tell your mother to act at once and buy all she can carry."

He opened the door.

"And don't forget to have her date the application on the twenty-second. If she does, I'll strain a point to let her in at thirty cents a share."

These were his last words.

And now when mother reads this she will know just what occurred at that interview, and can date her application blank accordingly.

A Woman's Impressions of the California-Alberta Oil Company—What Happened in the Maddox Office one morning Last Week.

THERE is a woman in Toronto who didn't know anything about stocks, had never owned any stocks, and had never expected to own any, until she saw a nice big attractive advertisement in a local paper that sounded so seductive in its wording that she began to wonder as many another woman has done, if buying and selling stocks wasn't just about the easiest way for a poor member of her sex to turn her little all into a great deal. Anyway she determined to make it her business to find out, all about stocks in general, and that of the California-Alberta Oil Co. in particular.

Unfortunately for the gentleman engaged in purveying this particular brand of security she chose a rainy day on which to quench her thirst for information, and even the brightest company promoter in the country might have been forgiven for thinking she didn't appear as if she could afford a "look in" on anything less secure than Government Bonds. Old clothes, and a glove-finger that seriously needs the attention of a needle and thread, never yet conferred an appearance of prosperity, and that was how she was equipped, when she went stock hunting.

Following the directions of the elevator man in the big bank building on Yonge street where California-Alberta Oil Co. promoters hang out, she eventually found herself in a large general office. Somewhat nervously, for she had never gone stock hunting before, she looked around her and asked the nearest person—a fluffy haired girl it happened to be—if Mr. Henshaw Maddock were in, only to be told that the gentleman in question was out.

"And when will he be in?" she asked.

"Not till five o'clock. Do you wish to see him about anything important?"

The caller admitted that she did—adding reluctantly—"about an investment."

Instantly it seemed to her as if something electric went through the office staff. A man seated at a table turned round and looked at her steadily; a girl further down the room studied her appearance, while the fluffy-haired person with whom she was conversing had a decidedly deeper interest in her tone when she next spoke. At the door of one of the private offices to the right a young man had been standing listening to what was going on, and he immediately took a step forward.

"Mr. Noice," said the fluffy-haired girl, looking in the direction of the latter.

The young man advanced another pace or two and awaited developments.

"It's about the stock Mr. Maddock advertised—I wanted to see him about that," faltered the caller, who hated to feel herself the centre of interest to such a marked degree. "If I come to-morrow when can I see Mr. Maddock."

The young man was now all attention and solicitude. "It's hard to tell just when Mr. Maddock will be in," he said politely, "but I can tell you all you want to know. Just come in here."

With a wave of his hand he ushered her into a nice little office, very well furnished, and with a small portrait of the King hanging upon the wall by the door leading into the hall. With "Will you walk into my parlor said the spider to the fly," running through her brain in a sort of insistent refrain, she entered the room and perched herself upon a chair in the corner, while the young man disposed his person in a big comfortable one behind the desk in the middle of the room.

"Mr. Maddock isn't here," he explained, "and it's hard to tell what time you could see him in the morning, but I have charge of all these matters and I can advise you."

The caller thought it wise to learn what she could, and so she said, "It was about the advertisement I saw of California-Alberta that I wanted to see him. I am anxious to know what he would advise me to do with five hundred dollars. Of course I can't afford to lose it, but the advertisement held out such splendid prospects—"

"Well," said the young man who represented Mr. Maddock, "well, the stock is certainly cheap and IF IT TURNS OUT AS WE EXPECT, anyone holding it should make a lot of money. Of course," he kindly explained, "of course you know in buying stock one has to allow for the fact that it MIGHT NOT TURN OUT JUST AS ONE EXPECTS. If California-Alberta does all we hope for it there'll be lots of money in it for those who hold the stock. We have a big property out there and as the nearest oil well to ours has proved to be a great success we believe there are great prospects for the property we hold, especially as we had first choice. Now if we strike oil—"

This was too much for the caller, who had a little common sense in spite of her desire to speculate, so she interrupted timidly "But I thought you had discovered oil—from the wording of your advertisement I fancied you had found lots of it."

"Well, well, so we have, but what I mean is that if we strike it in paying quantities it will be a big thing, a very big thing."

"Then you advise me to put five hundred dollars into California-Alberta right away?"

"Well," said Mr. Maddock's representative, "that's the point. Now in Toronto there are lots of people who have a hundred dollars, or two hundred dollars, or even three hundred WITH WHICH THEY ARE WILLING TO TAKE A CHANCE. Those, lady, are the people we want to interest, FOR YOU SEE THEY ARE TAKING A CHANCE and can afford to take it. I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO GO INTO THIS SORT OF SPECULATION UNLESS YOU COULD AFFORD IT. I'd suggest something about which there was no risk. Now I do know of something which is absolutely sure and which I can certainly recommend—"

He got this far when he rose, dived through the door behind him, and was back in a jiffy with a red and white prospectus which he unfolded and begain to explain.

"This," he said, "I certainly can recommend—an investment in Stirling town sites. It's a rapidly growing town and has made wonderful progress since it was started seven months ago. It now has an hotel worth $50,000, with fifty rooms electric-lighted and steam-heated, think of that, in a town seven months old and with only four hundred inhabitants. Talk of enterprise! I tell you the west is the place—" and he held forth for five minutes or so with all the rapidity and wonderful flow of language that characterizes a barker in front of an auction room. By the time he got through Stirling looked to his hearer like a combination of Heaven and the original garden of Eden, and California-Alberta Oil stock seemed as dully commonplace as ditch water in comparison.

When he stopped for breath and looked to see what effect his words had had upon her the caller admitted that it was "going some," but she was referring rather to the description of Stirling than to Stirling itself.

But Mr. Maddock's representative only wanted a suggestion of appreciation to set him going again. "Think of it," he went on with enthusiasm, "think of it. There are three railways entering the town and three more surveyed through it. I tell you a big boom is about due out there. Now I strongly advise you to put your money in town lots in Stirling."

"How much are they?" queried the caller.

"They run from $75 to $300, and are a sure thing. A perfectly safe investment for anyone."

"What sort of lots would you advise me to buy? The cheap ones?"

"Oh, no, two of the better ones. For $500 you can get two fine lots situated quite near the main street of the town, really good lots and they are 25 feet wide by 120 ft. deep."

Perhaps the caller looked unconvinced for Mr. Maddock's young man came from behind his protecting bulwark of office desk and brought his red and white prospectus with him to the corner where she sat. With his finger he traced out the streets and railway lines and finally pointed out the exact spot she could own if she put up her money for "two good lots." They were on Second Avenue and certainly looked most imposing at the price. All around were many little red marks showing those that had been sold. Undoubtedly on the map Stirling looks a prosperous town.

The caller appeared to waver. "And that is what you seriously recommend me to do with my money?" she asked.

"Certainly it is. Of course you won't get as big a turn over as if you bought California-Alberta and it realizes our expectations, but I am positive that by next summer you would get an offer for your lots and that at a greatly increased price. Why it's bound to happen. Now I know a man who bought some lots over a year ago—"

"In Stirling?" queried the caller, who remembered she had been told that the town was only a few months old.

"No," admitted the young man, "not in Stirling but in a town close to, and he sold out and he made a lot of money."

The caller pondered for a bit. Then she said, "Of course it sounds safe and one is bound to have something for one's money in buying lots, I suppose, but the other promises so much better. I think I'd better consider the matter for a bit. If I decide to telephone to-morrow for whom may I ask?"

Mr. Maddock's representative, who apparently took a kindly interest in his shabby caller and didn't want to take her money unless he had to, wrote his name, "F. C. Noice," on the red and white folder that sang the praises of "Stirling in Sunny Southern Alberta," and handed it to her.

"And you wouldn't advise me to touch the California-Alberta stock?" she queried as she moved to the door.

"Not unless you are willing to stand a chance of making a lot of money or nothing. We are putting propositions before the Toronto public all the time and want to satisfy people so they will come back again. Unless you are willing to put up your money on a chance, I would say, buy Stirling town lots. "Now," with a smile, "if you were a man it would be quite another proposition."

That closed the interview, and hastily shoving the prospectus with its gaudy red lettering into her pocket the would-be buyer of California-Alberta made her way hurriedly into the street.

Promoters Will Get all the Money.

"I can say without the least hesitation that no one, in my opinion, will ever make a dollar out of the Alberta oil fields except the promoters."—W. A. Fraser.

One on Sir Henry.

A GOOD joke on Sir Henry Pellatt is being told in military circles. On New Year's morning it is the custom of the officers to visit the various sergeants' messes, and this year when Sir Henry and some of the officers of the Queen's Own Rifles visited the sergeant's mess of the Mississauga Horse one of the party entering their names in the visitors register wrote: "Col. Sir H. Pellatt, A.D.C." The Mississauga Horse Sergeants had a boy watching the registration who announced each officer as he entered the reception room. When it came Sir Henry's turn the boy called out much to the amusement of all present: "Color-Sergeant Pellatt of the A.D.C.'s."

Needless to say Sir Henry appreciated the joke as much as any one.

Every one of the thousands of ropes used in the British naval service, from the smallest heaving line to the largest hawser, whether it be used on shipboard or in a dockyard, has woven into one of its strands a single red thread. This practice has prevailed since the days of Nelson. Many romantic suggestions have been advanced as reasons for this red thread; but, as a matter of fact, the real reason is a simple and practical one—simply that it affords a sure means of identification of royal property, and if any rope containing the red thread is found in unauthorized hands the presumption is that it is improperly possessed. It is, of course, forbidden that rope manufactured for private use contain a similar red thread.

A GALICIAN HOUSE.

This typical Galician house, near Yorkton, Saskatchewan, is built of squared poplar logs covered with a plaster made of clay and straw. The ceiling and floor are of the same material. The roof is a thick thatch of marsh grass, fastened to the rafters with grass ropes. All the appointments of the house are home-made—all except the glass in the windows.

ONTARIO'S NEW MAYORS.

W. C. Goffatt, Mayor of Orillia, Ont., who advocates municipal forest reserves.

MOTORS and MOTORING

THE most important event of the present week in local automobile circles has been the annual meeting of the Ontario Motor League on Monday last. A large number of members from different parts of the province were present, and the importance of the gathering was a striking evidence of the growth of motoring and the Motor League in Ontario. This impression was greatly heightened by the President's report, with its splendid record of achievement during the past year. It is to be regretted that the limited space on this page makes it impossible to give anything but a very brief summary of this report, which contains so much of interest to the motorists of Toronto and the province.

In the opening of his address, the president said that the league with this meeting closed its third year as a provincial association of motorists. Since its inception, with an initial membership of 225, it has developed rapidly in size and activity. One feature of the report was the growth of the league outside of Toronto. Out of the total present membership of 767, 336 members are outside. During the past year 314 new members joined the league.

The president referred to the work of the league in regard to adverse legislation, and went on to say that the prejudice against motorists in rural districts was rapidly passing away. The league had done its utmost to encourage careful driving by motorists by sending out numerous letters and by furnishing all American motorists entering the country with statements of the law. It had investigated different complaints and had offered to place constables on the road to assist the authorities, if necessary.

Along the same lines, the president reported the introduction of a bill in the House of Commons to make "joy-riding" by irresponsible chauffeurs a criminal offence. The Chauffeurs Bureau was also being thoroughly organized to weed out incompetent and unreliable chauffeurs.

Good roads were referred to as a most important part of the league's work. The league favors a thorough discussion of the good roads question by all parties interested, so that a definite policy may be arrived at which all can unite upon. The farming class are clamoring for increased aid from the Government. This question should be properly discussed. It is probable that the matter will be taken up in convention early in the spring.

During the year, the league erected a large number of road signs for the guidance of motorists on the leading highways throughout Ontario.

The president also reported with reference to city street traffic regulations in Toronto. The league had advocated that proper regulations be adopted, and were in sympathy with the chief of police in regard to enforcement. The chief constable has furnished the league with a printed list of the regulations for distribution to members.

In conclusion, the president asked the members for their enthusiastic support of the incoming board, and predicted a large increase in membership and extension of the league's activity in 1910.

Reports were also received from the various affiliated clubs, all of which had had a most successful season.

The following officers and directors were elected:—President, Wm. Stone; First Vice-President, Paul J. Myler; Second Vice-President, A. E. Chatterson; T. A. Russell, Geo. H. Gooderham, Noel Marshall, J. C. Eaton, O. Hezzlewood, F. E. Mutton, J. Curry, H. B. Wills, W. G. Trethewey, L. B. Howland, F. Roden, W. C. Bailey, Morse Fellers, H. W. Beatty, Fred Powell, W. J. Douglas, William Dobie; George S. Matthews, Brantford; W. W. Doran, Niagara Falls; F. F. Miller, Napanee; M. J. Overell, Hamilton; James Moodie, Hamilton; G. M. McGregor, Walkerville; R. B. Hamilton, St. Catharines; W. T. Marlatt, Oakville; H. Corby, Belleville; Dr. Forbes Godfrey, Mimico; Charles Robson, Oshawa; representatives of Ottawa, Kingston and Chatham clubs to be nominated by these clubs.

The financial report shows a surplus of assets over liabilities of $1,653.66.

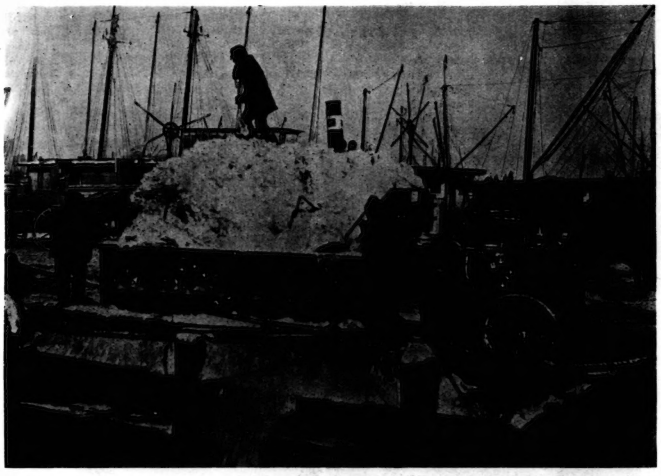
* * *

THE work of removing the last fall of snow from the streets of New York furnished a striking example of the efficiency and earning capacity of the modern motor truck, as compared with the horse-drawn vehicle. In order to expedite his task, Wm. N. Edwards, Commissioner of Street Cleaning, secured the services of a three-ton gasoline truck and put it to work side by side with the horse-drawn wagons so that the comparison between the two might be based on similar conditions of service.

The official figures of the Street Cleaning Department show that the truck did at least four times the work of the ordinary two-horse truck. First of all, the motor truck carried 10 cubic yards of snow as compared with five cubic yards carried by the ordinary contractor's wagon—such as a brick cart. The motor truck was loaded at Union Square, made the trip to the dock at the foot of East 18th street, was unloaded, and returned to Union Square in an average of 40 minutes, while the best recorded time for a two-horse truck was one hour and 20 minutes. The rate paid by the city was 36 cents a cubic yard, so that the truck earned $7.20 while the best of its horse-drawn competitors was earning $1.80.

If the average performance of the two-horse truck was considered, the comparison in favor of the motor truck was even better. At frequent intervals, horses would fall down and it was a matter of no small time and labor to get them on their feet again. Again, all of the teams travelled in a beaten track. If one team was delayed, all those behind it were halted. The motor truck, under such conditions, would simply pull through the drifts at the side of the road and pass around the stalled teams. Furthermore, the efficiency of a two-horse truck gradually diminished as the day advanced, while that of the motor truck was unchanged. If it had been desired, the truck would have kept in service for 24 hours a day by employing another chauffeur, while the hours of service of the horses were necessarily limited.

If there is any business man who still doubts the superior economy of the modern motor truck, such an example as that above cited should be sufficient to remove his scepticism.



White 3-ton gasoline truck used by the New York Street Cleaning Department for carting snow from the streets of New York after the recent blizzard.

* * *

UNQUESTIONABLY the most dreaded thing the motorist has to contend with in the fall and winter is skidding, says Motoring.

Greasy asphalt is, of course, the greatest producer of skids. After a good, hard, drenching rain most asphalt is left in such a condition that ordinary care is sufficient to prevent skidding, but when the rain has been light it merely moistens the grease on the asphalt and leaves a surface which rubber will not grip. Under such circumstances the driver of a car is almost helpless unless his wheels are equipped with some anti-skidding device. But if greasy asphalt bears the palm, greasy macadam or telford is not far behind. Most roads so surfaced have sufficient camber, or slope, from the top to the sides to produce a tendency to slip even when going in a straight line; when it becomes necessary to deviate from a straight line skidding, gradual or rapid, is almost certain to set in.

It is well known that if the natural expedient of applying the brake is resorted to when a car begins to skid the effect is to slew the vehicle around, sometimes causing it to face in the opposite direction before it becomes stationary. For this reason the brake is the last thing that should be resorted to to correct the tendency to skid—just as it is the very thing that the sorely tried driver, if inexperienced in the matter of skids, is most apt to do. Only by combating this desire can he escape danger of injury.

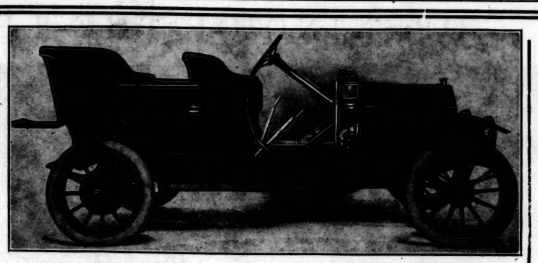
There is no preventive of skidding outside of chains and similar devices, but an observation of these rules will not only reduce it to a minimum, but almost ensure the motorist against serious results if his car does skid:

Drive slowly when skidding conditions are encountered; drive in a straight line as long as possible, and when it becomes necessary to deviate from it turn slowly and carefully and correct any tendency to skid in one direction by steering very slightly in the other. Do not under any circumstances put the brake on hard and check the speed as far as possible without it. If the car gets beyond control from skidding get it against a curb, where it can do no damage, or bring it to a stop as quickly as possible without resorting to the brake, except very gently.

CHAUFFEUR.

"That kid of mine's a wise guy." "For instance?" "For instance, he gave me felt-soled slippers for Christmas."

THE NEW EXECUTIVE OF THE ONTARIO MOTOR LEAGUE.
In the centre, the President, William Stone; to the left, the First Vice-President, Paul J. Myler, and to the right the Second Vice-President, A. E. Chatterson.



A MOTOR CAR EQUATION

Most Cars and Oakland Cars

Heavy car = more gasoline
More gasoline = heavy expense
Heavy expense + more gasoline
= ??????

Light car = less gasoline
Less gasoline = light expense
Light expense + less gasoline =
OAKLAND CAR

A STRONG feature of this Model "40" Oakland is its remarkably light weight and consequent economy in consumption of gasoline and in maintenance; in fact, this car has been made as light as is consistent with the service and durability that has made the Oakland cars so popular.

Every motorist realizes the advantages of a light car—a great saving in up-keep and tires; while a light car with plenty of power means a diminishing of strain due to overworking the motor. The build of this car makes each part easily accessible and consequently facilitates speedy repairs.

Any friction is eliminated by a straight line drive.

We are also showing Model 24—a 30 h.p. Roadster—$1300—and Model 25—a 30 h.p. Touring Car—$1600—in the 1910 line.

Oakland Cars are well worth your careful consideration

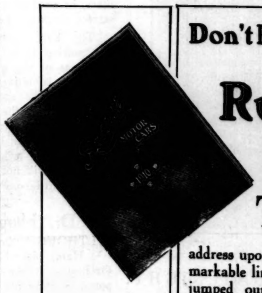
Specifications Model No. 40

Weight—2,250 lbs.
Wheel Base—112 inches.
Springs—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic.
Motor—Four-cylinder, 40 horse power, water cooled.
Cylinders—4½ by 5 inches, cast in pairs with interchangeable exhaust and intake valves on same side.
Drive—Straight line—shaft and bevel gears.
Axles—Front "I" beam, drop forging. Rear standard, bevel gear type.
Carburetor—Special designed float feed with automatic air intake, single adjustment.
Lubrication—Mechanical force feed and splash with equalizing system to maintain uniform action under all conditions.
Cooling—Centrifugal pump. Vertical tube radiator.
Tires—34 by 4 inches.
Brakes—Two sets double acting brakes on rear wheels operated by foot pedal and emergency lever. Brake drums 14 inches.
Bearings—Roller and ball bearings used; exceptionally generous bearings in the motor. Front main bearing 4½ inches, rear main bearing 5¾ inches. Connecting rod bearings 3 inches. Crank shaft diameter 1¾ inches. Centre bearing on crank shaft adjustable from top of crank case.
Transmission—Three speeds forward and reverse. Selective type sliding gears.
Clutch—Indestructible multiple disc type—perfect engagement under all conditions. Extra light rotating parts—quiet, easy gear shifting for all speeds.
Body—Five passenger body. Straight line design. Large doors with metal panel and mouldings, ample room in tonneau.
Ignition—Jump spark. Battery and magneto.

The Imperial Motor Car Co.

Sole Canadian Distributors for Oakland, Oldsmobile and Rapid Trucks

80 King Street East, TORONTO



Don't Miss Your Copy of the new

Russell Catalog

THE striking new catalog of 1910 Russell automobiles will be sent to your address upon request. It shows the remarkable line of motor cars which has jumped our output this year to more than twice that of 1909, with the prospect that the supply will still fall short of filling the demand.

Early orders are strongly advised.

The 1910 line consists of Russell "28" with KNIGHT Motor at $5,000; the Russell "22" with KNIGHT Motor at $3,500; Russell "30" with our fine Valve Motor at $2,350, fully equipped, and our special Russell seven-passenger at only $2,750, also fully equipped—an unheard-of value in a high-grade seven-passenger touring model. The catalogue gives full description and magnificent illustrations of the models with their various bodies. Complete information is given respecting the famous "Silent Knight" Motor, for which we have the sole Canadian rights.

Visit our nearest branch and ask for a demonstration. Arrange with us for a visit to our factory—let us show how these cars are made.

Send now for a copy of the catalogue.

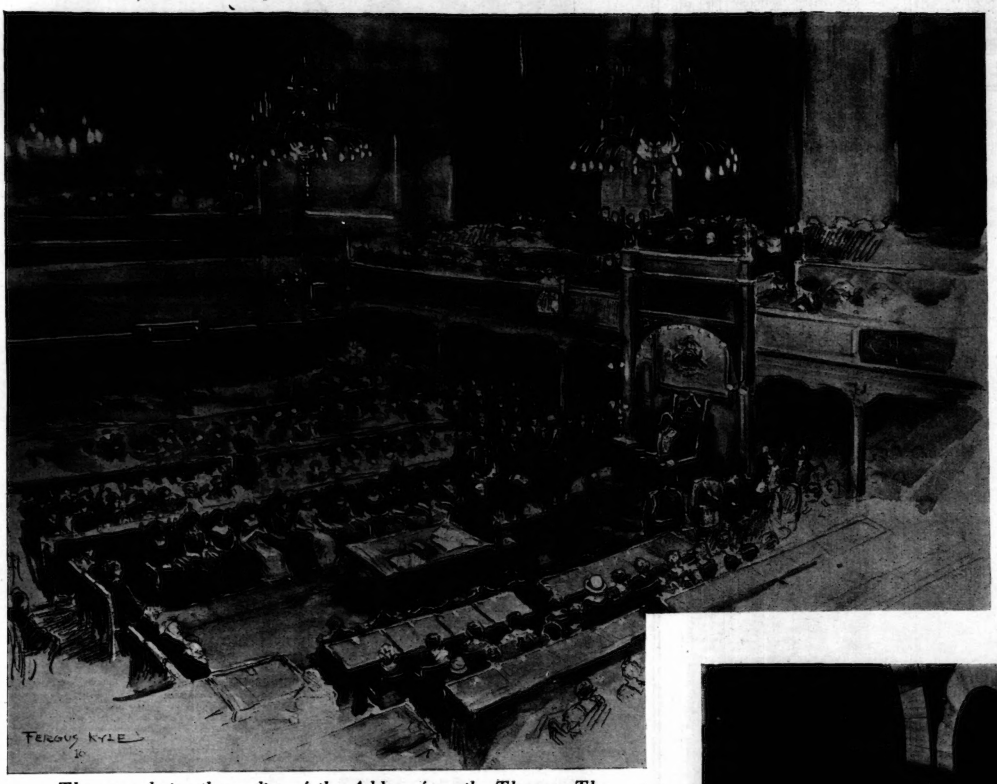
Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd.

Makers of High Grade Automobiles.

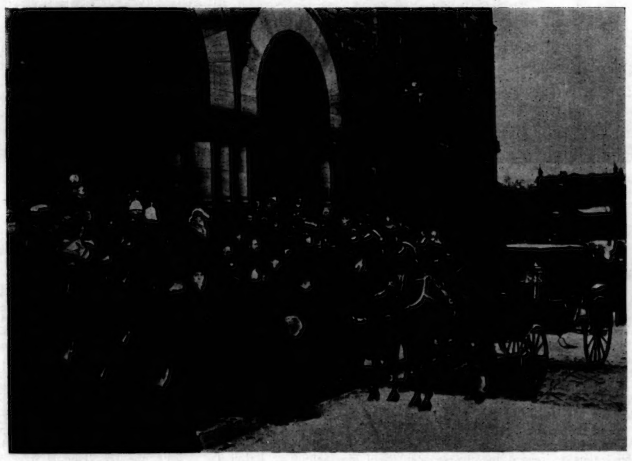
WEST TORONTO

BRANCHES: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Australia.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE



The scene during the reading of the Address from the Throne. The most brilliant Opening the Ontario Parliament has seen took place on Tuesday afternoon. The Lieutenant-Governor was escorted by the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and a salute of fifteen guns was fired by guns of the 9th Field Battery



The scene outside. His Honor leaving the Buildings.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a thirty-two-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

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One Year	$3.00
Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.75

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Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 29, 1910. No. 16.

!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

Dr. Richardson's Love of Flowers.

THE late Dr. Richardson who, having long passed the psalmist's measure of man's allotted span on this earth, was recently gathered to his father's in Toronto, was a public benefactor in at least one respect entirely unique. To thousands of citizens he brought the first actual sensation of woodland. For many years he lived in that section of the city which in the days before Toronto's wonderful and sustained era of expansion had set in was known as Clover Hill. This was the knoll which rises just west of Yonge street on the north side of St. Joseph street and continues for nearly half a mile until it drops to the level again in Queen's Park. His front garden was on the slope of this knoll at its steepest point and formed a beautiful sloping bank with a southern exposure that caught the earliest warmth of the April sun. This bank he had planted with every variety of early flower from the cultivated snowdrop to the wild hepatica, violets in all their colors of mauve, white and yellow, trilliums in red and white, gold and English primroses and all tender blossoms which the spring poets of England and Africa have given literary fame bloomed there in profusion that was almost bewildering if one started to count the blossoms.

The show commenced as soon as the little streams of the melting snow ran down the hillside and took the frost out of the ground, and continued until June and thousands of citizens made it an objective point in their leisurely walks and stood to gaze through the palings and delight in the exquisite spectacle. Even in a city so rich in beautiful residential gardens as Toronto, it stood unique. and it is to be hoped that the death of the old gentleman who so glorified in the flowers of the springtime will not mean the early disappearance of this beautiful little oasis in the city's streets.

Dr. Ham's "Marche Militaire."

ALTHOUGH the "Marche Militaire," by Dr. Albert Ham, played recently by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at the National Chorus concerts, was composed a year and a half ago for the Quebec Tercentenary, it was not previously familiar to Torontonians who were much impressed by its dignity and melodic qualities. It contains an air which in one section of Canada is familiar to every lisping child, but which in Toronto was quite unrecognized. It is "Le Drapeau de Carillon," a French Canadian popular song which is the delight of the music-loving habitant. Every school boy knows of the battle of Ticonderoga, the single great victory won by the French defenders of Canada in the warfare which finally resulted in the placing of Canada under the British Crown. The fort at Ticonderoga, which Montcalm with a small force defended against an overwhelming superior army under the blundering Abercrombie, was known as Fort Carillon, and "Le Drapeau de Carillon" commemorates this last heroic victory of the French-Canadians as an independent people. It is necessarily popular in sentiment and the music has genuine melodic qualities which would make it so in any event.

When Dr. Ham's march was first played it was the occasion of a strange demonstration which rather puzzled visitors to the Tercentenary. It was played during the first week of the celebration at a musical festival held in the Quebec Armories under the direction of Mr. Joseph Vezina, the veteran musician of that city. The audience was a vast one composed partly of the French-speaking and partly of the English-speaking residents of Quebec. Some rivalry of sentiment had arisen owing to the conflicting celebrations of the Pageant glorifying the achievements of the French-Canadian people and the military functions which were a reminder of British victory. When, during the performance of the march the refrain of "Le Drapeau de Carillon" cropped out it was the occasion of a mighty demonstration from the French section of the audience that completely drowned the music. Cheers and plaudits rent the air. Then the audience quieted down and the composition proceeded. Toward its close Dr. Ham has introduced, very cleverly, a theme from "The Maple Leaf." As the familiar notes were enunciated the English part of the audience took up the cue and a rival demonstration rent the air. When it was all over both parties joined in thunderous applause and it was easily the most popular number of the evening.

He Had to be Shown.

CANADIAN newspapers have deservedly prided themselves on the pains they have taken and the enterprise they have displayed in handling the events of the momentous election campaign in Great Britain. The Canadian reader has had an opportunity to keep himself almost as well informed as the man on the spot and it is probable that in one or two of the leading journals events in the motherland have received a larger allotment of space than did the progress of the last Federal campaign in Canada. Certainly the last fight in Ontario when Sir James Whitney won his unprecedented majority was a side issue in the minds of the news editors compared with Lloyd-George's fight "at 'ome."

There are, however, certain Englishmen who, in the language of the street, are "from Missouri," even though they may never have heard of that romantic region. That is to say they want to find out for themselves. No mere colonial sheet can satisfy them of the genuineness of its news. In fact in some of the newspaper offices, after calling up over the phone to find out the result in such and such a riding, they have argued at length with the newspaper man at the other end of the wire that his news must be wrong. A Torontonian encountered one of this type the other day. They were waiting at a corner for a street car together and the Canadian at once sized up the other for an Englishman of some education. It was stamped on his dress and demeanor.

"Well, how do the English elections suit you?" he said, by way of an opener.

The Britisher looked him over coldly before making up his mind to reply. At last he vouchsafed an answer.

"Well, really, you know," he said "I won't know anything about them until I get my newspapers from home."

"Indeed," said the Canadian, "which is the longer distance over home or back here?"

"Back here, I should say," was the response, and the conversation terminated.

Jordan Not a River in Renfrew.

THE thriving town of Renfrew, Ontario, is hockey-crazy, as everybody knows—at least everybody interested in sports. And those who do not peruse the sporting pages of the daily papers occasionally miss a story full of suggestion in a broad, human way. Such a story, for example, was that which concerned the recent downfall—for the time being—of Renfrew's mighty professional hockey team. This organization of stars, collected regardless of expense, made a brave showing when they lined up on the home rink, for their first game—against Cobalt—and all Renfrew grinned and felt sorry for the poor, clumsy huskies from the silver town. And what a lesson in humility to giants was then most harshly read to all that mighty aggregation and their friends and backers, when it went down to defeat before the good team-play of undistinguished opponents! Still Renfrew is still greatly interested in hockey, as will be noted by an incident which occurred there recently. It is told by The Renfrew Journal as an absolutely true story. To appreciate it one must know that Renfrew's amateur hockey team is called "the Rivers" and that the centre man on Renfrew's famous National Hockey Association team is an expert named Jordan.

The true tale runs like this: At Sunday school in that town a week ago the teacher of a class was giving a fine description of the river Jordan. Noticing that one boy in the class was inattentive, the teacher thought to catch him napping by suddenly turning to him and asking:

"And now (calling him by name) what is Jordan?"

"A hockey player," was the prompt but unexpected reply.

"Oh, no,!" said the teacher, "will some one who has been paying attention, give me the correct answer?"

"Jordan is one of the rivers——" began another scholar in response to this, but he was promptly interrupted by the first boy.

"He isn't one of the 'Rivers,' at all, he plays centre for the seniors," he said.

An Unconsidered Difficulty of Antarctic Exploration.

BOARDING-HOUSE jokes and barber-shop jokes do not appeal particularly to SATURDAY NIGHT readers, and for this reason a good many current stories quite excellent in their way do not appear on the "Points About People" page or in the "Anecdotal" columns. At the same time, discussions in barber shops are sometimes of extraordinary interest. In fact, to a student of men and an observer of evidences that this is, as Mr. Tulliver, of "The Mill on The Floss," constantly averred, a "puzzlin' world," the serious discussions heard in tonsorial parlors are often more amusing than the best of the special brand of jests and badinage there retailed.

One day this week the present writer, dropping into a barber shop where he is on friendly terms with all the artists, who are excellent fellows, was asked to decide a question touching exploration, which had arisen there the day before, and which had not been settled satisfactorily.

"Two fellows got arguing in here yesterday," observed my barber; "and one said that it's as cold at the South Pole as it is at the North Pole. That isn't right, is it?"

"Well," said I, as judicially as possible, "it may not be as cold at the South Pole as it is at the North Pole—but it's cold there all right."

Then I pointed out that Shackleton had travelled over snow and ice on his Antarctic journey, the greatest difference between his trip and that of Peary being that the former found himself on land as he got near his destination, while the latter had gone over frozen water.

The boss barber listened to this, and then, with wonderment, diffidence and doubt all apparent in his face, said:

"Well, that's strange. I've heard a good deal about the trips those fellows have made, but I always thought that the big trouble about trying to get to the South Pole was getting past the equator. I thought that the further north you went the colder it got, and that the further south you went the hotter it got, and that the reason they can't get to the South Pole is that when they get down to the equator even their pots and pans melt and they have to turn back or they'd simply go to oil themselves!"

The House of Lords contains a golfer who may be fairly regarded as its most distinguished as well as its most assiduous devotee of the game. This is Lord Wemyss, who though he is nearly ninety-one, still plays three or four days a week. So inflexible is he to the spirit of the past that he will play with no iron clubs, and in a locker at the Wimbledon club-house there is a little bundle of clubs with which he used to play there in the old days with no iron one among their number. Lord Wemyss left this links in high dudgeon because a rule was adopted requiring all golfers to wear red coats.

Professor Leschetizky, the eminent pianist, still teaches at his home in Vienna, though he is nearly eighty years old.

The Meanderings of Geo. H. Munroe and his Band of Porch-climbing "Financiers"---The Story of How they Attempted to Whitewash their Characters by Means of Certificates from Chartered Accountants.

IN a flimsy, weak-kneed attempt to restore public confidence in their dubious enterprises, George H. Munroe's gang of thieving filibusters have issued a series of certificates—chartered accountant's certificates—of good character.

On Saturday morning last the Toronto daily papers appeared with glaring half pages of these "good character" certificates, the name signed to the same being that of Henry Barber & Co., a well known Toronto firm of accountants.

To Whom It May Concern

and more especially to those interested in

Bartlett Mines, Limited

We have audited the books and accounts of this company at regular intervals from the date of its incorporation to the 6th day of January, 1909, to this date, and HEREBY CERTIFY that the company has received all moneys arising from the sale of its Treasury Stock, and that such moneys have been legally and properly expended for the purposes and for the benefit of the Company in plant, equipment, supplies and development of the properties, and that not one cent of said moneys has been paid to or received by George H. Munroe.

Dated this 20th day of Janubry, 1910.

Henry Barber & Co., Auditors
Chartered Accountants.

Special Notice

We expected to be able to publish a certificate similar to the above in this issue, but owing to engagements of our auditors, they were unable to complete same. This certificate will appear in this paper on Monday next.

Berna Motors & Taxicabs, Ltd.

On Monday there appeared in the Toronto morning and evening papers a statement from Henry Barber, of Henry Barber & Co., in which that gentleman disclaimed all knowledge and responsibility for this certificate of "character," and the same is herewith reproduced.

"Financial Editor Globe: Dear Sir,—There appeared in The Globe of this date an advertisement, being a certificate from the Auditors of Bartlett Mines, Limited, to which the name of Henry Barber & Co. has been signed by mistake for that of C. N. Sutherland.

"Will you please correct this error, as my firm has no knowledge of or connection with the above corporation.

"We are, dear sir, yours truly,

"Henry Barber & Co."

On Tuesday the following notice appeared in the daily papers:—

To Whom It May Concern.

Re Bartlett Mines, Limited, Audit.

I hereby certify that I had no authority whatever to sign the name of Henry Barber and Company to the Audit of The Bartlett Mines, Limited; that the Audit was my personal affair, and Henry Barber and Company were not connected with it directly or indirectly, nor had they any knowledge of same. I am not a Member of the firm of Henry Barber and Company.

C. N. SUTHERLAND,
Chartered Accountant.

DATED at Toronto, January 24th, 1910.
Witness: A. J. O'Leary.

This certificate of "character" to which the name of Henry Barber & Co. had been signed and of which they disclaim all responsibility, deals with Bartlett Mines, Ltd. Upon its face this advertisement, reproduced in this issue, has the appearance of being an advertisement of Henry Barber & Co., chartered accountants, but as a matter of fact it was hauled out by the Munroe outfit and the expenses of publication will come out of the depleted till of Bartlett Mines, Ltd., if that uncertain proposition, not to call it a more forceful name, has sufficient funds to pay the advertising bill.

To those who are familiar with matters of this kind, this certificate of character is a joke. It "hereby certifies that the company has received all moneys arising from the sale of its treasury stock, and that such moneys have been legally and properly expended."

As George H. Munroe and his precious outfit of retainers are not a lot of starknaked fools whatever else they may be, no one has ever doubted that the treasury stock was duly entered in the books, and that the miserably small returns therefrom came as near being legally expended as the Munroe outfit is capable.

But how much was there of this treasury stock out of the entire $4,000,000 of capitalization?

It's a fair question, Munroe, come out and tell us!

For fear, however, that Munroe will not come forward with the figures, TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT will give them.

Bartlett Mines started life with a capitalization of $4,000,000 of which sum $3,300,000 went for mines, "promotion," to the directors, etc. This left a balance of only $700,000 in stock, the proceeds of the sale of which would naturally go into the treasury. However, Munroe does not believe in allowing any source of revenue to get away if he can possibly avoid it, so he and his gang proceeded to milk this 700,000 shares of stock as dry as a bone before handing it over to the public.

This was done by the simple method of underwriting the stock at 15 cents per share, so that all the actual cash to be derived from this course and to find its way into the treasury was, so far as can be ascertained, about $105,000.

This $105,000 was the sum total of actual cash capital upon which to pay dividends on $4,000,000 worth of stock.

WHAT IS THIS CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER WORTH UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES?

IN the Toronto daily papers of Monday last appeared another misleading chartered accountant's statement. This time it concerned Berna Motors and Taxicabs, Ltd. A re-production of this statement as it appeared in the papers—the poor stockholders of the Berna Motors and Taxicabs to pay the advertising bill—also appears in this issue.

To Whom It May Concern

and more especially to those interested in

Berna Motors and Taxicabs, Ltd.

We have examined the books and accounts of the Berna Motors and Taxicabs, Limited, to this date, and HEREBY CERTIFY that the Company has received all moneys arising from the sale of its Treasury Stock, and that such moneys have been expended for the purposes of the Company in plant, equipment, supplies and expenses, and that no one cent of said moneys has been paid to G H. Munroe.

C N. SUTHERLAND, Chartered Accountant,
W. D. THOMAS.

Dated in Toronto this 22nd Day of January, 1910.

This statement, signed by one C. N. Sutherland, chartered accountant, and dated Jan. 22nd, takes the same form as the chartered accountant's statement of the Bartlett Mines Company, which Henry Barber & Co. refused to father under any and all circumstances, and which C. N. Sutherland did father for reasons best known to himself.

The statement "hereby certifies that the company has received all moneys arising from the sale of its treasury stock, and that such moneys have been expended for the purposes of the company and plant, equipment, supplies and expenses, and that not one cent of such moneys has been paid to George H. Munroe."

By some oversight on his part Munroe appears to have kept his hands off the treasury stock of Berna Motors and Taxicabs. However, as the amount was so small it didn't much matter in any event.

But let us dissect this much vaunted treasury stock of which C. N. Sutherland, chartered accountant, speaks in such particular terms. The authorized capital of Berna Motors and Taxicabs is, according to their statement, $500,000, of which sum $388,000 have been issued.

Issued to whom?

Of this total of $388,000 of stock George H. Munroe received no less than $300,000 for his part of the deal. This leaves $88,150 for the treasury stock. All of $88,150 provided the stock was sold at par, which has not been the case, upon which to establish a taxicab service.

Upon the publication of Munroe's whitewash endorsation of himself in the name of a chartered accountant the following letter was written to the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Ontario:

OFFICE OF TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT,
Toronto, January 22nd, 1910.

The President,
The Institute of Chartered Accountants of Ontario:

Dear Sir,—In to-day's issue of The Mail there appears a half-page advertisement of Henry Barber & Co., consisting of what is practically a certificate of character for George H. Munroe, and also practically certifying to the standing of the Bartlett Mines.

This advertisement and report is over the signature of Messrs. Barber & Co., Chartered Accountants, who are, we believe, members of your Institute.

We append this advertisement, and would respectfully enquire whether it is customary and quite in accord with the ethics of your Institute, that such public endorsement should be given to men and companies "so prominently in the public eye"?

As you are aware, Saturday Night, a public journal, has made very grave charges regarding this man and the exploiting of the Bartlett Mines, and we have publicly branded Mr. Munroe as a swindler, and scuttler of this property, without any action being taken to date.

The only reply forthcoming has been this certificate from a public Chartered Accountant.

We must, therefore, ask you, as President of the Institute, for an official endorsement of the ethics of this action on the part of one of your members.

Awaiting your reply, we are, respectfully yours,

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT,
FREDERICK PAUL,
Managing Editor.

Following is the reply:

THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS
OF ONTARIO,
President's Office,
Toronto, 25th January, 1910.

The Editor of Saturday Night, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22nd instant respecting a certificate which appeared in the Toronto daily papers over the name of Henry Barber & Co. in connection with the audit of the accounts of the Bartlett Mines, Limited.

This letter is in effect a charge which comes within the provisions of the Institute's by-laws governing such matters. The Council of the Institute will meet on the 27th instant, when your letter will be laid before it, and such action taken as in the opinion of the Council may be considered necessary.

I am, yours truly,
G. U. STIFF,
President.

P.S.—Subsequent publication in the daily papers brings prominently to the front the name of one, C. N. Sutherland. I may say this man is not a member of the Institute, and consequently beyond our control.

C. N. Sutherland referred to in the above correspondence is, we are informed, employed in the office of Henry Barber & Co.

Hon. Richard Harcourt's Interest.

SENATOR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, who served as a director of Bartlett Mines, Ltd., announced in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT over his own signature that becoming dissatisfied with the manner in which the company was being managed, he had severed all connection with that corporation. He also stated that he had only consented to act as one of the directors of Bartlett Mines, Ltd., at the solicitation of Hon. Richard Harcourt.

So far as we have been advised, Hon. Richard Harcourt of Welland still continues to act as president of Bartlett Mines, Ltd.; at least, Mr. Harcourt has made no pronouncement to the contrary.

It has, however, been announced, semi-officially, that the Hon. Richard Harcourt has resigned the presidency of Berna Motors and Taxicabs, Ltd. The reasons for his resignation have not been given.

It is stated that the Hon. Richard Harcourt received as president of Berna Motors and Taxicabs, Ltd., a salary of $125 per week, this sum being paid him through the John A. Street Company, George H. Munroe's dummy corporation. It is also said on the authority of one closely connected with the inside workings of the Taxicab Company and the Munroe outfit, that when Mr. Harcourt had received a total of $6,500 as president of the Taxicab Company, George H. Munroe sold the hon. gentleman stock in Bartlett Mines, Ltd., for which the Hon. Mr. Harcourt paid $10,000 in cold cash. Mr. Harcourt's financial interest in Bartlett Mines, Ltd., explains to a great extent his present connection with the latter corporation.

Editorial Opinion on Munroe.

Following is the editorial opinion of a few Canadian papers concerning George H. Munroe and "phoney" financiers of his class:

Not Agreeable, but Necessary.

Last week's Toronto Saturday Night, in a well prepared article, told its readers what to many of them must have been most interesting, if not particularly agreeable, reading. It was the inside history of a master of finance and of his system of booming stocks by any and every scheme that he could devise. The article will serve to show a large number of people what became of their money.—Brigden Progress.

A Startling Exposure.

The Toronto Saturday Night of last week devotes almost three pages to a story of the "Wildcat Promoting" of George H. Munroe, formerly head of the stock-broking firm of Munroe & Munroe, New York and Montreal, but who has recently been working Toronto with many propositions. It gives facts to show that this George H. Munroe has been spending about $40,000 of the Canadian people's money yearly, which he has raised on schemes of various kinds. He leased a beautiful residence in Rosedale, Toronto, and at his beautifully furnished home lived the life of a prince. This man has been gathering in daily the money from the innocent and over-confiding investor, while the law has apparently been standing looking on, helpless in their effort to stop his various schemes. The exposure of his various dealings will come as a revelation to many who have parted with their hard-earned savings, and to many more who were contemplating investing. Some of the large companies which he has promoted were the Marconi Wireless Telegraph, the Bartlett Mines, the Berna Motors and Taxicabs, as well as many others. It became the duty of the Saturday Night to show the speculations of this man up in the proper light, and their action in this matter will no doubt meet the approval of thousands. If the Canadian papers as a whole would receive such speculators in the same manner, instead of encouraging them for the sake of the advertising secured, our country would soon be rid of these get-rich-quick promoters.—The Madoc Mercury.

Hit the Fakers.

In a recent issue, Toronto Saturday Night had a lengthy article exposing a firm which bloomed into brokers, and have folisted several "good things" upon the unsuspecting public, and incidentally absorbed a large quantity of the savings of the public.

Of course it serves the public perfectly right to be taken in by these get-rich-quick schemes, and people are very foolish to be taken in by them.

But how do they generally reach the public? By glaring advertisements in the daily papers. Should there not be some way in which the papers are held responsible for advertising what proves to be an absolute fraud? The public rightly or wrongly, put a certain amount of confidence in the paper in which they read the advertisement, and the papers should appreciate this, and only accept advertisements which are issued by responsible people.

An advertisement has been appearing recently which is almost perfect for pure gall, and as there are not even any estimates of what the investor may expect, there should be no disappointment if the money invested simply disappears.

The law in Ontario has been improved so as to make the Directors responsible for the promises contained in the prospectus which they issue, and this could be copied with advantage all over Canada. But the law should be altered so as to cover the brokers who issue misleading and false statements.—The Trade Bulletin, Montreal.

Snuff Him Out.

Mr. Editor, Saturday Night Limited:

Dear Sir,—Since you have the courage, and you are about the only editor in the city who shows any, to expose such swindlers as the Munroe crowd, why not have a try at another one in town, "Henshaw Maddock," 205 Yonge street, the Alberta Oil King?

This party should be snuffed out like a match.

COMMON SENSE.

Toronto, January 21st, 1910.

Munroe Not the Only One.

Editor of Saturday Night:

Sir,—I have read with interest your paper of last week and this week, containing those articles regarding the Geo. Munroe gang, and am pleased that one Toronto paper at least has taken this up. And my wish is that great success may follow your effort. May say I have been stung in other matters, and will say Munroe is not the only one. There are others. I refer to some small joint stock companies which I see have been spoken of. I trust that these words may be of encouragement to you.

Sincerely yours, BROKER.

Toronto, January 22nd, 1910.

The Newspaper Boost.

Editor Saturday Night, Toronto, Ont.:

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your trenchant exposure of the Munroe swindling games. But what are we, the gulled public, to think of Toronto's daily press, who it seems accept pay for the articles published by them, ostensibly editorial or written by the staff, regarding the Bradley and kindred mining swindles? Readers naturally believe such notices and descriptive matter to be honest, and invest their little savings in the hope of receiving fair returns for the money. Surely The World has a big responsibility in this line, and what can be said of the others usually considered respectable? The newspaper publisher who thus aids in circulating information which he does not know to be authentic is surely as culpable in a public and wider sense than the agent who sells shares and leads widows and unsophisticated people astray and defrauds them of their money in the end.

This town has been a heavy sufferer in the past by just such swindling games. British Columbia and Yukon gold and silver companies so-called have drawn away thousands of the earnings of the people. It would seem as if this was a favorite hunting ground for olly-tongued, suave promoters from Toronto for all sorts of games. Yours with thanks,

R. M. PATERSON.

Paris, Ont., January 24, 1910.

People Who Lend Their Names.

The Editor, Saturday Night, Toronto:

Sir,—Your fearless and convincing articles in Saturday Night of 15th and 22nd inst. have aroused much favorable comment here, and are certain of remembrance by some of our last year's crop of lambs who hold scrip of one of the companies you mention.

Your editorial on the fate of Scottish directors of the City of Glasgow Bank who failed to direct was very timely.

Promoters would be seriously handicapped if they were unable to secure well known names for the directorate of the companies they exploit, as the small investor, such as the widow you mention, is influenced greatly by the confidence placed in the integrity of such men; more than in the assets and possibilities of a company, the knowledge of which must with most people be very superficial, while that of a director whose name appears on the company's literature is naturally supposed to be more intimate.

It is pleasing to note that Senator Campbell resigned when he found matters unsatisfactory, and it is to be hoped that other prominent men have, or will do so promptly, or let the general investing public know why.

Does treasury stock in a "Gouge Andy" company differ in value or appearance in any way from bonus stock so often held by promoters and dumb directors, and is there any way to prevent the latter stock being sold or used for the benefit of the recipients?

I enclose my card, and beg to subscribe myself, yours truly,

SHAREHOLDER.

Aylmer, Ont., January 24th, 1910.

Munroe Gang is Hard Up.

INDICATIONS all point to the fact that this gang of second story financial experts are hard up. In other words, the sale of Taxicab stock to the deluded public has been effectually stopped.

In the first place there is not a bank in Canada that would to-day accept business from George H. Munroe, for the very good reason that the general managers would be afraid of losing the roofs off their institutions as well as the safe doors; and secondly, he already owes one bank more money—some forty thousand odd—than the management cares to see in the doubtful column.

For the information of those who have bought Taxicab stock, mostly Munroe's promotion stock, of which the company is not entitled to a cent, and for which they paid $5 and $6 per share, it may be stated that the stock has been peddled around Toronto in small lots recently at $3 per share, but found few takers even at these figures.

As the Taxi Company was the milch cow which was always drawn upon when occasion required it, there is now naturally a financial drought in the Munroe camp. All that is left now to annex are the daily receipts and the taxi business isn't over good at the moment—hence the shortage.

Several of Munroe's trusty lieutenants who have been busily engaged selling his taxi stocks for him, are now said to be clamoring for their commissions. Munroe pays commissions when he cannot load the agent up with stocks.

In any event they are after their money, but it is reported as not forthcoming. In place of money Munroe give promises and notes, a note is such an easy way of settling an obligation.

Still another obligation which hangs fire is the payment for the machinery which now decorates the Bartlett Mines and which the watchmen, in the absence of a working staff, look after. In the boom days of the Bartlett we heard a lot regarding this machinery, some of which fell through the ice on Gowganda Lake, and was saved by a "superhuman effort," all of which was duly recorded in the daily papers, which were then as now under the watchful guidance of the Munroe publicity expert.

However, whether this valuable machinery was saved or not is beside the question, which is, that the Munroe crowd have not yet paid for it. Up to the present time ten per cent. has been paid on account and the vendors are looking for the other ninety per cent. Another firm saw their money coming a long time before it actually reached them. This was the firm that provisioned the Bartlett Mines camp. They had $2,800 due them for many weeks but this, it is said, was finally adjusted.

Munroe's abortive attempts to suppress the news of his financial porch-climbing methods have been many. Munroe and others of his merry band were particularly desirous that Winnipeg should remain ignorant, the reason being that had TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT not ventilated this crowd and their methods, they would by this time have launched a taxicab company in that city.

As it happens a good many Winnipeg people appreciate SATURDAY NIGHT to the extent of buying it by the year, while many others take it from week to week at the news stands. That the customers of the newstands did not receive their regular copies—extra ones were sent out—is indicated by the following letter:

Desirable that Winnipeggers Remain Ignorant.

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 19, 1910.

Saturday Night, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I would be very much obliged to you if you would send me your last copy by return of mail, as it was impossible for anybody here to buy a copy. A friend of Mr. Munroe's has bought every single copy to get them out of the market.

My best thanks in advance.

Yours very truly,
OTTO S. BRUCK,
215 Somerset Block,
Winnipeg, Man.

P.S.—I am a regular reader of your valuable paper, which is really an eye-opener to the public.—O. S. B.

Ragman's Repartee.

THE ordinary citizen who sees the wanderer from down-trodden Russia poking into his ash-barrel, and who gets angry when the same bewhiskered individual rings his door-bell in his quest for rags, bones, and bottles, does not know that these gentry are possessed of repartee. That such is the case, however, anyone who strolls through "The Ward" of an evening and sees them sibillating repartee or what passes for it into each other's faces, realizes that quick retort must be a characteristic of these ragged wanderers.

Last autumn a Toronto lady got a taste of it. One morning a strange dog drifted into her back yard, and, stretching himself under the shade of a fruit tree, died. The problem of how to dispose of the beast was worrying her. A little later she was picking flowers in her garden when a rag and bottle man drove by and stopped.

"Any rags?" he called in his Yiddish dialect.

"No," said the lady.

"Any bones or bottles?" he persisted.

"No; go away," said the lady tartly.

"Any oldt boots?" he went on. "I give five cents each for oldt boots."

"No; please go away," said the lady. Then a thought flashed upon her. Perhaps he could use the dead dog in his business. Perhaps the hide would be worth his taking. So she said:

"Do you want a dog?"

"Yah!" cried the man, jumping off the wagon; "where iss idt?"

She took him around to the back of the house and showed him the unwelcome guest. When he found that the animal was dead, he flew into a sputtering rage, and as he raced back to his wagon he hissed at the lady:

"Don't you vandt idt? Don't you like idt? Don't you vandt idt to eedt?"

With this crushing retort, which would be a most savage and significant insult among his own people, he drove hissing away.

Captain Kaempff of the Deutschland, while walking near the Battery in New York one day, was introduced by a mutual friend to the captain of one of the Cunarders. The friend felt elated at bringing the two prominent navigators together, but was surprised when Captain Kaempff said, "I am glad to shake your hand, captain, but we hardly need an introduction, do we?" Although they had never met personally until that moment, the two mariners had been talking to each other for four years at sea by wireless.

NIECES OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

These two little daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, are typical English girls. Their father is the eldest brother of the Princess of Wales, and their mother, before her marriage, was Lady Margaret Evelyn Grosvenor, daughter of the 1st Duke of Westminster.

PRINCESS
WEEK OF JAN. 31
Wed. -- MATINEES -- Sat.
Charles Frohman
PRESENTS
JAMES K.
HACKETT
IN HENRI BERNSTEIN'S
GREATEST OF MODERN DRAMAS—
"Samson"
BY AUTHOR OF
"The Thief" and "Israel"

SHEA'S THEATRE
Matinees Daily 25 | Week of Jan. 31 | Evenings 25 & 50
First Vaudeville Appearance Here of
BILLY B. VAN
AND
THE BEAUMONT SISTERS
In the One-Act Musical Comedy, "Props."
ERNA AND JENNY GASCH
Premier Lady Acrobats.
EDNA PHILLIPS & CO.
In the Merry Farce, "Lost a Kiss."
QUIGLEY BROS.
In "The New Boss."
BOWERS, WALTERS & CROOKER
The Three Rubes.
JOSEPHINE JOY
The Voice! With the Girl.
THE KINETOGRAPH
New Pictures.
Special Extra Attraction
LESTER
The Best Ventriloquist of them all.

MAJESTIC MUSIC HALL
Toronto's Leading Vaudeville Theatre
WEEK OF JAN. 31st
ENGLAND'S GREAT ARTISTS
BRANSBY WILLIAMS
NELLIE-WALLACE
The Premier Comedienne
The Royal Polo Players
Adamini and Taylor
Eldridge, The Sand Man
Wilson Franklyn & Co
AND OTHER BIG ACTS.
Matinee Daily, 15c, 25c, 50c Boxes.
Evenings, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c Boxes.
PHONE MAIN 1600.

GAYETY
HIGH CLASS
BURLESQUE
DAILY MATINEES LADIES 10c
WEEK OF JAN. 31
Andy Lewis
AND HIS
MARDI GRAS BEAUTIES
WEEK OF FEB. 7
The Great
Behman Show

TO CALIFORNIA.
The electric lighted Overland Limited, only three days from Chicago to the coast via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line. Drawing room and private compartment sleepers, composite buffet-library and observation cars, dining cars. Trains and berths electric lighted throughout. The China and Japan Fast Mail has Pullman tourist and standard sleepers to California points. Illustrated literature, maps, rates, etc., on application to B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont.

THE DRAMA

MISS VIOLA ALLEN is always interesting, but "The White Sister" is interesting only at intervals. It belongs to that large class of plays which, with a seeming abundance of good material, are put together in such a theatrical and make-shift manner that they fail entirely to engage the interest and sympathy of the spectator. They don't "convince." There is in "The White Sister" much of the raw material of which great emotions and poignant situations are composed. A girl who believes her soldier lover to be dead enters a convent and becomes a nun, only to have him return after five years and wreck her dear-bought piece of mind. But she refuses to seek a dispensation from her religious vows—it is against her ideals of religion and honor. He decoys her to his rooms with the idea of making her sign a petition to the Pope for release from her vows. She is discovered there, so he shoots himself with the rather silly notion of thus saving her from disgrace.

ELEANOR ROBSON,
In "The Dawn of a To-morrow," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

This is the plot of the play which Miss Allen and a very capable company have been presenting this week at the Royal Alexandra. It evidently contains material out of which a good play might be made—material, in fact, out of which good plays have been made before now. But it is not handled properly. The construction of the play is loose, and there are some very perceptible gaps in the working out of the plot. Besides this, the situations are not nearly so effective as they should be. In the scene where the lovers meet after so long a separation and under such tragic circumstances, they argue like members of a debating society. There is little of the passion and pain which one might expect in such a meeting. The whole thing rings false. And it is much the same case with the great scene of the play, the one in which she goes to his rooms, and which is concluded by his suicidal act of devotion. It is so evidently a piece of theatrical makeshift, that it fails utterly to awaken the interest which it is aimed to arouse.

The present company is in many respects a very capable one, but at the same time it must be admitted that they do not succeed as well as might be expected in making up for the deficiencies of the play. Viola Allen is a very clever actress, one of the cleverest on the American stage. She has the "business" of the stage at her finger-ends. Her career has been a long and singularly fortunate one, and her art has grown steadily in completeness with her experience. But it is to be doubted if Miss Allen has that peculiar quality, which—call it temperament or call it genius—distinguishes the work of a great artist from that of a merely clever one. Certainly in her present role she fails to display that magnetism and gripping power which make a stage-character memorable. She does not even succeed in keeping Sister Giovanna interesting throughout.

Among the other members of the company James O'Neil is particularly interesting on account of his many years as a romantic star. This veteran actor can always be depended on for a good piece of work, but he is certainly badly cast in his present character. His church dignitary is altogether too debonair, too suggestive of D'Artagnan and Monte Cristo, to be thoroughly convincing as a member of the hierarchy. But while James O'Neil is not altogether satisfactory, William Farnum is decidedly unsatisfactory. His Lieutenant Severi is nothing more nor less than a broad-shouldered "dub," and there are times when he presents haunting resemblances to an animated wiener-wurst in his tight-fitting uniforms. Farnum is a fairly capable actor, but he fails to make the hero of the present play interesting. And when even the hero is uninteresting, what is there left to the matinee girl to hope for?

* * *

THERE is only one "Honey Boy," and his name is George Evans. The little black-face comedian is the best in his own line to-day, and the mantles of the great minstrels of the past have all come down on his shoulders in a heap. But he carries them with rare spirit. He is one of the few remaining minstrels who can be delightfully funny without becoming vulgar, and he is the most amusing of them all. His monologue in the performance given by the Cohan and Harris Minstrels at the Princess during the first half of this week, was the best thing in the whole show, and the next best was his work in the sketch, "The Firemen's Picnic." He is funny all the time. His face is funny, and his voice is funny, and his legs are excruciatingly funny. It didn't matter how old the joke or "gag" was, he managed to invest it with a new life and give it a new turn. George Evans is one of those happy beings—happy for the spectator—whose very toothaches would be exquisitely humorous. It's all in the way he does and says things. If he were to remark that he thought the prospects for winter wheat were excellent, the laughter of his hearers would be heard at Hanlan's Point. And there is no telling the point of appreciative exhaustion they would reach, if he were to say that the result of the general elections in England had not been altogether favorable to the present Government.

But Evans is not the whole show. He is merely the bright, particular star of an excellent aggregation of minstrels, all of whom do very interesting work. The whole performance is a very amusing one, and there are many less than the allowable number of dull moments. One often hears the statement that the day of the minstrel show is done. But while it is true that this form of entertainment will never regain the tremendous popularity it enjoyed in the palmy days of Primrose and West, Thatcher, Dockstader, Cool Burgess, and the other great artists of lamp-black and plantation dialect, it is also true that the minstrel show still maintains a very real hold on the affections of a large class of theatregoers. One had only to watch the audience at the present show to realize that. And certainly it would be a great pity if this peculiar and characteristic form of entertainment should pass away utterly from the earth.

* * *

A REMARKABLE tribute to William Winter, the dean of American dramatic critics, was paid recently, when a brilliant group of men and women joined in honoring him at a dinner given by the National Arts Club. Among those present were representatives of the church, the bar, journalism, medicine, music, politics, and the fine arts, including of course, the drama. The veteran writer, who has devoted more than a half-century of his life to the uplifting of the stage, and who has fearlessly encountered censure and financial loss rather than abandon his principles, justified his acts in these words:

"It is true that I see no merit in striving to use the theatre as a vehicle for the discussion of vile subjects and the analysis of vice and diseases. The only effect is, and must be, to drench the auditor's mind with an effluvium of unclean thought and to make him gloomy and cynical.

"But, on the other hand, throughout the whole long period of my service no really fine play has been produced on our stage that has not been extolled by me to the fullest extent of my opportunity. . . . I believe it has been said that I am always worshipping the past and disparaging the present and am blind to all merit except that which is dead and gone. Considering that I possess many thousand letters from actors and authors, almost every one of which is a letter of thanks for words of encouragement and cheer, spoken at the right time and spoken from the heart, I cannot think myself amenable to the reproach of having neglected the merits of to-day in a blind devotion to the merits of yesterday.

"Let us never doubt nor falter in the service of the arts. For my own part, I have not laid down my pen. It will not be dropped until I drop with it, and what it has been in the past it will be in the future."

This last statement by Mr. Winter was received with great enthusiasm by all present, and many subsequent speakers commended his attitude toward the drama. The hearty and unanimous welcome that was extended to this veteran writer, who has seen the rise of generations of famous actors and actresses and proclaimed most of them when their work was still unrecognized, proved that the value of the trained critic's work still remains paramount in these days, as formerly.

JAMES K. HACKETT,
In "Samson," at the Princess next week.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
None others so comfortable in winter sports—none which give the free and easy swing to the shoulders. The "sliding" cords "second the motion." *All dealers, 50 cents.* Light, medium and heavy weights.
Get the Genuine — "PRESIDENT" on every buckle

ROYAL ALEXANDRA
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
PERFECTLY VENTILATED
WEEK MON. JAN. 31 - - MATS. THUR. SAT.
Most Important Event of the Season
ELEANOR ROBSON
(LIEBLER & CO., Managers)
In Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's Famous Play of Cheerfulness
THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW
which ran all season at the Lyceum Theatre, New York
Week of Feb. 7—"DICK WHITTINGTON"

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—Eleanor Robson.
Princess—James K. Hackett.
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"Mardi Gras Beauties."
Majestic—Vaudeville.

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON, in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's great play of cheerfulness, "The Dawn of a To-morrow," will appear at the Royal Alexandra all next week. The coming of Miss Robson is always one of the pleasurable events of the theatrical season, but this year, in addition to the drawing power of the star, there is added interest aroused by a play which has created little less than a sensation wherever it has been produced.

It is the dramatic story of a London waif, Glad, a child of the slums who, amidst the poverty and squalor of Apple Blossom Court, has evolved a philosophy of optimism which converts everyone with whom she comes in contact. Glad's theory is that things are never quite so bad as they seem, if we only don't think they are; that any one by thinking can improve conditions; that if you wish for something hard enough and you deserve it, you will get an answer, and there is always to-morrow to bring tidings of better days.

Glad, played by Miss Robson is a quaint and attractive little creature, in love with Dandy, a coster, who is falsely accused of murder. Sir Oliver Holt, given up by his physicians as hopelessly ill, goes into the slums to become an unknown suicide, but he meets Glad, and becomes converted to her philosophy. A few hours in Apple Blossom Court convince him that he isn't sick after all, and he goes back to his domicile to assert himself, upset the plans of his rascally nephew, who is able to prove an alibi for Dandy, and prove to Glad that her theory about getting what you want is correct; for Glad's whole faith has been put to the test by the danger of Dandy, and the coming of Sir Oliver seemed like an answer to her prayers. The play is intensely dramatic, with many comedy situations, and Miss Robson has one of the best roles she has ever acted. The original company from the Lyceum theatre, New York, will appear with her. One of its most prominent members is Fuller Mellish.

The name of Fuller Mellish may be safely added to that long list of English players who have won success in America; for though Mr. Mellish has spent only a few years on this side, his work with Mansfield, Viola Allen, Mrs. Fiske, and now with Eleanor Robson, to whose Glad he plays Sir Oliver Holt, has given him much prominence. He has made his way here, become known, and is able to command a salary such as is not often paid in England, save to stars of the first magnitude. Not that London theatregoers failed to appreciate Mr. Mellish. His English record is full of interesting items. The first time that Sir Henry Irving fell ill, he played that great actor's parts for fourteen weeks. He spent nine seasons supporting Irving, and as he made his debut in the support of Edwin Booth during the latter's engagement at the Adelphi in London, he claims the unique distinction of being the only actor who has played in the support of Booth, Irving and Mansfield. Another curious fact about Mr. Mellish is that during one season he created eleven leading parts, a record still to be beaten by an actor not a member of a repertoire or stock company. Mr. Mellish's English experiences included engagements with almost every star of prominence, ranging from Mary Anderson to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and unless such things soon become a drug on the market it should surprise no one were a new volume of reminiscences to appear.

BEATRICE BECKLEY,
In "Samson," at the Princess next week.

* * *

The return of a star so popular as James K. Hackett would alone give interest to the engagement of "Samson" at the Princess Theatre next week. But the play itself is one of the strongest works of the noted Parisian dramatist, Henri Bernstein.

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

Proceedings of the Twenty-fifth Annual General Meeting.

The Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting was held at noon on Tuesday, the 25th of January, 1910.

The following Shareholders were present, namely:—

F. J. Harris, John Smith, James Linton, H. R. Playtner, L. Bauer, Julius A. Halbhaus, Geo. F. Hedges, Edwin J. Thorpe, Andrew Semple, J. K. Niven, P. A. Vale, James Young, F. D. Johnson, R. L. McIntyre, H. H. Gilderslee, J. C. Sinclair, M. Garvin, James E. Baillie, John J. Gibson, George LeRiche, J. R. McKichan, E. C. Jackson, W. E. Soule, E. Dickenson, jr., Rev. J. S. Williamson, George Watson, Wm. Stewart, W. G. Bryans, E. Galley, Alex. Stewart, George Mair, J. M. Duck, A. J. Barge, James Burnside, A. Dillon Mills, F. Wilson, W. S. Rodgers, Archibald Biblaie, George Masonland.

In the unavoidable absence of the President, the Vice-President, Hon. J. R. Stratton, took the chair, and appointed the General Manager to act as Secretary of the meeting.

On motion, Messrs. John K. Niven and E. Galley were appointed scrutineers.

The General Manager then read the following statement:—

Statement of the Result of the Business of the Bank

For the Twelve Months Ending 31st December, 1909.

The net profits for the twelve months, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and reserving accrued interest, amounted to	$457,082 39
Premium on New Stock	50 00
Balance at credit of Profit and Loss last year	190,982 49
	$648,114 88
Appropriated as follows, viz.:	
Dividend No. 52, quarterly, at the rate of 7% per annum	$ 76,190 16
" 53, " " " 7% "	76,193 16
" 54, " " " 7% "	76,200 18
" 55, " " " 8% "	87,087 98
Transferred to Rest Account	200,000 00
Written off Bank Premises and Furniture	20,000 00
Transferred to Officers' Guarantee Fund	5,000 00
" " " Pension Fund	5,000 00
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss new account	102,443 40
	$648,114 88

GENERAL STATEMENT, 31st DECEMBER, 1909.

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid up		$ 4,354,500 00
Rest Account		2,200,000 00
Dividend No. 55, payable 3rd January		87,087 98
Former Dividends unpaid		1,039 77
Interest accrued on Deposit Receipts		18,524 24
Balance of Profits carried forward		102,443 40
		$ 6,763,595 39
Notes of the Bank in circulation		$ 3,060,070 00
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	$24,255,209 47	
Deposits not bearing interest	5,557,984 87	
		29,813,194 34
Balance due to other Banks in Canada		37,254 32
Balance due to Foreign Agents		289,882 06
		$33,200,400 72
		$39,963,996 11

ASSETS.

Gold and silver coin current		414,198 14
Dominion Government Demand Notes		3,633,251 00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks		1,129,309 16
Balance due from other Banks		345,012 58
Balance due from Foreign Agents		803,913 94
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities		704,801 53
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks		986,239 24
Call and Short Loans on Stocks, Bonds and other Securities		1,544,818 98
Call and Short Loans on Stocks, Bonds and other Securities in U. S.		600,000 00
		$10,161,544 57
Bills discounted current		27,389,558 52
Notes discounted overdue (estimated loss provided for)		58,351 51
Loans to other Banks secured		12,625 42
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of general Bank Note Circulation		152,718 60
Real Estate, the property of the Bank (other than the Bank premises)		700 00
Bank premises		1,996,459 41
Bank furniture, safes, etc.		192,037 88
		29,802,451 54
		$39,963,996 11

STUART STRATHY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 31st December, 1909.

During the year the following braaches were opened:—Bruce Mines, Camrose, Castor, Chapleau, Didsbury, Dryden, Embrun, Forget, Gadsby, Gerrard and Main streets (Toronto), Gerrard and Jones (Toronto), Gleichen, Holden, Lynden, Market Branch (Hamilton), Montreal, Vancouver, Vars, West Fort William, Yonge and Richmond streets (Toronto), and Zealandia. One branch, Hepworth, was closed.

After reading the report, the General Manager continued as follows:—

GENERAL MANAGER'S ADDRESS.

You can see by the foregoing statement that the Bank has made substantial increase in every department during the past year. The deposits now amount to $29,800,000, as compared with $25,300,000 a year ago, while during the same period the circulation of the Bank has risen from $2,600,000 to over $3,000,000. These additional funds have been used to the extent of over $3,800,000 to further the commercial needs of the country by an increase in loans to the public to that extent.

Out of the profits of the year we have been able to pay dividends amounting to $315,671.48, and together with the amount carried over from last year, after making the usual appropriations to Guarantee and Pension Funds of $10,000, and writing off $20,000 on account of Bank Premises, etc., we have added to Rest Account the sum of $200,000, making that fund a little over 50 per cent. of the paid-up capital stock of the bank, while the sum of $102,443.40 has been carried to the credit of Profit and Loss "New Account."

CASH RESERVES.

You will notice by the statement the strong position which the Bank maintains as regards Cash Reserves. It is the fixed policy of the Bank to maintain a large proportion of its assets in a readily convertible form. This policy necessitates a large amount of funds at its disposal, to be employed at low rates. The management of the Bank, however, considers it the first essential that the Bank shall be at all times in a position to take care of its rapidly increasing clientele in all varying conditions of trade. That this policy is in the best interests of the Bank has been amply justified, the Bank being able during the recent times of an exceptionally tight money market to take care of all the legitimate wants of its borrowers. Our ability to do this has given the Bank a connection which is of inestimable value, not only in cementing old clients to the Bank, but in attracting new business towards us.

CANADA'S RESOURCES ATTRACTING GOOD SETTLERS.

We have been blessed with a bountiful harvest during the period under review, not only in one section of this vast Dominion, but in all sections, the field crops alone yielding in money value about $633,000,000, not to mention all the other natural resources of this vast country. True it is, our population is very limited, considering the immense territory belonging to us; but a large tide of immigration has commenced to be attracted towards us. It is estimated that in the neighborhood of 90,000 American settlers alone, with perhaps $90,000,000 in cash, have settled in the Northwest Territories within the last years, besides settlers from Europe, amounting, roughly, to another 32,000 souls.

It is a platitude to say that the potentialities of this country are not to be conceived of, and the prospects of the country are identical with the prospects of its financial institutions, and that your property will increase in value with the growth of the country it is only reasonable to assume. The rapid settlement which will ensue by the completion of three transcontinental railroads will increase our population at an enormous rate, and who is bold enough to predict what proportions its commerce will assume, say, within the next ten years? The money markets of the world are open to us, investors abroad realizing the intrinsic value of our securities and the increasing value which will naturally accrue to the same as the country is developed. I sincerely trust we may so fulfil our obligations, private and corporate, to merit this confidence.

THE BANK'S PROGRESS.

This Bank's ramifications have been extended during the past year by the opening of several new branches. Amongst the most important, I mention Montreal and Vancouver. Our growing business demanded our occupation of these important points, and the growth of the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta has induced us to increase our sphere of influence in those Provinces.

The capital of the Bank now amounts to $4,354,500, and the Rest Account to $2,200,000. It is interesting to note the growth of your property as compared with ten years ago:

	1899.	1909.
Capital paid up	$ 700,000	$ 4,354,500
Rest Account	70,000	2,200,000
Deposits	5,661,000	29,813,000
Circulation	681,000	3,060,000
Total assets	7,638,000	39,963,000

The revival in all lines of business on this continent is more or less apparent. It is natural that we should feel the mighty impetus which follows from a favorable state of affairs in our agricultural and other resources. We must not forget, however, that it is during such times we are apt to overshoot the mark of prudence in the matter of extensions. The inevitable cycle of bad times follows, and it behooves us to keep our commitments well in hand to prepare for other conditions when a policy of retrenchment will be necessary.

It will afford me much pleasure to answer any questions in connection with the statement which any of our shareholders may see fit to ask.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The Hon. J. R. Stratton, the Vice-President, spoke as follows:—

The Bank has been more than prosperous during the past year. Benefitting by the general advancement of all branches of business and receiving its full share of the advantages resulting from greatly improved conditions in the trade of the country, the Bank has been able to present to you a report which is as highly creditable to the management as it must be gratifying to the shareholders. At no time in its history has it presented more satisfactory results, nor has it ever been in as strong a position as it occupies to-day. Its reserves have been strengthened and its business largely extended. The deposits have greatly increased, and the assets are readily available. The field of its operations has been extended and several new and highly important branches have been organized. A thorough revision of the working of the staff and the management of the various agencies has been exercised, and your Directors are in close relation to the business transactions and affairs of the Bank from the Head Office down to the smallest branch. We have endeavored to bring the numerous details and many dealings of the various offices directly before the Board by means of systematic arrangement, in order that we may have an actual knowledge of what is going on in all the offices.

THE AUDITOR TO THE BOARD.

The services of the Auditor to the Board have been devoted largely to this important work, and by his efforts we are enabled to pass upon the whole records of the Bank's business in an intelligent and effective manner. To illustrate, I might mention the matter of credits. By systematic and exact reports, which we receive every week, your Board is informed of how credits are being dealt with, how far accounts are being paid off as they mature, to what extent credits may be affected by overdrafts or change in securities, and how each branch is progressing. By this method, no material move can be made without the sanction of the Board. The actual condition of important accounts is investigated from time to time, and special reports concerning them are prepared and presented for such action as may be deemed advisable. Except in cases of small advances, every credit must be approved of by the Board on the fullest statement of the available facts. This method involves a large amount of work, but your Directors feel that they could not fully perform their duty to you and to themselves in any other way.

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT.

Economy in every branch of the business is insisted upon, and I am glad to say that in this we are assisted by the whole staff. Saving has been effected in the matter of supplies by placing this class of expenditure in the hands of a competent and careful official. In transferring and appointing local managers and clerks, in the opening of new offices, and in the division of the work, there has been a decrease of expenditure wherever possible. In no case, however, has this desire for economy been allowed to impair the efficiency of the working of the Bank.

BRANCH SYSTEM EXTENDED.

During the year, owing to the largely increased business of the Bank, we found it advisable to open some important branches. In Vancouver an agency has been established in a central and highly desirable location. A property was purchased which has already considerably increased in value, and the Bank has opened there with every prospect of success. An office has been opened in Montreal under favorable circumstances, and several desirable points between these two large cities have been selected for our branches. The results from the western field thus opened up have been very gratifying, and have fully justified the action taken by our directors. It will also be necessary to consider in the near future what steps should be taken to connect our system with the Maritime Provinces, thereby extending our financial relations and still further increasing our facilities for doing business in all parts of Canada.

The astonishing growth and extension of Toronto, and its business, demanded serious consideration. The most important move made here was the opening within the past few weeks of a branch at the corner of Yonge and Richmond streets in the office lately occupied by the Bank of Montreal. Already business of a most material character is coming to us at this branch, and being in the centre of the commercial, financial and trade locality of Toronto, this point will always be an important agency.

ASSETS SOUND.

I need not go into the details of the Annual Statement, which has just been read to you, and which you have had for some time past in your hands. I would like to point out to you, however, that we are able to add $200,000 to Rest Account, to contribute $20,000 in reduction of Building and Furniture Account, to give $5,000 to Pension Fund for the benefit of disabled or old retiring officers, to add $5,000 to a Guarantee Fund to protect the Bank against loss by personal defalcation or losses through any member of its staff, and to carry something over $102,000 to Profit and Loss Account.

In preparing this statement we have dealt with the value of the assets in a vigorous manner. There has been no hesitation in allowing most liberally reasonable provision for bad and doubtful debts, and I believe that no item has been knowingly placed amongst the assets at one dollar more than its actual and available value. We can feel that the solidity and vital character of the Bank's business justified us in using more than ordinary criticism of what might be treated as doubtful, and I believe that had we applied the ordinary test to the valuation of our assets, the net gains would appear much in excess of what the statement shows.

GRATIFYING INCREASE IN BUSINESS.

At the last Annual Meeting the statement was made that for 1909 great progress might be looked for. I am delighted to say that this statement has been fully verified. We have made, so far as I am aware, absolutely no bad debts during the year, except in the few small accounts which may yet be realized. The whole twelve months present a record of credits well observed, debts promptly paid, and no losses.

Our deposits have increased at an astonishing rate, and this, after all, is one of the great tests of public confidence and of stability in a Bank's affairs. Look for one moment at the facts. The increase alone in our deposits for the past year is nearly as great as the total deposits were ten years ago, then representing nearly fourteen years' accumulations. This year's addition to Rest Account is three times more than the total Rest of the Bank ten years ago. We have added to our total assets in 1909 a sum almost equal to the whole assets of the Bank at that period, and the increase in circulation for 1909 is equal to two-thirds the whole circulation of the Bank at the same period of comparison. In addition to all this, you are now receiving an increase in dividend of 1 per cent., as promised, with ample provision against all contingencies. The promises held out a year ago have, therefore, been fully met, and we have no doubt that the future will bring equally good, if not better, results in every branch of the Bank's business. Notwithstanding the low rate of interest during the earlier part of the year and the abundance of available money, the earnings of the Bank have not suffered. We are able to increase the dividend and maintain at the same time a strong position with regard to all other obligations and contingencies. The increase in dividend is warranted by the condition of the Bank affairs, and we felt that the interests of the shareholders should be kept in view as the Bank has reached the stage when it can well afford to recognize these interests without impairing its ability to perform all its other obligations.

It is also a source of pleasure to know that the relations between the Bank and its customers are so satisfactory that litigation is almost unknown in the Bank's record for 1909. The absence of legal proceedings shows the accounts to be in a healthy condition, for it is only in cases of bad or doubtful credits that the law has to be invoked. Prompt payment and good security are the chief reasons why the Bank has not required the aid of the courts, and when you consider that nearly $40,000,000 are under the control and management of the Bank, with tens of thousands of accounts in all parts of the Dominion, outstanding and current, and that only a few suits have been entered during a whole year, you will readily conclude that the financial condition is safe and strong.

THE BUILDING.

One of the best investments of the Bank continues to be the Head Office Building. Every foot of rentable space is occupied, and the rentals are promptly paid. After paying all outgoings, the Bank receives nearly 5½ per cent. net profit on the investment, or, to be exact, 5.40 per cent. Rents appear to be increasing, notwithstanding the many new office buildings, and with our equipment and accommodation for tenants, there need be no fear as to the future revenue from this source. The other buildings also yield a good return and promise well for the future. The staff from the chief of the Executive to the messengers are enthusiastic in their work, attentive to their duties, and efficient in every detail. Every office has been thoroughly inspected and full reports made to the Board thereon.

I now move that the Report for the year 1909 be adopted.

Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., seconded the motion. He pointed out that the Bank had risen from small beginnings to be one of the most important financial institutions in the Dominion. It had all the elements of sound progress and stability. The large deposits during the past year showed the confidence of the public. The absence of litigation proved that the debts were being promptly paid, or well secured, and the increase in the dividend, justified as it was, is the strongest evidence of the good earning power of the Bank. The Directors scrutinize every credit, except in very small accounts, and exercise their best discretion in determining the policy and conduct of the Bank's affairs.

The motion for the adoption of the report was carried unanimously.

It was moved by Mr. Geo. Le Riche and seconded by Mr. Geo. Watson that the thanks of the shareholders are due, and are hereby tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors of the Bank for their attention to the interests of the Bank during the past year. Carried.

It was moved by Rev. J. S. Williamson and seconded by Mr. J. R. McKichan that the thanks of the Directors and Shareholders are due, and are hereby tendered to the General Manager, the Assistant General Manager, and the staff of the Bank, for their diligent attention to the interests of the Bank during the past year. Carried.

It was moved by Mr. Ed. Dickenson and seconded by Mr. J. J. Gibson that the ballot be now open for the election of Directors, and to be kept open until three o'clock, unless five minutes elapse without a vote being cast, when it shall be closed, and until that time, and for that purpose only, this meeting be continued.

The scrutineers reported the following gentlemen duly elected to act as directors for the ensuing year, viz.: C. D. Warren, Hon. J. R. Stratton, C. Kloepfer (Guelph), W. J. Sheppard (Waubaushene), C. S. Wilcox, (Hamilton), E. F. B. Johnston, K. C., H. S. Strathy.

The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected directors, Mr. C. D. Warren was re-elected President, and Hon. J. R. Stratton Vice-President by an unanimous vote.

STUART STRATHY,
General Manager.

The Traders' Bank of Canada, Toronto
25th January, 1910.

THE DRAMA

A strictly modern version of the old Bible story, "Samson" offers as its hero Brachard, a man of strength both physical and financial. Formerly a stevedore or longshoreman, Brachard has forced his way into society and the inner circles of the *bourse*, or stock exchange, by winning a great fortune through unscrupulous and pitiless manipulations of the copper stock. Possessed of everything else, he desires and he buys the most luxurious and attractive object he encounters—the beautiful daughter of an impoverished marquise. His bride, Marie d'Andelina, abhors him. But rendered all the more jealous, he will not tolerate in her the least display of favor for another man. However, the husband comes to learn that he has wielded his authority in vain, and that Marie was indulged an ardent friendship for Jerome Govain, an aristocrat who, like her husband, possesses abundant wealth.

Jerome has become interested in the copper stock that Brachard controls. As Brachard forces the price of the stock up towards 800, Jerome invests by degrees his entire fortune

ELEANOR ROBSON,
As Glad, in "The Dawn of a To-morrow," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

in a big "bull" speculation. Then Brachard, bound to destroy his enemy even if he ruins himself, plans to break the market without warning and bring about a disastrous "slump." He invited Jerome to a mid-day luncheon. Jerome is drowsy and distraught after a late supper the night before with Brachard's wife. Brachard is alert and eager, about to enjoy an astounding vengeance. He plays with Jerome as a cat plays with a mouse. But as the newsboys are heard crying extras about the panic in copper, Brachard stops short his pretence of good nature, pours forth denunciation upon his wife's betrayer, and revels with savage glee in the wrecking of Jerome's fortune with his own. After this very powerful scene in the third act the agitated husband is led back, through the fourth act, to his first real understanding with his wife. At last she, realizing the extent of the sacrifice he had made for her, comes faithfully to support him in his sorrow.

Mr. Hackett's company includes Miss Marie Wainwright, long a star herself in Shakespearean and other important productions. The leading man is Frederic de Belleville, the Belgian actor, who placed himself on the level of Miss Wainwright through his success as leading man for Clara Morris, Rose Coughlin, and Mrs. Fiske. Arthur Hoops, Miss Beatrice Beckley, Miss Vera McCord and Miss Maude Gilbert are other members of the cast that will be recognized here.

* * *

Heading the bill at Shea's Theatre next week is Billy B. Van and the Beaumont Sisters in the one-act musical comedy, "Props," by Herbert Hall Winslow. Billy Van needs no introduction to Toronto theatre-goers, as there are few comedians so well known as the original "Patsy Bolivar," and the Misses Rose and Nellie Beaumont are scarcely less known. Other big vaudeville features included in next week's bill are: Lester, the greatest of all ventriloquists; Edna Philips and Company, in "Lost a Kiss"; Bowers, Walters and Croker, the Three Rubes; Quigley Brothers, presenting "The New Boss"; the Gasch Sisters, head-to-head balancers; Josephine Joy, the girl with the voice; and the Kinetograph.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM,
Who will be at the Princess week after next.

* * *

A men's chorus in addition to the usual chorus of girls is an innovation in burlesque that Andy Lewis will present with the "Mardi Gras Beauties" at the Gayety Theatre next week. Andy Lewis himself has the principal comedy parts in two musical comedies and reviews, and there is an olio with half a dozen acts, and an extra feature the pantomime dance, "Forsaken," depicting the life of a young Parisian girl.

* * *

At the Princess, following Mr. J. K. Hackett in "Samson," Charles Frohman will present the distinguished English comedian, Sir Charles Wyndham, and his equally capable co-star, Mary Moore, in the delightful comedy, "The Mollusc." Sir Charles is recognized as one of the foremost exponents of brilliant comedy on the English-speaking stage. His success in London and New York was equally great and his tour of the country promises to be most successful. Mr. Wyndham and Miss Moore bring with them their entire London company direct from Wyndham's Theatre.

* * *

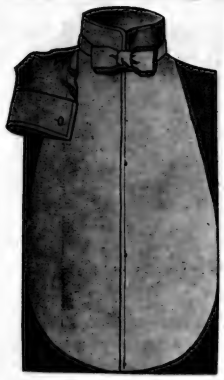
Every playgoer who pays for his seat in a Paris theatre or music hall contributes one-tenth of the value of his ticket to public charities, administered by the Assistance Publique, including nearly all the hospitals. Returns just published by that body show that in 1908 the sum thus given by playgoers amounted to $1,005,000, which works out at nearly 36 cents a head of population.

The same returns give an idea of the increasing prosperity of the theatre and music hall business in Paris. In 1850 the takings amounted to only $1,690,000. Last year they reached nearly $10,000,000. The highest figure ever recorded, with the exception of the year of the World's Fair of 1900, when the influx of foreigners and people from the provinces sent the total up to $11,600,000.

* * *

"For the Soul of the King," a one-act play, by Frank Richardson, in which H. B. Irving has been playing, is an episode of the French Revolution. Two religious women are hiding a priest in the attic of their house. They are terrified by the advent of a stranger whom they believe to be a spy. He begs the priest to say a mass for the soul of the King who has just been executed, and to remember him, the speaker, also in his prayers. It turns out that he is the executioner. This is the part taken by Mr. Irving, who is said to play it with much effect. FIRST-NIGHTER.

BRANSBY WILLIAMS,
At the Majestic Music Hall next week.



Evening Shirt Shown by ELY Maker and Importer of Specialties for Men.

The bulging tendency so common in evening shirts is entirely avoided in this model. The bosom and cuffs are of Paris pique which gives a slightly different appearance to the shirt, and is considered quite correct.

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SWORD MAKE
...NECKWEAR...
Look for this label on the tie you buy
BEST BY TEST

A ST. LOUIS woman recently succumbed to the attractions of Mr. O'Grady, the "human ostrich" in a dime museum. She is said to have fallen in love with him while he was eating tacks at one of his exhibitions.

"I thought I would like to cook for a man like that," confessed the blushing bride. "He can't be fussy about his meals."

So the happy couple were united by a justice of the peace.

The Honorary Governors who will visit the Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. Elias Rogers and Mr. J. D. Ivey.

Men's Wear

IN Canada, which is the mecca of winter sports on this hemisphere, as well as in the more northern States, suits of heavy flannel or wool blanketing are used for snowshoeing, skiing and tobogganing, and certainly there is nothing better looking, more suitable or so well adapted to the purpose in point of comfort. Variously colored blanketing is used—among the prettiest being white with a hood lining of dark blue, large buttons of dark blue, pocket linings and bindings to correspond, and wide bands of blue around the bottom of the coats, or red with white linings, buttons, bands, etc.,—and the coats are made rather long, quite full and double-breasted, with pointed hoods at the back, which may be drawn up over the head, and with belts and large patched pockets. Of course the trousers, of knickerbocker style, are of the same material, and the worsted stockings and tuques should be of the color of the trimmings. These suits are most picturesque, and should certainly be adopted to a greater extent here, but for individual, as distinguished from club wear—when many go on tramps together, or when there is a club toboggan slide—they are rather striking in appearance, and therefore are not seen so often as they should be.

* * *

WITH the evolution of the motor and its fittings, the dress of the chauffeur has advanced step by step, until now it has acquired an appearance as smart and tasteful as that of the machine itself.

Many chauffeurs, being skilled mechanics, are still adverse to wearing regular livery because they consider that it brings them down into the servant class, but such excellent styles, fashioned on conservative lines, are now being made that they are growing more amenable and, moreover, realize that owners of the best equipped cars insist upon liveries to correspond. The rules governing these styles are gradually becoming better defined, but—since there is still so little precedent to go by—it is well to adhere closely to the few that have become established.

CHAUFFEUR'S LIVERY.
A smart uniform for general wear in winter weather.

NEW STOCK TIE.
A recent style which can be tied in a bow or four-in-hand as well as in the usual Ascot.

The general tendency is toward extreme severity in color and trimmings, and absolute simplicity of cut. The great need of sufficient warmth, particularly in our winter climates, must also be considered, and this has to be obtained with as little bulk, or clumsiness of effect as possible. A good looking livery for general service is shown by the model on this page which is of heavy box cloth in deep maroon, and fastens with horn buttons. The cuffs, in addition to an inside wind cuff, have a strap attachment to draw them in about the wrists, while the collar is made to fit snugly about the neck. The cap, shown on the same model, is the regulation shape in black, with a patent leather visor, and the cloth of which it is made should be chosen to match the suit and coat. The heavy gauntlets of black kid are lined with fleece or lamb, and the puttees are of black pigskin to match the shoes in color. It is important that the gaiters or puttees should always be of the same color as the shoes, and black is to be preferred to tan.

* * *

THE item of men's wearing apparel in England most subject to a change in style is the collar. As a usual rule, that class of smart men that set the style in the English capital care very little how popular any article that they set in vogue becomes with the general masses, and it is in collars that one notices a more frequent and greater change in the styles and shapes worn. It was not very long ago that the round tab-wing collar was the vogue with the smartly garbed men about town. This collar was shortly afterward taken up by the general public, and as soon as this became apparent it was dropped by the better dressed and more particular man.

The accompanying illustrations show a number of collars selected from a large line of different shapes and sizes.

Fig. 1 is the collar being worn by the general public for formal day dress and evening wear. This collar has, however, almost entirely gone out of vogue with the smart Londoner.

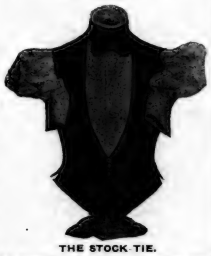
Figure 2 shows a rather extreme collar that was expected to meet with a certain amount of popularity, but which has apparently failed in its object. It is so built as to show the scarf band and yet have the turnover or foldover effect. It is little worn by any class of men.

Figure 3 shows a collar that is much affected by a certain class of young men that would rank with the American college men class, and is worn by men regardless of their length of neck, showing that this class adheres to a vogue sometimes to the detriment of their appearance. This collar is worn with sack suits and a four-in-hand graduated-end scarf. The collars illustrated in Figures 4, 5 and 6 are other models similar to the collar described above, and it will be seen that they are all of very low build. There is little doubt that this low collar is all the vogue with the dressy young men, but as yet it has not struck the general public with favor.

The collar illustrated in Figure 7 is the collar with the better-dressed men, such as the army officers belonging to the crack guard regiments. This collar is about the height that is usually worn and it is only seen with a sack suit, though occasionally with formal afternoon wear. It is used with a four-in-hand tie with graduated end and is pushed well up toward the top of the opening—in fact, as far into this opening as is possible. If this has a tendency to bulge out the outer fold of the collar, the scarf is pushed up and held there, the wearer pressing down the outer fold against the neckband until it is in the desired position. Figures 8, 9 and 10 represent the same collar in different heights.

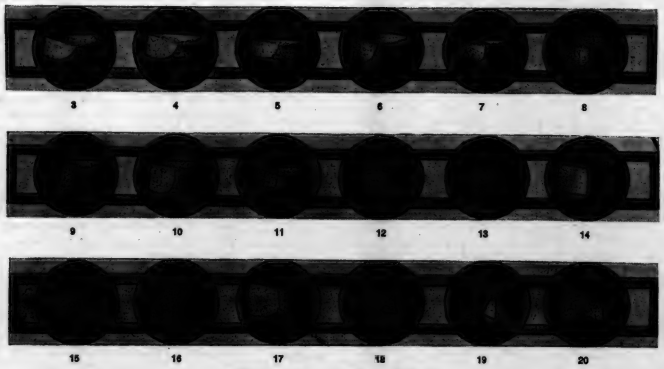
The collars illustrated by Figure 11 to Figure 15, inclusive, are the collars that are now worn by the general masses. With these also the four-in-hand scarf is pushed well up into the opening of the collar. Figure 16 and Figure 17 show two collars that have been popular with the majority of the people, but are now fast going out of vogue. They were usually worn with ready-made bow ties.

The collar for formal afternoon wear with a cutaway coat and for full evening dress is one of the three collars shown in Figures 18, 19 and 20. In the last two months there has been a gradual change, especially in the case of the smart young men, from the collar in Figure 19 to that shown in Figure 18. Still the leaders in men's fashions are clinging to a collar very similar to Figure 19. With both full evening dress and formal afternoon wear these collars are usually worn with bow ties. Figure 20 shows a collar worn with formal day dress and full evening dress by the ultra-fashionable man. It will be noticed that this collar is made so that it laps a little, and when the small knotted bow scarf is tightly drawn, the lapping is more noticeable. The tie is worn outside the wings, which frequently are so arranged that the points are inserted beneath the neckband of the tie, holding the wings very close against the body of the collar.



THE STOCK TIE.
An innovation for informal evening wear.

1 2

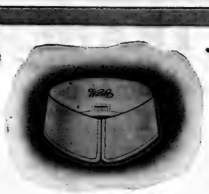


3 4 5 6 7 8
9 10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20

Popular styles of collar in England.

* * *

AN interesting departure from convention is pictured on this page. The black stock tie is for wear with the evening jacket. It is of plain satin and from the very nature of it goes best with either a poke or a lap-front collar. In one sense it is new, and in another, it isn't. That seemingly contradictory statement is explained by the fact that for several months the foremost haberdashers of New York have been making it for a certain smart coterie, but they have not shown it to their patrons generally, and none of them has had it in his windows. For all that, it has grown in favor. Some men have combined with it a black satin waistcoat, and others have effected the harmony by satin-faced lapels on the jacket. It is an extreme thing and its future is questionable. Of the near coming of stocks for country and the sports, however, there can be no doubt. The new styles disclose a decided betterment. There is no wrapping of two heavy folds about the neck after the manner of a bandage, as we once had to do; it goes but once around, and the ends are to be formed into a tie or four-in-hand, as well as an Ascot. These stocks are for the coming spring and summer seasons, and are so new they have not as yet been shown even to favored patrons.



"SAVOY"
Fashion Decrees the Close Front Folded Collar
and in obedience to its dictates the W. G. & R. designed a number of classy models, among which is the above pictured "SAVOY"—a distinctly fashionable collar for the neat dresser.
The best Haberdashers have a full line of W. G. & R. collars for your approval.

"Among those present"

Parties, balls, dinners, receptions in almost endless succession, necessitate the frequent cleaning, repairing and remodelling of your costumes if their original freshness and beauty is to be retained.
Perhaps the best evidence of our peculiar fitness for this work is the fact that many of the best dressed ladies in Toronto regularly send their dresses to us for cleaning or dyeing.
They are in a position to know. They are able to pay for the best. Therefore, their opinion should have some weight when you are deciding where to send your work.
As only the most expert workmen are allowed to handle the costly and dainty gowns which we continually receive, you may be sure that the result will completely justify the character of the work we claim to do.

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BEETHAM'S LAITE Lanolin
SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
after Cycling, Motoring, Skating, Dancing, etc.
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England
Ask your Chemist for it and accept no substitute

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OF ALL GROCERS. LARGE AND SMALL BOTTLES

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It's the house people who really know about the quality of the Coal, for that's where the test is made. Try CROWN Coal this year. It's the best that's mined.
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A delight to the connoisseur and to those with whom all other ales do not agree.
¶ For sale at all hotels and dealers. Have a case sent to your residence.

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BACON
is the Best Bacon

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Enclosed please find $3.00 for one year's subscription to "The Paper worth While."
My address is
Yours truly

DO YOU DANCE?
Then don't make any mistake, but engage MEYER'S BALLROOM at SUNNYSIDE.
IT IS THE VERY BEST

ANECDOTAL

THE editor of the Anecdotal page as a rule makes a quite conscientious effort from week to week to avoid retailing jokes that have already been too often told. But there are some good old humorous sayings which really deserve preservation and presentation to succeeding generations. And one of these is the remark about liars, which has been credited at one time or another to almost every man of distinction that ever lived. It is this:

"There are three kinds of liars—liars, damned liars, and experts."

* * *

IT was customary for Perkins, on leaving his office at noon Saturday, to spend the afternoon joyously outdoors, engrossed with golf balls and highballs. Being a clever chap, he was a champion in both pastimes. On one Saturday, however, he was compelled to spend the whole day disposing of pressing business matters. His wife and little daughter, as usual, were awaiting him on the porch.

"No game to-day," he explained to Mrs. Perkins, as the little one rushed impulsively into his arms and he picked her up and kissed her.

"No game to-day," he repeated. Miss Margerie sniffed the air and said, "Well, papa, you do smell awfully of golf!"

Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown.—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

"THE late Richard Watson Gilder," said a New York poet, "always opposed the reading of light literature. A poet, he said, could not read such literature without corrupting his literary style.

"He once told me that the poet, in this respect, was like Brown's parrot.

"Brown bought a parrot for $20 from a pet stock dealer, and a week or two later returned to the shop and insisted that the bird be taken back.

"'What's the matter with it?' the dealer asked.

"'W-w-why,' said Brown, the durned c-c-critter st-stutters.'"

* * *

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, the noted poet, was entertaining a group of magazine editors at luncheon in New York. To a compliment upon his fame Mr. Le Gallienne said lightly:

"But what is poetical fame in this age of prose? Only yesterday a schoolboy came and asked me for my autograph. I assented willingly. And to-day, at breakfast time, the boy again presented himself.

"'Will you give me your autograph, sir?' he said.

"'But,' said I, 'I gave you my autograph yesterday!'

"'I swopped that and a dollar,' he answered for the autograph of Jim Jeffries.'"

* * *

FLOSSIE and Mabel touring the country on one of the famous see-it-if-you-can summer excursions, were tramping the streets of New Orleans. A comely brunette of delicate complexion and stately carriage swung graciously by them. Flossie, excitedly nodding toward her, whispered loudly, "Oh, look, Mabel! There goes one of them beautiful octagons."

"Huh!" exclaimed Mabel. "What a goosie you are, Flossie, dear. That isn't what they call them at all. She is a pronounced nectarine."

* * *

A CLERGYMAN noticing the simple appearance of the couple he had just married, decided to give them a few words of advice. He explained to the young man his duties as a husband, and then told the young lady how she should conduct herself, winding up with the old injunction that she must look to her husband for everything, and forsaking father and mother, follow him everywhere he went. The bride appeared very much troubled at this, and faltered out:

"Must I follow him to every place he goes?"

"Yes," said the clergyman; "you must follow him everywhere until death do you part."

"Gracious!" cried the girl. "If I had known that before I would never have married a postman."

* * *

THE celebrated Dr. Johnson at a musicale was obliged to hear the remark that the violinist's solo was very difficult.

"Difficult, sir?" roared Dr. Johnson—he was always made to "roar" in all the anecdotes about him and to address every one as "sir"—"difficult, you say, sir? I wish it were impossible!"

* * *

IT was at a little north-western town in New South Wales. A travelling Englishman stood on the veranda of the public house watching the sun go down across the Black Soil Plains in a spendor of purple and gold.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed to an impassive bushman who was lounging against a post. "That's gorgeous, isn't it?"

The bushman slanted his head a little and looked critically at the glowing west. "Not bad," he drawled; "not bad—fer a little place like Boggabri."

* * *

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has a ready wit, which he rarely hesitates to turn on a political opponent.

He was addressing a meeting on one occasion when a portly individual in the audience, a large employer of labor, interrupted him, charging him with "fattening on the sweat of the people."

Sir Wilfrid, slim and dapper, waited until perfect quiet replaced the commotion which this remark had made.

"I leave those present," he then remarked gravely, "to decide which of us is the more exposed to the charge."

* * *

MISS Mary Morris, daughter of the late William Morris, poet and craftsman, said at a dinner in New York:

"I like the American taste for its frankness. Better be frank, even if wrong. The pretty American girl was by no means hopeless whose comment, on first seeing the incomparable glory of the Venus de Medici, was:

"I wouldn't be seen dead with ankles like that!'"

* * *

ADMIRAL MOORE tells a good story of a peppery old seaman under whom he served many years ago. During some tactical operations one of the ships of the squadron had made some bad blunders, and at length the admiral completely lost his temper. He stormed about his quarterdeck and informed his hearers of his opinion of the officer in command of the erring ship. When he paused for want of breath he turned to the signaler and said to him, "And you can tell him that, sir!"

The man scratched his head meditatively. "I beg pardon, sir," he ventured, "but I don't think we have quite enough flags for your message."

* * *

CASEY'S wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a serious operation a few days before. Mrs. Kelley called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition.

"Is she restin' quiet?" Mrs. Kelley asked.

"No, but I am," said Casey.

* * *

A MILWAUKEE man and his wife recently received a call from an old friend whom they had not seen for years. Just before the three sat down to a little supper in the German style, the wife, seizing a favorable opportunity, whispered to her husband:

"We have only three bottles of beer in the house—just enough to go around. Don't ask him to have more."

"Very well," answered the husband, who chanced to be thinking of something else at the time.

Half an hour later the host, to his wife's consternation, asked the guest to take more beer. The invitation was politely declined, but still the host did not desist. A dozen times the caller was urged to drink; a dozen times he firmly refused.

When he had departed the wife took her husband to task.

"What on earth made you persist so? Didn't I tell you there were only three bottles? Why did you insist upon his having more beer, more beer, more beer?"

"Mercy!" exclaimed the husband. "I forgot entirely."

"But," continued the wife, "why did you suppose I was kicking you under the table?"

"My dear," blandly replied the husband, "you didn't kick me!"

* * *

IN a Boston streetcar the other evening there was not a seat left. A lady entered and not a man noticed her standing, apparently. Finally one man rose from his seat and offered it to the lady. She thanked him, adding:

"You are the only gentleman in the car."

She was startled by the answer:

"Yer betcher life I am, kiddo."

* * *

PROFESSOR William James of Harvard recently made this comment upon a very exquisite and very idle millionaire sophomore from New York:

"What time he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties."

* * *

FATHER Dooley had just tied the knot. He looked expectant. The bride looked sheepish, and Pat, shifting from one foot to another, looked guilty. At last he began:

"I—I—don't like to be mane, father, but I changed me clothes in a hurry and left me wages in me other pants."

Then he added, in a whisper: "Take me down in the cellar; I'm a plumber, and I'll show ye how to fix the gas meter so 't won't register more than 40 per cent."

POLITICS FOR THE ENGLISH MASSES.
Orator: "Take the figures, forty-three million seven hundred and fifty-three thousand eight hundred and sixty-two in 1906, and subtract thirty-nine million four hundred thousand six hundred and eighty-seven in 1907, allowing 1.27 per cent. for increase of population. Gentlemen, you can draw your own conclusions.'
Enlightened Audience: "'Ear, 'ear!"—Punch.

PURITY QUALITY AND GENUINENESS
in Wines and Spirits are the three essentials which every consumer should look for in order to avoid the many spurious brands which are offered to the public.
W. & A. Gilbey, the largest Wine and Spirit merchants in the world, always give an *absolute guarantee* of the Purity, Quality and Genuineness of all the brands shipped by them.
W. & A. Gilbey are known throughout the world as "the firm who have always dealt fairly and squarely with the public."
If you wish for a "fair and square deal" when you are buying your Wines and Spirits, always ask for Gilbey's, and if your Wine Merchant does not keep our brands write or telephone to our agent below, who will tell you where you can obtain them.
Gilbey's Pure Wines and Spirits on sale in Canada are:
GILBEY'S "Invalid Port"—a pure, light Oporto Wine.
GILBEY'S "Montilla" Sherry—a pale nutty Sherry 9 years old.
GILBEY'S "Pommard Burgundy"—the finest blood-making Wine.
GILBEY'S "Chateau Loudenne" Claret—awarded two gold medals.
GILBEY'S London Dry Gin—the purest Dry Gin made.
GILBEY'S "Old Tom" Gin—the purest sweet Gin made.
GILBEY'S "Plymouth" Gin—unexcelled in purity and flavor.
GILBEY'S "Strathmill" Scotch Whisky—all six years old, Pure Malt.
GILBEY'S "Spey Royal" Scotch Whisky—choicest and oldest procurable.
GILBEY'S "Five Star" Brandy—a very old, pure grape Cognac.
GILBEY'S Jamaica Rum—a pure wholesome Spirit.
Of all Leading Wine Merchants.
R. H. HOWARD & CO., Toronto Agents

EMPEROR WILLIAM recently called a committee of experts to decide the authenticity of a certain famous statue which he had bought at an enormous price. The thorough and accurate knowledge of antiques which we have gained through years of experience and study in collecting protects our customers from the sham and skilful imitation. All articles of stock are guaranteed genuine.
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—just a cup at bedtime—
so refreshing and comforting after the long day's work, so warming and grateful on chilly nights. A spoonful of 'Camp'—boiling water, sugar and milk, and a cup of rich, fragrant, golden brown coffee is ready instantly.
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MUSIC

NEXT week in Toronto we shall companion with the immortals. Brahms and Pierne and other musical giants will contribute of their best to the feast, and we shall quaff the royal outpourings of their genius.

On Monday night the great "German Requiem" will be the master attraction for the evening.

Tuesday's programme, while containing several novelties, will embrace a number of past successes of the Mendelssohn. It will thus be largely a "request night."

Wednesday and Thursday evenings will be devoted to the *piece de resistance* of the present cycle, the stupendous "Children's Crusade," the presentment of which has been so long and eagerly awaited.

The orchestral matinee on Thursday afternoon the Germano-Italian pianist, Busoni, who is regarded as the greatest living exponent of the art of the keyboard, will perform the Liszt E Flat Concerto in conjunction with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra under Frederick Stock. At the same concert Mr. Stock's new Symphony is to have its first production outside of Chicago. It may be remarked that the Orchestra has been engaged at greater strength than has been known in connection with the appearance of any outside orchestra in Toronto—between 80 and 90 players taking part at every concert of the great choir.

And when we add to this orchestra the adult choir of 225 voices and the children's chorus of 200 singers, what a glorious and stirring ensemble may be expected!

* * *

Two compositions, set for the low voice, and entitled "The Grave of the Nameless" and "The Last Journey" from the pen of Henry J. Lautz have been recently received. These works are in Mr. Lautz's best style, and amply demonstrate that he has not failed in the object for which he went to Darmstadt—that of devoting his time to creative musical work. *En passant* it might be observed that the press-work on these compositions is of the very newest—a chaste design of blue and gold forming a unique and pleasing title-page.

* * *

Dr. Edward Broome's new work, "A Hymn of Trust," written for chorus, tenor solo and orchestra, is an artistic effort of high calibre. The words, taken from Psalm XVIII. are given a very sympathetic and, withal, dramatic setting. The choruses range from four to eight, and even to ten parts, with solos interspersed. The accompaniment is of distinctive, independent interest, and the whole composition is a scholarly piece of work within the realm of high accomplishment. It is the best effort that I have so far seen from the pen of the gifted director of Jarvis street Baptist choir.

* * *

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association is displaying commendable enterprise in issuing a series of church anthems by local composers. In the pursuance of this admirable policy, it has recently brought out a very grateful little number by Herbert Sanders, Mus. Bac., of Ottawa. The well-known words, "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee," have been selected by the composer, and clothed with a musical garb notable alike for its charming melodious simplicity and its theoretical accuracy.

Other numbers which are just fresh from the press are "The Day is Gently Sinking to a Close," by E. R. Bowles, and "O Jesu Thou Art Standing," by W. H. Bontemps. While these works are slightly open to criticism from an academic standpoint, they both of them possess bright, fresh melodies and an easy style which will no doubt render them very attractive to the choir of average capacity.

* * *

Owing to the fact that Fritz Kreisler, the eminent violinist, who comes to Toronto on Feb. 14, under the auspices of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, has consented to be placed on the programme for several extra numbers, Mr. Welsman has thought it advisable to shorten the orchestral programme, and has decided to postpone the performance of Dvorak's "New World Symphony," and will substitute Massenet's "Scenes Alsaciennes," a composition inspired by the memories of the Franco-German war in which the composer saw active service. It is a tone picture of an Alsatian village after the battle; the deserted streets; the religious songs of the church worshippers heard in the distance; the public square with its commotion, and its dances rhythmizing the folk-songs of Alsace; the noise of the drums and the song of the bugles of the retreating French; and, in conclusion, the recommencement of the dance to the joyous sound of the violins. The programme opens with Mozart's Magic Flute, followed by Beethoven's Violin Concerto (Kreisler and Orchestra), Grieg's Elegiac Melody for strings, Kreisler solos and Massent's Scenes Alsaciennes.

Miss Louie Basche and Miss Marie Hall.

* * *

Among the interesting choral novelties to be produced at the Schubert Choir concerts will be Handel's "Zadok the Priest." In conversation in reference to the approaching concerts of the Schubert Choir, Mr. Fletcher remarked as follows upon the composition:

"This work forms one of the most solid foundations of its author's glory, and is an inspiration of prodigious splendor. The second chorus is comparable in beauty to the "Hallelujah" chorus in the Messiah. The words of the text are taken from I. Kings, and deals with the Coronation of King Solomon, the builder of the Temple.

"The introductory Symphony paints the approach of the whole world to the splendid festival."

* * *

On Monday evening, in the Medical Building, I heard the University Glee Club, under Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's baton, rehearse a number of selections which they are preparing for their concert in Convocation Hall on Friday, Feb. 11. The fine work which is being done by this company of 150 or more student-singers was in the nature of a revelation to me. The statement that a chorus of genuine merit could be evolved from a student body whose personnel changes to more or less extent each year, is one about which I was naturally skeptical. Yet, in the short space of two seasons Mr. Tripp has produced a singing society which commands attention and respect. The work of the students in such pieces as Beethoven, Spicker's "Hymn to Night," Henry Leslie's "Song of the Ninnesingers," Franz Abt's "Venita," Rosenthal's "Music of the Sea," and other numbers, brought back to me very distinctly the flavor of the work of the Toronto Male Chorus Club, which used to flourish under Mr. Tripp's baton. Two compositions, "Woodland Love Song," by Mr. Tripp, and "The Blue and White," by Clayton Bush, the president of the Glee Club, were much admired. To the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Bush, and also of Mr. Frederick Dey, the vice-president, Mr. Tripp ascribes much of the success which has been so far attained.

* * *

Mr. Russell G. McLean, baritone, who has lately returned to Canada, has been appointed to the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Mr. McLean is a former pupil of Dr. Albert Ham, and was soloist in his choir at St. James' Cathedral. He afterwards continued his studies at New York and abroad for some three years, returning to New York in the spring of 1909, filling an engagement in the latter city at the "Little church around the corner." In Paris, he studied with Frank King Clark, Felix Hess, Vulterton and Baret. Mr. McLean should prove a valuable acquisition to the Conservatory.

* * *

The Nile room in McConkey's, Monday night, was the scene of a happy gathering of musical and literary people, the occasion being a send-off to one of Miss Strong's successful vocal pupils, Barnaby Nelson, the tenor, who goes on tour Saturday night with the Jessie McLachlan Concert Company. In the beginning of the evening, Mr. Nelson rendered several selections which were much appreciated, judging from the extraordinary improvement this young singer has recently made in style, breadth of tone, and interpretation, every one present felt a brilliant future was assured him. Mr. W. O. Forsyth proposed the first toast in his usual felicitous manner.

* * *

The most recent addition to the teaching ranks of the Toronto Conservatory of Music is the English singer, Mme. Edith Grey-Burnand, well known in London, where she has filled important engagements at St. James' Hall and other leading concert halls, and who has also spent seven successful years in the United States. Mme. Grey-Burnand is said to be the possessor of a fine soprano voice, which she uses with distinct art and sympathetic tact. For some time she was the principal soprano in the Holy Name Cathedral of Chicago, and has toured extensively in the United States.

* * *

Much interest is being manifested in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra's trip to Hamilton where they play on Feb 2 in conjunction with the Elgar Choir of that city, and for the convenience of those who wish to accompany them the committee have arranged a fare of $1.20 for the return trip. Train leaves Union Station at 1.15 p.m., leaving Hamilton by special about 11 p.m. The orchestral numbers of the programme will probably be the Elgar Suite, "The Wand of Youth," "Finlandia" and "Oberon." The chief attraction, however, will be Verdi's "Requiem" by orchestra and choir.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

MADAME GISELA WEBBER'S RECITAL.

Lovers of the violin will be interested in the appearance here for the first time of Gisela Webber, a most wonderful violinist, in a recital programme at Conservatory Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 9, assisted by Madame Holmes Thomas at the piano. Mrs. Webber presents a programme for a general audience, though it possesses that of interest to the professional violinist. There is no music which shows the capacities of the violin as an instrument for the expression of serious thought shown in all the tricks of technique better than on her programme, and for this reason it is a thorough test of the capabilities of the player. The sale of seats will open at Nordheimer's on Friday, Feb. 4.

Miss Edith Worden, L.R.A.M., (late of St. Margaret's, London, Eng., and Havergal College, Toronto) teacher of Pianoforte and Harmony, is taking her studio at Nordheimer's, where she is forming special classes in Rudiments and Harmony for the benefit of students taking up examination work who are backward in these subjects.

It is with pleasure we direct the attention of our readers to the card of Miss Alida Beynon appearing elsewhere in this issue. She has been very successful as a teacher of junior and intermediate pupils in Pianoforte, her work being especially marked for its thoroughness.

A comparatively recent acquisition to local musical circles is T. Harland Fudge, who after several years of careful study and training under noted teachers in New York and elsewhere, has decided to take up teaching in Toronto. A feature worthy of notice in this connection is the unusual importance that Mr. Fudge attaches to respiration in tone production. He has made a careful study of correct breathing in its relation to singing and has concluded that it is a positive necessity to good time, both in placing and quality. He will be glad to explain his method to prospective students at the Standard Bank Chambers, 155 King street east, or at his residence 2236 Queen street east, Toronto.

Reginald Sparkes, a very talented senior pupil of E. M. Robinson, of the Apollo School of Music, won great praise for his piano solos at a banquet given in St. Clement's English church, last Thursday evening. He has also been engaged to furnish the musical part of the programme in the same church on Monday evening, Jan. 17.

Toronto Conservatory of Music
EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., Musical Director

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"So when Belle rejected Jack, he went immediately and proposed to Maud." "Yes; but that wasn't the best of it. What do you think? He gave Maud an order on Belle for the engagement ring."—Boston Transcript.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Open Country," by Maurice Hewlett. Published by McLeod & Allen, Toronto.

JOHN MAXWELL STENHOUSE, gentleman gipsy, who first made his appearance in Mr. Hewlett's "Halfway House," is the central figure in this story, but the tales are not further related. Mr. Stenhouse is the son of a wealthy Englishman, but he prefers to live in the open and in poverty, painting a good deal, gardening, and sometimes writing poetry. Poverty, Temperance, and Sincerity—such is his creed. Hanging about the country home of a wealthy friend, where he is always welcome, he comes upon Sanchia, a young London girl, as fine and ingenuous as she is beautiful. Stenhouse comes to love her in his own odd way. But he holds the belief that marriage destroys love, and so he makes no effort to win her as his property, as he terms it. And when Sanchia falls in love with a man who is married but separated from his wife, and resolves to break with her family rather than abandon her lover, Stenhouse, realizing what is inevitable, goes to this man and urges him to marry her.

In "Open Country" the story is not the thing. Exposition of Stenhouse's philosophy is the thing, and a considerable portion of the book is composed of his letters to Sanchia, delightful letters, revealing his dreams and arguing for his feelings and beliefs. "Ask any woman you please," he says, "which was the happiest time of her life, she will tell you—the year of her betrothal. Ask any man, he will tell you—his bachelor days. What do these things mean? It is worth finding out. That which should be the perfecting of the nature of either, when the two human hemispheres, as Plato puts it, are one rounded whole again, does not in either case result in happiness. Contentment, possibly, but not happiness. Marriage then is not the happy state. . . . . Now, to love a woman, is in my belief, not only to desire her. Much more it is to be allowed to serve her. . . . As for me, I will never marry as the law now stands. I will not enslave any woman."

This of course is merely a dictum, for Mr. Stenhouse only speaks from observation. He does not know. Is

ROBERT BARR.
From a photograph taken of the author at work on an Atlantic liner.

not, after all, the betrothal time really the time of selfishness? And is not the steady glow of home love more like the thing we call happiness than the bright but fitful flame of early passion? In Stenhouse's own case, a love which was altogether fine and unfleshly was after all but seeming. He was true to his belief, but it did not bring him happiness. In short the Stenhouse philosophy, while beautiful, fails to take into account the fact that the finest things of life are progressive. Love is a development, not a dream, and it develops through familiarity and not through worship of an ideal.

With Stenhouse's love of the open country, and his belief that life there is the best, one feels much greater sympathy. And what perceptions he has! Take this extract from one of his letters to Sanchia:

". . . Who dares to say that Pan and the Nymphs are not? No countryman, I'll go bail. Who said, Pan is dead? Some fawning rogue who wanted to pay a compliment. Pan dead! He is not dead, and will never die. Wherever there's a noonday hush over the Weald, wherever there's mystery in the forest, there is Pan. Every far-sighted, unblinking old shepherd up here afield with his dogs knows all about him, though he'll never tell you anything of what he knows. He hasn't got his name right, very likely; but he has got *him*. Every oak tree hides a Dryad; the Oreads foot it on the heath, and the Nereids cling to the wet rocks where the green water lips their backs and surges up over their slippery shoulders. Surely, in a world of wonders, there's room and to spare for the Soul of Things, seen only by poets, but felt by all country people."

To anyone with a soul to appreciate such dreaming this little extract will be enough to send him seeking further acquaintance with Stenhouse at once. And he will not be disappointed in the man or in his letters—nor with loveworthy Sanchia. "Open Country" may not be sound at all points in philosophy, but it's very rich in suggestion, and withal a most unusual, refreshing, and delightful book.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT,
Author of the sensational story, "Through the Wall." He also has four plays running this winter, including "The Battle."

* * *

"White Walls," by Max Pemberton. Published by Ward, Lock & Co., London; $1.25.

The other day after I had perused this latest effort of Mr. Pemberton's I resisted the impulse to go out and get me a drink of fiery water, and turned instead to a copy of a popular magazine, hoping to find among the advertisements something human and vital which might act as an antidote on my weary mind. By one of those comic little coincidences which crop up every now and then to give color and variety to the work of people in editorial rooms, I came at once upon the announcement of a food-tonic, headed by a group of pictures of "three great men," one of them being Mr. Pemberton and the others Sir Gilbert Parker and Hall Caine. Testimonials from all of them were given, to the effect that they had found the preparation advertised invaluable for worn-down brains. Now this is a world where all of us have great trouble at times in trying to figure out problems of cause and effect. And it is impossible to determine whether this food-tonic habit is a reason or a result of the peculiar literary achievements of these three gentlemen. However, I am prepared to give the tonic the benefit of the doubt. Very likely it is a good tonic, and has helped the great three to get into the ranks of the best sellers. And this leads one to the logical conclusion that while Mr. Pemberton was writing his latest impossible love story he must have taken very sparing and irregular doses of his favourite brain-builder.

* * *

"The Guest at the Gate," by Edith M. Thomas. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

Edith M. Thomas is one of those gifted versifiers capable of turning out lyrics and other airy trifles in rhyme as easily as a reporter dashes off a record of police court proceedings. Everybody who reads The Ladies' Home Journal and kindred publications knows the even standard of her work, and may judge to a nicety, without dipping into it, the merits of her latest volume.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The 1910 edition of the Canadian Parliamentary Guide will be issued in a few days. Mr. Ernest J. Chambers, the editor, has as usual spared no pains to make this most useful work complete to date and absolutely accurate. The book will contain a sketch of every Canadian parliamentarian at present in public life—every member of the Senate, the House of Commons, the Legislative Council of Quebec and Nova Scotia, and of the various Provincial Legislatures. There will also be sketches of the Governor-General, the Judges of the Supreme and Exchequer Courts, the Lieutenant-Governors of the provinces, etc. Tables will be given recording the results of every bye-election for the House of Commons since Confederation, as well as of the general elections. The volume will also contain a list of the members of the British ministry and officers of State, and a list of Canadian holders of Imperial titles and decorations; the table of precedence for Canada; lists of parliamentary and other government officials, federal and provincial; a condensed review of the powers and jurisdictions of the Federal Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures; information regarding foreign consuls in Canada and our official representatives abroad, and a mass of other information on all such matters. Indeed, this invaluable work of reference promises to be more complete than ever before. The price remains at two dollars, and orders may be sent to the editor at Ottawa.

JAMES W. TYRELL.
The well-known Canadian explorer who wrote "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada."

* * *

Norman Duncan's new book, "Going Down from Jerusalem," just issued by the Harpers, is meeting with very general praise. It is not so much a narrative as a series of pictures depicting the wise Cardi of Al Bursal, Mirza, the Sheik of the wondering tribe, Ahmed Ased-Ullah, the writer of scrolls, Rachid the coffee-maker, Yusef the baker of bread, Abdullah, the camel-trader, Hamid, the donkey-driver, Ali Mahmoud, the muleteer, Aboosh, the dragoman, strolling players, blind beggars and other picturesque folk.

* * *

A new book by James Bryce has been published by the Yale University Press, and an English edition issued by Mr. Henry Frowde. Under the title of "Hindrances to Good Citizenship," Mr. Bryce investigates civic responsibility, and points out the reasons for its avoidance by the average citizen.

* * *

A writer in The New York Press estimates that J. M. Barrie has amassed a fortune of $2,500,000. He has been a popular novelist for twenty years, but one of his plays brought him more money than all his novels put together. But there are not many writers who can turn out both a "Peter Pan" and a "Little Minister," not to mention "The Professor's Love Story," "The Admirable Crichton," and others now almost forgotten, but which paid handsome royalties. The first Barrie play, "Walker, London," was produced nineteen years ago.

* * *

It is announced that Jerome A. Hart's story of early California days, entitled "A Vigilante Girl," will soon be published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Mr. Hart is, or was, just about matchless as a journalistic writer, and when he was editor of The Argonaut, that famous San Francisco journal was the most brilliant weekly in the world. But he seems to be an absolute failure as a writer of fiction. "A Vigilante Girl" ran serially in The Argonaut last year, and it was flat and unprofitable. This fact is mentioned lest any ardent admirer of Mr. Hart's editorial style should buy his novel and suffer a bitter disappointment.

* * *

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MAN cannot live by books alone,
Nor yet by learning can man live;
Some lore that study cannot give,
Some hint of things we have not known,
Disturbs the joy we thought our own;
It wastes like water from a sieve.
Man cannot live by books alone,
Nor yet by learning can man live.

Some breeze from out the garden blown,
In moments rare and fugitive,
Cries, "Love and hate, exult, forgive,
Arise in haste, the morn has flown,
Man cannot live by books alone!"

—Mary Eleanor Roberts, in Book News Monthly.

Hal

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The Tale of the Willow Ware.

MOST men and women can remember the delight with which as children they pondered over the picture presented on the willow ware which an aunt or a grandmother treasured up in the china cabinet where all the wealth of tea cups and tea pots reserved for extra occasions was kept when not in use. Most of us can remember the tale that was told in explanation of the picture, and even recall the tone of voice in which the story was unfolded by some kindly grown-up.

To those who do not know the tale of the Oriental damsel and her lowly lover, its repetition may be of interest. As everyone knows the willow pattern is a Chinese design and very ancient, dating probably as far back as the thirteenth century; less than two centuries later it was reproduced in the potteries of Holland. This pattern is a very complicated design containing many figures in small space. In the foreground is a palatial building, around which cluster impossible trees laden with flowers and fruit.

Close by is a lake, an inlet from which is spanned by a bridge, over which hang the drooping limbs of a willow tree, and far out in the lake is a houseboat. Three figures are passing over the bridge, while high up in the air a pair of billing and cooing doves are suspended. The imaginary legend of the willow pattern design is as follows:

A nobleman living in the palace had a fair daughter who had fallen in love with a youth of low degree. One night, with the help of a ladder, the youth abducted the willing maiden and the somewhat shapeless figures on the bridge are supposed to represent the fleeing damsel carrying her bundle of finery, the daring lover, bearing the ladder, and the irate father, having in his hand an instrument of castigation.

The boat in the distance is meant to represent the agent in the escape of the devoted lovers from the wrath of the angry parent, while the doves overhead symbolize the fact that they were married and lived happily ever after, in the manner of the usual fairy tale.

"I wonder who the people are in that machine who look so haughty?" "Probably the poor relations of the owner, who is taking them for a spin."—Buffalo Express.

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Sherlock Bones, Editor.

"I HARDLY find it necessary to read a manuscript now, at least in the first instance," said Sherlock Bones (a New York Sun character), who has taken to editing a magazine. "Somehow by the look, I might almost say the touch of a manuscript I can judge of its availability for our magazine. Briefly, I call it intuition. Much in the same way that a bank cashier can detect a false bill passing through his hands, an editor should instinctively feel the wrong note in a manuscript as applied to his particular publication."

Just then the literary editor entered with a contribution. Mr. Bones had been engaged studying a manuscript folder through a pocket lens. He glanced in the literary editor's direction.

"I see, Watson," he remarked, "our contributor follows the rules, also that the entry clerk is becoming negligent."

An expression of surprise swept over the literary editor's face.

"Why, how do you know that, Mr. Bones?" he asked.

Mr. Bones tossed the lens on the desk and leaning back in his chair joined the finger tips of both hands together.

"Briefly, Watson, in the simplest manner possible. When you entered a two cent stamp dropped to the floor. It was undoubtedly attached to the manuscript. That proves the contributor understands the rules. That it was not removed by the entry clerk also, I am afraid, proves a certain slackness in the staff."

The literary editor smiled faintly.

"We have a new contributor here," remarked the literary editor, placing the manuscript in the managing editor's hand. "I think he's worth encouraging."

The managing editor barely ran his fingers through the sheets, looked sharply at the last page, and after passing the manuscript before his face returned it to the literary editor.

"On the contrary, Watson, the usual printed slip will, I hope, discourage him. The hero of the story is, I presume, a rollicking fellow."

"Why, yes, somewhat so, but——"

"Always smoking fine cigars, riding in automobiles and dining at expensive cafes?" said the managing editor.

"But how in the world could you know that, Mr. Bones, when you hardly glanced at the manuscript?"

"My dear Watson," said the managing editor, "how often must I impress upon you the value of observation and deduction in literary decisions? Here is a manuscript on the best quality of paper typed by an expensive machine. It carries a pronounced odor of tobacco—cigars at two for a quarter, I judge.

"On the top left hand corner of the back page there is a slight discoloration made by some cordial. A chemical test would reveal which cordial, but we need not go to that trouble.

"I have no doubt if I applied my lens to the envelope I should discover traces of the inner pocket of an automobile coat. Deduction—an author in prosperous circumstances, somewhat indulgent of the good things of life, who is pretty certain to follow the same course with his hero. As rollicking heroes are not at present suitable to the literary policy of our magazine a printed slip will suffice in this case, Watson."

"Really, Mr. Bones," said the literary editor, "I begin to think you are a magician."

"Not at all, Watson," the managing editor protested. "Merely the development of intuition as applied to manuscript decisions. For example, I see another manuscript in your pocket. From that I gather the manuscript is worth consideration, otherwise it would not be in your pocket.

"But there are points about it which have caused you to hesitate in forming an opinion or you would have handed it to me before this. You need not feel uneasy, Watson, I have already accepted the manuscript."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the literary editor.

"Nothing to be surprised at, Watson, if you could only grasp the elements of my method. To begin with, the crumpled appearance of the manuscript is encouraging. It has evidently been to many places and rejected on the absurd old fashioned plan of reading. By the way, did you notice the clip on the manuscript?"

"Honestly, I can't say I did."

"Really, Watson, you surprise me. The author made it himself out of a hairpin. That shows constructive ingenuity of a distinctly novel character. The story has a clever twist if I mistake not."

"Yes, it certainly has a surprise at the end, but the style——"

"And a faint odor of kerosene, I think, Watson, I am sure I can detect it even from this distance."

The literary editor handed over the manuscript in despair.

"I am utterly unable to follow your literary analysis, Mr. Bones."

The managing editor smiled indulgently.

"Precisely! A little keener scent, Watson, and you could catch a whiff of the midnight oil this poor fellow has burned over his work. Hastily typewritten, I see. That spells inspiration.

"I note he has forgotten to sign his name at the end. Excellent! He was too absorbed in the story to remember such a trivial detail. An earnest, struggling author of an ingenious mind, and an earnest, struggling hero who accomplishes something worth while, aye, Watson?"

"Yes, there is no fault to find with the hero."

"Capital, Watson! He will work hard to suit our requirements. Send him a voucher with a request for more contributions. It is quite unnecessary for me to read the manuscript. The twisted hairpin for a clip stamped the whole story as just what we want."

What Becomes of the Waiter?

SOME one asks what becomes of the Paris waiter, as you rarely see an old or even a middle-aged *garcon*. Does he die young or retire with a competence? If it is only the good who die young (says The Argonaut) we may answer the first question in the negative, and as the Paris waiter is a born gambler we mete out similar treatment to the second.

No, the Paris waiter does not die young, although he might thereby render some slight atonement for his misdeeds and for his original mistake in getting born. He does not save money, partly for the reason aforesaid, and partly because he has no money to save. He gets tips, it is true, and he regards them as his right, inasmuch as he is paid no wages and must often pay a premium for his place. His net earnings make it hard to save anything, and when he has a few sous they disappear at the gaming table.

The waiter soon gets tired of his profession and then he leaves it. But first he will travel all over Europe, and the same man who brings you an absinthe in Paris will be already in St. Petersburg before you get there and will bring you tea on the day of your arrival. A few months later he will be in Switzerland, and you may see his familiar face any day in Leicester Square or some other foreign quarter of London.

There is a reason for his peregrinations. He is naturally a wanderer and then, too, he wants to learn the languages. When he can chatter in half a dozen tongues he will go to London and become an interpreter or a professor of foreign languages. London is full of them, of polyglot fellows who will teach you any of half a dozen languages for about 40 cents an hour, either by the course or each lesson separately. And they teach well, too, if you are not too particular about grammar and pronunciation.

Slow Waiter—"Have I ever been in the country, sir? No, sir. Why do you ask?" Tired Customer—"I was just thinking how thrilling you'd find it to sit on the fence and watch the snails whiz by."—Ideas.

Guide—"Now, ez soon ez I kin borry a dorg we'll be ready for your huntin' trip." Amateur Sport—"Why, what's the matter with your own dog?" Guide—"Oh, he's too valuable."—Chicago News.

"Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis to-day?"

"Naw, I'm tired of these organ recitals."—Cornell Widow.

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32 PAGES

SECTION 2. PAGES 17 TO 32

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. WOMEN'S

VOL. 23, No. 16. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 29, 1910. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1156.

THE OTHER PAGE

TUBERCULOSIS is an undoubted menace to the country, a fact which is rapidly becoming recognized, and preventive and curative measures are being employed in consequence in most communities. Sanitoria and hospitals, homes for the incurable, and institutions for the treatment of those threatened with the disease are being erected throughout the country. Classes are being held in some cities with a view to teaching those in the first stages of the disease how to overcome it and become physically sound. Exhibitions are held with a view to educating the masses on the subject. Literature is furnished those who will read it, and lectures are given to those who will listen to them. In the last few years wonderful strides have been made in the matter, and today there are few indeed who can read and write who do not know something of the campaign now being carried on against tuberculosis.

A correspondent whose letter is published in this issue points out that in his opinion the measures already being employed are not sufficient and that the best way to combat this disease as well as others is to take more care in the issuing of marriage licenses. He urges that "the power to issue a marriage license should be in the hands of certain competent medical men appointed by the government who could at least detect any flagrant outward form of disease.

In theory the above view is certainly sound. To carry it out with any degree of success in all its many ramifications would probably be beyond the skill of Solomon himself. Evasion of the law is nearly always possible. People who were determined to be married would undoubtedly manage in some manner to have the knot tied. If "love laughs at locksmiths" so most undoubtedly does marriage, and if the ceremony could not take place in one part of the country it could in another. There is always someone ready and willing to unite two people in marriage if the necessary fee is forthcoming. It will be many a day before the State takes upon itself the power to regulate marriage, and when it does there is little doubt that a greater evil may ensue.

No law was ever yet made which could wholly subject humanity beneath its power. Human emotions and human passions cannot be kept in check by legislation. Love cannot be weighed and apportioned by medical men as a chemist doles out drugs. Forbid people to marry—and—well the consequences will probably be worse than if they had been allowed their own way in the first place. While the law might restrain many the chances are there would always be a certain percentage to ignore it and so nullify its working. There were men and women before there were laws, and there are many human beings who are still too primitive to be wholly altruistic when what they consider their personal happiness is at stake. When such a law has been attempted it has been nullified by the departure to other communities of those who, under its working, might be condemned to everlasting bachelorhood. To have such a law work with any degree of success it would not only have to be uniformly adopted in all civilized countries, but to the breaking of its spirit grave punishment would have to attach for even the extreme penalty, or the wearing of the "Scarlet Letter" would hardly deter some people from following their own impulses. It would not appeal to the desire to see fair play that exists in most of us, to have those who already suffered from illness for which they were not responsible, further punished for being a law unto themselves. Public opinion would rebel against its enforcement.

Legislation will never accomplish the desired result. People must be educated to see that the individual must be sacrificed for the good of the greater number. Making marriage difficult or impossible will do but little for the next generation. In communities where there are many difficulties in the way of marriage, the rite is often dispensed with. This is often true in the greatly congested districts of large cities among the very people it is most important to reach if the White Plague is to be eliminated. The enforcement of a law that made marriage more difficult for the poor and miserable would not make for the betterment of the next generation, but would simply add another woe to that of inherited weakness of constitution.

"Educate," not "legislate," must be the slogan if any permanent good is to be accomplished.

∴

IN Brooklyn the other night, a negro thug attacked the girl ticket-seller on one of the Elevated Railway stations, choosing the hour when no one was likely to be about. His intention was to knock her senseless and get away with the money belonging to the company. Unfortunately for the success of his plan he selected the station where Miss Mary Pierce was on duty, and Miss Pierce is a young woman who, if not distinctly militant, can hardly be classed among the quitters. While the gentleman who needed the coin was chivalrously engaged in hitting her over the head with a fat iron poker, Miss Pierce retaliated with her finger nails at the same time using her soprano voice with considerable effect, especially in the upper register. Fearing her top notes would arouse the neighbors the thug finally gave up the game and decamped. The lady in the case thereupon managed to telephone for help before she collapsed. If the ability to do battle is the most important qualification of the voter, as some wiseacres say, then there seems to be no reason why Miss Pierce shouldn't be put on the list and allowed to mark a ballot.

∴

WITH the passing of the fashion of the slim figure will go the fear that women aren't eating enough. In the days when Great Grandmama was young and slim-waisted it was fashionable to have a small and dainty appetite, and a gentle creature who would almost faint at the unæsthetic sight of a well filled table usually took her revenge in the larder when there was no one looking on to see just how valiantly she could ply a knife and fork. With the advent of the sheath gown, however, appearance had to kept up in quite another fashion and women were even denied the joy of eating surreptitiously lest their with-difficulty-acquired slimness should disappear under the influence of a square meal or two. There is no satisfaction in eating in secret if the result is going to show in public, consequently starvation had to be rigid and systematic and wholly devoid of the periods of feasting that delighted Great Grandmama's girlish days.

Women's determined attempts to reduce "this too, too solid flesh" have led to all sorts of warnings and the effect such a course might have upon their health has been pointed out again and again—with the result that women have listened tolerantly and then as usual have gone right on doing as they pleased. While it was merely a matter of health that might be affected women were quite willing to run the risk, but it has remained for a Frenchman, the well known novelist, Marcel Prevost, to discover an unanswerable reason as to why women should give themselves up, at least in moderation, to the joys of the table. The menace he has discovered in this semi-starvation now in vogue, is one in which women's charm is threatened if not with annihilation at least with something approaching it. He claims that women by eating so little cause a reaction on their spirits by which their wit is diminished and their brilliancy extinguished. If slimness of wit is to accompany slimness of person the sooner women return to three normal meals a day the better. A figure that looks as if it could be enclosed, without much crowding, in an umbrella cover, is really not the highest ambition to which women can aspire. And even if it were those who are well endowed with adipose tissue should remember that many people are of the same mind as the old farmer I knew who gazed on his three-hundred-pound wife with a grin of appreciation and murmured to me confidentially: "I likes 'em fat."

MRS. J. K. KERR,
Wife of the Speaker of the Senate of Canada.

∴

THE fact that a woman of title has gone into a London shop where she is acting as saleswoman has created a great deal of comment. Lady Affleck, the person who has caused this tempest in a tea-cup, not long ago found it necesary to be self-supporting, and she has said that after taking stock of her qualifications she decided that as she knew a number of languages and had shopped in every big city in Europe she might make a good saleswoman. She therefore made the experiment and has also made good.

The majority of women would have thought the step for one in her position "beneath them" and have tried to find employment which they might deem more compatible with their dignity. Pride has kept plenty of people in penury, and women are usually the worst offenders in this respect. They have too high an idea of what they believe to be public opinion which after all in each individual case usually simmers down to what a few people in some small community think of some one of whom nobody else ever heard. Women have a dread of losing caste, and many of them would rather live on "bread and scrape" while keeping up outward appearances than set to work to do the thing for which they are best qualified.

Every woman, like every man, should be trained with a view to earning a living should the necessity arise. Matrimony should no longer be looked upon as the final refuge of the woman who has failed at everything else she has undertaken. Domestic life makes as many demands as business or the office, often even more, and it takes a trained mind to cope with its perplexities.

If a girl is thrown on her own resources let her find out what she is best qualified to do and then do it. In spite of all that is said about lack of work and opportunity there is always a chance for the willing and efficient worker. Provided "her wish bone is not where her backbone ought to be," every woman has a chance of making good in the niche in life which she is best fitted to fill. But if she gives up work for which she is qualified in order to attempt something she deems of more importance in the social scale, she'll not only fail but will deserve nothing else but failure.

∴

AN Englishwoman, Miss Welchman, whose death took place recently, has set a good example which it would be well if other rich women were to follow. In her will Miss Welchman provides for a fund, the income from which is to be devoted to the maintenance of three ladies residing in Bristol who are not in receipt of an income of more than twenty pounds a year. To benefit by the bequest a woman must be in ill health, and of gentle birth whether widow or spinster. The income from the trust thus provided will be divided equally among the three selected to benefit by it, and will remain theirs for life unless they marry or become entitled to an income of more than the specified twenty pounds. Women who are anxious to benefit their less fortunate sisters could hardly do better than emulate Miss Welchman's example and by setting aside a small portion of their income provide for one or two indigent gentlewomen who are unable to help themselves, for of all classes in need of sympathy and help, that to which they belong, is one of the most deserving.

∴

THE ex-Empress Eugenie, than whom there is no more picturesque figure in Europe, has again come out with a denial of the statement that she intends to write any memoirs, or that any from her pen will be published after her death. For state reasons this decision may doubtless be wise, but apart from such considerations, could any volume be more rich in promise than that which contained the Empress's own account of the great matters which led up to her final flight from France? Her history is rich in romance, and there is no more alluring figure than that of the beautiful young Spanish girl who reached the throne of France only to lose it, largely through her own folly. Now, bereft of her husband and son, and deprived of all the pomp and circumstance to which she was once accustomed, she is merely a lonely old woman living simply and quietly on her estate in England or at her villa on the Riviera. Fortunately, unlike most French refugees who have sought an asylum in England, she is well equipped with this world's goods and has no material wants to add to her heavy burden. Indeed, it has long been openly said that her determination to hold the purse strings led to her difficulties with the Prince Imperial. If one wanted to point a moral on the futility of human ambition, there is probably no better example of its rise and fall, than the once beautiful woman who had an Empire at her feet but could not govern even herself.

∴

THERE may not be much in a name but certainly there's a good deal in clothes. Paris has one woman, an eminent explorer, who is officially authorized to wear men's garments, but in America the only women who have sought emancipation from skirts were those who donned bloomer costumes many years ago.

A young Englishwoman who was apparently not familiar with the national prejudice existing in the United States in favor of women sticking to skirts, crossed the Atlantic not long ago, posing as Marion Hamilton-Grey, son of Col. Hamilton-Grey. She found employment without trouble and for a time her disguise was not discovered. Unfortunately, however, her charms were such that several women succumbed to them and one seriously threatened to kill her for breach of promise. In fact Miss Hamilton-Grey in her boyish disguise seems to have been a bit of a Lothario and to have caused or coaxed several susceptible women to fall in love with her. Her arrest came as a sequel to one of these episodes and Miss Hamilton-Grey appeared in Court in New York and told the magistrate that she had worn boy's clothes for ten years and didn't see why she should change her habits. She also proved that the charge made against her of pretending to be a Marquis was untrue and likewise that she had not tried to borrow money without having any chance of returning it. Consequently she was discharged and the next day went about her business as usual and still wearing the clothes that would have been hers by right had she been her own brother.

In the meantime the victims of her wiles are awaiting a chance to get even, an opportunity by the way which Marion Hamilton-Grey is not like to give them. To judge by the reports of her popularity with her own sex it looks as if Miss Hamilton-Grey, if she has a sense of humor, must have had a heap of fun while the game lasted.

∴

"NO seat, no fare" has been the contention of patient strap-hangers in many a town where over-crowded street cars are the rule rather than the exception. More advanced than other places twice its size, Trenton, N.J., has declared a revolt against its street railway authorities for providing standing room only for the majority of its passengers. The Trenton Council has enacted that those who ride in Trenton street cars and and fail to get seats needn't pay fares.

Naturally the new order of things has been hailed with delight, but there have been several differences of opinion among the street car patrons since it became understood that a man who gave his seat to someone else was entitled to have his fare back. This arrangement has made for an exaggerated condition of politeness in Trenton, and every man is gallant enough to give up his seat to the young and old, the halt and the blind, save those who carry passes, and they are naturally as immersed in their newspapers as is the average man in any other town when a woman has to stand in a crowded car. Some men, more impetuous than others, insist upon pressing their seats upon members of their sex, and this has led to more than one row already. Women, however, are invariably treated in Trenton trolley cars with that chivalry which enables them to have a seat and compels them to pay a fare.

If Toronto adopted Trenton's method of dealing with the over-crowded street car difficulty, there is one thing too sad to contemplate, and that would be the crimp put in Toronto Street Railway Company's receipts, seeing that most of its patrons are of the strap-hanging variety.

∴

BEFORE one decides to be brave it might be just as well to discover that one has something to be brave about. This business of being a near-heroine and then finding out there was no necessity for heroics must be just about as bad as dreaming one has won a Carnegie medal--and then waking up. In New York the other morning the telephone at Police Headquarters rang violently and a pathetic voice at the other end informed the lientenant on duty that a lone, lorn woman was speaking and that all by herself and absolutely unaided she had locked a horrid burglar in her bath room. A lot of policemen rushed off to the address given and were greeted by a determined-to-be-brave-at-any-cost woman who explained that the burglar had entered by the airshaft and at the moment was still incarcerated in the bath room. The policemen were placed at all possible outlets so that Mr. Burglar could not manage to escape them, and then two brave blue-coats advanced, revolver in hand, upon the room in which their prey was concealed. Slowly the key was turned, and then in a jiffy the door thrown open. There was a crash, the sound of broken glass, and the policemen rushed into the room to be confronted by—a cat. The moral evidently is—be sure of your grounds before you elect to qualify as a heroine, or you may run up against an anti-climax.

Madame

TORONTO SOCIETY

MRS. FRED BURROWS, formerly Eva Elkin, received yesterday afternoon for the first time, in her new home 77 Walker Avenue.

Mrs. Schoenberger's bridge on Monday was a large and well arranged event, and as usual when this hostess entertains, the smallest details were perfect. Tables were set in the library and billiard room, and about fifty took part in the game. Mrs. Schoenberger and Miss Cruso received in the drawing room, and Mrs. Arnoldi and Miss Tate presided in the tea-room. A number of friends joined the bridges for tea between five and six o'clock.

Mrs. R. Frederic Charlton, 37 Foxbar road, receives for the last time this season on Thursday and Friday, 3rd and 4th of February.

Mrs. J. E. Atkinson gave a very pleasant house-warming tea on Thursday of last week in her new home in 63 Glen Road, recently the residence of Mr. Edward Hay, who some time since occupied his new house in Castle Frank Road. Mrs. Atkinson received in the drawing-room, and her mother Mrs. Elliott stood with her to welcome the many guests. There was music from D' Alesandro's orchestra stationed on the upper landing and a pretty teatable done with pink roses arranged in the dining-room and waited on by the usual attractive party of girls, headed by the little daughter of the house, Miss Ruth Atkinson in a dainty white dress. A very large company enjoyed this tea, and the hostess received many assurances of their pleasure and best wishes for her future in her beautiful home.

VISCOUNTESS RIDLEY.
The wife of Viscount Ridley was, prior to her marriage, the Hon. Rosamond Guest, daughter of Lord Wimborne. Lady Ridley is one of London's successful political hostesses.

Mrs. Edward J. Barker received in her new home 299 Westmoreland Avenue, on Thursday and Friday evening of last week, wearing her wedding dress of white satin trimmed with lace and pearls. Mrs. Barker, in a mauve voile gown, assisted her daughter-in-law. The flowers in the drawing-room were carnations with ferns, and on the teatable in the dining-room a central vase of narcissi and smilax was placed, and Miss Lundy, sister of the hostess, and the Misses Simpson waited on the visitors. Mrs. Barker is voted by all a pleasant acquisition to Toronto society where she will be as popular as she has been in her home city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie Louise Balfour, eldest daughter of the late Hon. W. D. Balfour, Provincial Secretary of Ontario, and Mr. Connell J. Higgins of Vancouver, only son of the late Connell J. Higgins of Ottawa. Mrs. Balfour and her family have a cosy home at 115 Cottingham Street, round which memories of a particularly jolly wedding of another daughter still hover.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Kathleen Lockwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lockwood, of Guelph, and Mr. Herbert R. Latreille, of Kingston, Jamaica.

Mr. and Mrs. Burtis are at the King Edward since their return from their wedding tour.

Mrs. Champs of New York is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones, La Plaza, and various entertainments are being arranged in her honor. On Wednesday Mrs. Fletcher Snyder gave a luncheon for Mrs. Champ at her home, 222 Poplar Plains Road.

Miss Patti Warren has gone to Ithica. Mr. and Mrs. Parkyn Murray are back from New York. Mrs. Miles Cotton has left for Ottawa. Mrs. Handyside, of Montreal, who has been with her daughter on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Bruce Harman, is going home this week. Miss Handyside is a delightful girl, most popular and very attractive, fond of sports, and possessing much artistic talents.

Viola Allen, in "The White Sister," had a very smart audience on opening night. His Honor and Mrs. Gibson occupied a box, and in the audience were many well-known persons, many of them with their guests from other cities.

The *musicale* given by Mrs. J. B. Hall in the *gala suite* at McConkey's last Saturday afternoon was a very successful and well managed affair. Mrs. Hall considered the comfort of her artists and her guests, arranged an interesting little programme, and had seats provided for the guests, who heard the music with the same decorum and enjoyment as at a dainty concert, after which they talked to their hearts' content as they did entire justice to the tempting refreshments arranged in the Rose Room. The table was particularly pretty with the newest decoration, a large central crystal basket of enchantress carnations and lily of the valley, and smaller crystal baskets of the same at the four corners of the table. Mrs. Sanford Evans received with Mrs. Hall, and played beautifully during the programme, and Mrs. Proctor (Florence Kemp) and Miss Madeline Carter sang most artistically, little Miss Brush, a niece of the hostess, opening the programme with a piano solo Mrs. Cleeve Hall and Mrs. Charles Hall assisted their *belle-mere* and several other deft waitresses made things pleasant when tea followed the music. The musical and tea were from four to six o'clock.

Miss Enid Wornum, who has been having a gay time in Barrie since Christmas, has gone to London for a month's visit to her aunt, Mrs. Waterman.

Miss Somerville of Atherly has returned from a very enjoyable and prolonged visit to friends in Pennsylvania.

The second dance at Government House since Christmas was a larger function than the first, and something seemed to have entered into the large party to lend extra keen enjoyment to the fun, for seldom has a gayer party spent those four swift-passing hours making merry in the fine mansion of the representative of Royalty. Everyone was in gala garb and gala spirits, the men and girls and a few young matrons were about evenly divided, and very few sat out dances, unless they preferred a cosy *tete-a-tete* to the somewhat crowded ballroom. The floor was superfine and music excellent, and again one appreciated that extra ten feet of room gained by ensconsing the musicians in the conservatory, where they probably equally appreciated the change. His Honor and Mrs. Gibson and their son and daughters were a cordial family party, the host and hostess receiving in the drawing-room, and Major Macdonald and Captain Young being in attendance. I heard a rumor that the big Major and official Secretary may leave us before another dance at Government House, which will literally leave a blank not likely to be filled, for Major Macdonald, like all his family, is a very fine figure of a man, and a most imposing Aide. The guests at Government House last week were very smart and the women particularly bonnie, the two fair sisters, Mrs. Harold Bickford and Mrs. Walter Home, *nees* Davidson, being pictures of happiness and prettiness. Mrs. Bickford wore a deep amethyst gown with satin sashes and Mrs. Home was in pale pink with rosebuds in her coiffure. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, the lady in cream satin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Jennings and Mrs. Watt of Brantford, *nee* Jennings, the former lady in white satin and the visitor in a smart black gown, looking not a bit the worse of the fatigue of a large afternoon tea; the Misses Creelman of Montreal, Miss Isabel a dainty figure in white satin and Miss Marion in palest pink, the popular sisters being on a visit to relatives in town; Mr. and Mrs. Rud Marshall, the bride looking lovely in painted chiffon, and a white band in her hair; Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, the lady in a very smart black and gold gown; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, the lady in pale blue touched with silver; Mr. and Miss Carrie Crerar of Hamilton, who were of the house party, the lady in pale blue moire with quaint blue rosettes in her coiffure; Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Sweeny, the bride in her white satin *robe des noces*; Mr. and Mrs. Scott Waldie, the lady very lovely in white satin; Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Denison, the lady in shirred pink crepe; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Worsley, the lady in black Chantilly, mounted on white; Mr. and Mrs. Millar Lash, the lady in pale pink satin; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, the latter in a lovely gown of pale blue and silver, recalling a similar beautiful dress worn by Mrs. Jack Ross at Chudleigh on New Year's Eve; Mr. and Mrs. Temple Blackwood, the lady in pale yellow satin; Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarlane, the lady in white and silver; Mr. and Mrs. George Higginbotham, the lady in white brocade; Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Burnand, the lady in blue with wide trimmings of fine white and silver embroidery and lace; Mrs. Grey-Burnand, an English beauty, was very much admired; Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleury, the lady in deep mauve; Miss Muriel Hoodless, of Hamilton, in a white lace and bugle gown, looked a radiant Hebe, and Miss Martin, of New Westminster, B.C., was a beauty in black velvet, and a softly puffed coiffure. The Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Jean in white with narrow panels of gold embroideries, and Miss Elise in turquoise satin and white lace; Miss Wallbridge, in white and pink; Miss Strathy, in black, touched with jet; Miss Margaret Scott; Miss Madge Davidson, in pale pink satin; Miss Lois Duggan, in fawn satin; Miss Muriel Jarvis, in turquoise satin; the Misses McMurrich, the elder in a dainty black gown and the younger in white; Miss Lena Coady, in primrose satin, just back from a flying visit to Ottawa; Mr. and Miss Greening, the lady in white satin; the Misses Cross in white, the elder with a touch of blue and the modish snood of ribbon in her hair; the Misses Massey, Muriel in pink and Dorothy in white; the Misses Caldwell, one in blue and the other in white; the Misses Braithwaite, Marjorie in green with silver, and Dorothy looking lovely in white; Miss Edna Phippen, bright and merry in a rose satin gown, and her guest Miss Persse of Winnipeg also becomingly gowned; the Misses Hilda and Edna Reid, the Misses Cassels, the Misses Crowther, Miss Denison of Heydon Villa, the Messrs. and Miss Fellows, Mr. and Miss Norah Warren, Miss Norah Gwynn, Miss Clara Flavella, Miss Beatrice Spragge, Miss Mabel Lennox, Miss Tate, Miss Montizambert, Miss Eve Haney, Miss Cosby, Miss Widmer Brough, the Misses Edwards, very graceful and popular sisters, Miss Gooderham of Deancroft, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Miss Violet Heward, Miss Kathleen Caulfield, Miss Olive Mills, Miss Norah Whitney, Miss Elsie Cotton, Miss Barwick, Miss Hilda Burton, Mr. and Miss Heron, Mr. and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Amy Saunders, Miss Burnham, Mr. and Miss Nesta Mackenzie, Miss Edith Snelgrove, Miss Dorothy Walker, very pretty in white chiffon, with pink rosebuds in her hair, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Edith Porter, Miss Grasett, Miss Hilda Cayley, Miss Beverly Lambe, Miss Ruth Currie, Miss Clarkson, Major Carpenter, Captain Lindsay, Mr. Chrysler, Colonel Stinson, Mr. Finucane, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mr. A. W. Campbell, Mr. Harold Suydam, Dr. Bruce, Dr. Dickson, Mr. Clifford Brown, Messrs. Muntz, Mr. George Ryerson, Mr. Albert Gooderham, the Messrs. Gzowski, Mr. Bob Sinclair, Mr. Rex Northcote, Mr. Sey, Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Sears, Mr. Rathbun Dr. MacLennan, Mr. Allen Taylor, Mr. Darling, Mr. Austin Campbell, Mr. Gillman, Mr. Perrin, were some of the hundreds of guests.

The shockingly sad and deplorable death of Dr. Edward V. Raynolds, on his wedding trip, has cast a gloom over the many friends of his bride in Toronto, who was Mrs. T. M. Harris, of St. George street, and whose marriage took place on Thursday of last week. Before such a tragedy words are nothing, but it may be some comfort to Mrs. Harris to feel that in her sorrow of this week, as in her happiness of the past week, she has the heart's feeling of all her friends.

The engagement of Miss Lily Evelyn Baldwin, of Beckenham, Kent, England, and Mr. Arthur J. Dunnett, of Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, England, is announced. Miss Baldwin has many friends here, where she has lived for some time, and where she is now the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Baldwin, of St. Clair avenue.

Mrs. Charles Trow, (formerly Miss Helen Mathews), will receive for the first time since her marriage on Monday, January 31, at 43 Wellesley street.

Mrs. G. D. Ansley and Miss Ansley, of Montreal, are visiting Mrs. G. H. Ansley, 352 Rusholme road.

Mrs. Jennings, of West Toronto, and Mrs. John Jennings gave one of the finest teas of the season at McConkey's on Friday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Walter Massey and Miss Massey will hold their postponed tea on next Tuesday afternoon at "Auburndale," Jarvis street, from four to half past six.

Mrs. R. S. and Miss Leanora Deacon, of Montreal, are the guests of Major and Mrs. Pope, Huron street.

REPRODUCED FROM ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS

The Most Successful Flight Ever Made in America

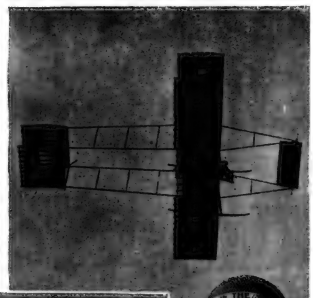
A GREAT FLIGHT.

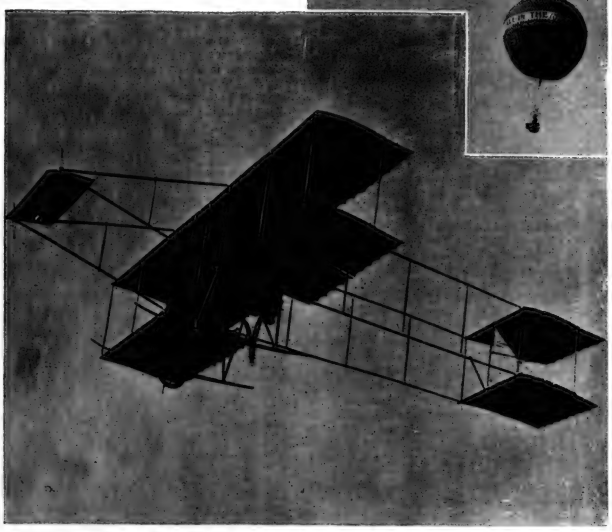
These are actual photographs of Louis Paulhan during his world's record flight to a height of 4,600 feet at Los Angeles, California, on the 12th of this month. The great French aviator also made a splendid trip across country. He flew from Aviation Field to Lucky Baldwin's ranch, 23 miles away, circled the old Santa Anita race track, and bucked his way back to his tent.

In all he covered an estimated distance of 47½ miles in one hour, two minutes, 42 4-5 seconds. He flew to Baldwin's with the wind in thirty minutes and came back against it in 33 minutes.

When he finished, Mr. Paulhan said that the motor was as cool as when he started and that he could repeat the trip at once.

It is probable that the prize of $10,000 will go to him. Paulhan maintained an altitude of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet on his way over the valley. His highest point was 2,130 feet.





TOBOGGANING AT LAMBTON

Canada's great winter sport finds enthusiastic followers at Lambton Country Club, where the chutes are kept busy by the flying toboggans. Whenever the weather permits a crowd of gaily-dressed men and women in bright sweaters and tuques can be seen flashing down the slide or making the slow climb back. It gives a pleasant touch of life and color to the grounds of the club.

MONTREAL SOCIETY

TREAL, JAN. 27, 1910.

ONE of the most deligh
was given last Friday
for two young American vi
Miss Dorothy Dunning,
come to stay with Mrs. B
There were about a hun
on in both the drawing-r
little white and gold dance
lation eighteen numbers.

house dances this season
ht by Mrs. Hugh Brodie,
rs, Miss Marie Betts and
Albany, N.Y., who have
until after the Carnival.
guests, and dancing went
and the hall, the pretty
s providing for the regu-
Between dances or for "sitting-out" the young people adjourned to the library or to the dining-room which was turned into a "cosy corner," the supper tables being placed in the billiard room. American Beauty roses in the drawing-room, yellow spring flowers in the sitting rooms, and pink tulips on the supper tables added to the attractiveness of the scene. The hostess wore white silk brocaded in Dresden pattern. Her young married daughter, Mrs. James Gilman Shearer, had on a draped white satin gown with pink Dresden border. Miss Betts and Miss Dunning were one in white and the other in yellow chiffon draped over same colored satin.

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest has been spending a

LIFE IN SWITZERLAND.
Mrs. Asquith and Master Asquith enjoying the winter sports at St. Beatenharg, Switzerland. The other skater photographed is Mr. A. W. Black of Nottingham.

few days in New York, where the marriage of her niece, Miss Grace Bigelow Tracy, to Mr. Thomas G. Cook, took place on January 20, in St. George's church. The bride was accompanied to the altar by her grandfather, the Hon. John Bigelow, who formerly held a diplomatic position abroad and is known as a man of letters, and who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday. The seven bridesmaids were in pink satin gowns veiled in chiffon, stien hats, tulle muffs and flowers all in shades of pink. The bride wore white satin trimmed with pointe d'Alencon lace, over which fell her long tulle veil. Mrs. Guest's daughter, Miss Lucy Dodge, went down for her cousin's wedding.

Mrs. Paul Lacoste is being feted a good deal since her return from France to Montreal as a bride. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Duchastel de Montrouge, had a particularly pleasant tea for her, among her former friends present being Mrs. Henri Beique, Mrs. W. O'Brien, Mrs. John D'Oppe, Mrs. R. Archer, the Misses Boyer, the Misses Dansereau, Miss Evelyn Bagg, Miss Rebecca Delorimier, and others. Mrs. Lacoste looked very well in a brown velvet costume, and Mrs. Duchastel wore a black lace robe. Miss Thais Lacoste and Miss Garneau poured the tea. On Friday afternoon, Mrs. St. Jacques, Sherbrooke

IN HONOR OF CHAMBERLAIN.
Decorations in Birmingham on the occasion of Joseph Chamberlain's birthday three years ago. Note the flags of many nations, an evidence that England is not so particular in this respect as are we.

street, entertained for the bride, and other affairs are arranged for the near future.

Mrs. A. E. Middleton-Hope (formerly Miss Eva Duclos) had many callers both afternoon and evening on Thursday when she held her post-nuptial reception. The hostess had her sister, Mrs. D. W. Morris, of Ste. Therese, assisting her, and in the evening Mr. Hope received with his wife. She wore a very pretty gown of pale blue *crepe de chine* inset with lace, and finished with pale blue and gold braid. Mrs. Charles A. Duclos and several young ladies looked after the table in the dining room, where vases of red roses softly illumined by shaded candles were arranged in a much admired effect.

The Earl of Lanesborough was in town for a short time, accompanying his son, Lord Newtown-Butler, who sailed by the "Tunisian." Lord Newtown-Butler, who is a school-boy of about sixteen, is returning to Eton.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Evelyn Grey passed through Montreal on Tuesday, accompanied by the Countess of Dartrey and her daughter, Lady Mary Dawson, and the Countess of Harewood, on their way to visit the ancient Capital.

The dance arranged by the McGill Chapter of the Kappa Alpha Society the other evening went off with all due success at the Majestic Hall. Mrs. Edwin Hanson, Mrs. John Turnbull, Mrs. J. R. Hutchins, Mrs. Ekers, Mrs. Lewis, and Mrs. J. A. Richardson were down on the cards as chaperones. A few of the guests went on later in the evening to Mrs. L. J. Forget's drawing room dance, which was of the small, informal order.

Mrs. Sheldon Stephens entertained at luncheon at the Mount Royal Club for Mrs. and Miss Huntington, of Rochester, N.Y. Some twenty ladies were assembled around the table, which was bright with early spring flowers. Among the guests were Lady Van Horne, Mrs. A. F. Gault (who has arrived from England to visit her son, Mr. Hamilton-Gault), Lady Shaughnessy, Mrs. Morrice, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Mrs. Arthur Boyer, Mrs. A. E. Morse, Mrs. L. de K. Stephens, Mrs. Hamilton-Gault, Mrs. Campbell Macdougall, Mrs. G. W. Stephens, and others. Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Fisher entertained a dinner party very pleasantly at their apartments in The Sherbrooke, covers being laid for twelve. Mrs. J. N. Greenshields was the hostess at a delightful luncheon a few days ago. Mrs. T. H. Wardleworth, an English hostess, entertained at tea at her residence on the Cote St. Antoine road. Mrs. Lachlan Gibb gave a luncheon on Monday in honor of Mrs. J. C. Farthing, wife of the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the party including ten or eleven ladies. The table was bright with golden-yellow daffodils. Miss Marion Blaiklock's charming little tea on Tuesday afternoon was to bid *bon voyage* to Miss Kathleen Gear.

Some three hundred guests attended the annual ball of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, in the handsome and commodious club house on Peel street. This is always a jolly and sociable affair, and the committee see to it that the club has an attractive appearance for the "at home" night. Palms and flowering plants flanking the wide stairs, and festoons of Boston laurel, gave a festive air to the entrance, and in the gymnasium, where dancing went on, the club colors, red and blue, were in evidence in drapery of bunting and strings of electric bulbs, the music platform being massed with palms, ferns, and red carnations, and surmounted by the "Winged Wheel," the club crest, picked out with tiny electric lights. A feature of the programme was a moonlight dance, just before supper, when all the lights were turned off except a large white orb shaded in faint green, in the centre of the ceiling, to represent the moon. The reading rooms were fitted up cosily for "sitting out," and supper was served at small tables in the life members' rooms. The patronesses were Lady Allan, Mrs. K. M. Brown, Mrs. B. Hal Brown, Mrs. W. E. Findlay, and Mrs. C. A. Sprigings.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Drummond have sailed for the Mediterranean, and will make a four months' tour of Egypt and the East. They have taken their young daughters, the Misses Lillian and Kathleen, and Master Paul Drummond, with them to Europe. Mr. Drummond is one of the well-known men on St. James street, having been once president of the Board of Trade, and has recently been appointed Consul for Denmark. Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Lewis have also sailed for a Mediterranean cruise on their way to Egypt, and will be absent till May or June. Mr. and Mrs. James Walker have left for Egypt and the Holy Land; their house on Pine avenue will be occupied for a few months by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Gurd, who have just returned from their wedding trip. Others who have felt the "call of the Orient" include Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gurd and Mr. and Mrs. S. Cottingham Jones, of Bellevue avenue, Westmount. Mr. W. I. Gear, vice-president of the Robert Reford Shipping Company, and his daughters, Misses May and Kathleen Gear, are leaving about January 29 for the Mediterranean and a three months' tour of the continent.

The engagement was announced this week of Miss Mable Carter, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart J. Carter, to Mr. John Clinton Callaghan, of Hamilton, Ont. The marriage is to take place in February. Mr. Carter is one of the few aldermen of the last *regime* of whom Montreal speaks with pleasure, and he is much in the public eye just now as the author of the early-closing by-law.

Mrs. Norman Wilson (who was popular Miss Cairine Mackay) has been staying for a few weeks with her parents, Senator and Mrs. Mackay, at Kildonan, Sherbrooke street, where the stork brought her a baby daughter.

Miss May Fitzhugh (daughter of Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh, a vice-president of the Grand Trunk Railway) has a friend from the South, Miss Kathleen Jones, of San Antonio, Texas, visiting her. Miss Aileen Smith (daughter of Dr. Lapthorn Smith) will have Miss Miriam Baker, of Winnipeg, as her guest for some time. Mrs. Henry Duggan, of Toronto, is visiting Mrs. H. Van Norman Duggan, Lansdowne avenue. Miss Edith Cochrane, of Toronto, who has been visiting Miss Isabel Starke, is now staying with Miss Gertrude McGill, who gave a girls' tea in her honor a few afternoons since. Miss Adele Hall, who has been living in England since the death of her father, Mr. Justice Hall, has arrived on a visit to Mrs. Meredith and other friends.

More than the usual number of bridge parties, little and big, have been the order of the last few days. Mrs. William Wheeler entertained in that way for some friends from her old home town, St. John, N.B.: Mrs. A. H. Hanington, who is here visiting her daughter, Mrs Fred Rous, at the Metcalfe Apartments; Mrs. Chas. Grey, whose husband has been transferred to one of the banks here, and Mrs. Fred Sturdee, a bride from Halifax. Mrs. Homer Jaquays had quite a large bridge party, at which the prizes were won by Mrs. Wellington Dixon, Mrs. Meredith Cape, Mrs. F. C. Budden, and Miss Armstrong. Mrs. E. Rawlings, Mrs. Francis Cole, Mrs. Gordon Cushing, the Misses Baby, Mrs. Dakers Paterson, Mrs. W. G. Ross, were among other recent "bridge" hostesses. Mrs. L. B. McFarlane gave a bridge party one afternoon this week for her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Winters, of Toronto, who is staying with her for a while. The fact that Mr. McFarlane, who was in the railway wreck at Spanish River had arrived home with only a minor injury, was matter for hearty congratulation. The invitations had, of course, been issued before the railway disaster occurred.

The marriage of Miss Maisie Boyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Wetherall Boyd, to Mr. Douglas Odell, of Sherbrooke, took place early on Tuesday morning at the residence of the bride's parents, 247 Mountain street. The Rev. Dr. Warriner, of the Congregational College, performed the marriage rite in the presence of members of the families, among them the groom's sister, Mrs. E. Taylor. The bride was unattended, and wore a smart travelling costume of dark blue broadcloth and velvet hat to match. She carried some lovely mauve orchids. After their honeymoon, spent in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Odell will reside in Sherbrooke. B. E.

Gertrude E. Curtis of Bradford, Pa., is the first colored woman dentist. She has passed the final examination in the College of Dental Surgery in Philadelphia with high honors, and intends to begin active practice without delay. She has encouraged several colored girls to take up the study.

In Easton, Md., recently, the city council voted by a large majority to ask the Legislature to amend the city charter so as to give the municipal suffrage to women owning $500 worth of property.

A junior league of the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage has been formed at Albany, N.Y. The membership is said to have reached the neighborhood of 100, and to include young women of every social grade in Albany.

AN EARL'S DAUGHTER.
This charming little girl, Lady Mercy Greville, is the youngest daughter of the Countess of Warwick, one of the cleverest and most beautiful women in England.

50 Lines to Central!

From the Telephone Gazette

Published in Montreal, Que. Issue of November, 1909

"P. B. X. SERVICE IN TORONTO"

"A new Private Branch Exchange System is being installed in the Robert Simpson Company's Department Store, consisting of a 4-position board, 50 trunk lines to the Bell Company's central office, and 150 sub-stations. This is probably the largest Private Branch Exchange in any mercantile house in Canada."

THIS paragraph was published over two months ago. Since that time the new system has been put into operation. As you see, we are giving our telephone order department better facilities than those of any other store in Canada.

When you think of telephoning this store remember that you have *50 chances* to get a clear line.

In spite of the demands upon our switch board—four girls are busy every second—you never hear those tantalizing words from Central, "line busy," when you call us (M.7841). We have branch lines to every department—some departments have several. This is a big store, but you can always get satisfaction on our phones.

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

"Seal Brand" is more than a name.
It is both a Trademark and a guarantee.
It is the trademark of the largest distributors of high-grade coffees in the world—who guarantee the quality of every pound of coffee they sell.
Make sure that your coffee will be rich and delicious and appetizing, by always buying guaranteed coffee—like "Seal Brand."
In 1 and 2 pound sealed tins—never in bulk. At all grocers.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL 110

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle
a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free. In plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and
The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited
TORONTO

MADE IN CANADA
ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Best Yeast in the World
Sold and Used Everywhere
E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD
Has pleased hundreds of families--and will yours, too.
Why? Simply because it is the most wholesome and tasty loaf baked.
None of the old-fashioned Home-made flavor is lost by the modern way of baking—saves hours of your time.
Ring up Bredin's Bakeshops—and their wagon will call.
166-16 Avenue Road. Phone Colle 761.
Bloor and Dundas Streets. Phon Parkdale 1886.
5 cents the loaf.

Concerning the New Hats.

TO most women the hat is the most important part of the costume, for it is the finishing touch which decides whether the toilette is carefully thought out and donned for the occasion, or whether it is the result of some haphazard combination of garments worn without any particular idea of the relationship one bears to the other. A well dressed woman is always sure of her milliner, otherwise her attempts to appear well gowned would be a dismal failure.

ECCENTRIC MILLINERY.
Two new Paris models and an English device intended to thread through the coiffure, and do away with the hat-pin.

Just now many of the newest winter hats are decidedly eccentric in shape, and unless carefully selected, make the wearer anything but picturesque or pretty. So many women in selecting hats seem to be contented if the front and possibly the side views are satisfactory, apparently forgetting that the appearance at the back is of equal importance. Among the most favored shapes are certain modifications of the tricorne and the angles at which these are upturned must be carefully studied in order to achieve the best effect. The big Russian turbans also depend for their success upon the way in which they fit the head, while the hats with brims turned down all the way around really have to be fitted to the head or the result is often most ludicrous.

In spite of the popularity of the smaller hat, the very big shapes are still being worn, and indeed it hardly seems possible that the time will ever come when the woman who looks her best in the feather-trimmed picture variety of headgear will give it up, no matter what may be the fashion.

In Paris the hats being worn just now are of the most extreme type, and really rather do something more than merely border on the absurd. All sorts of eccentricities are indulged in, and a woman has to be both chic and pretty to wear them without appearing ridiculous. While all sorts of shapes are evolved according to the fancy of the designer, many large hats are seen, and apparently they are to have a fair measure of popularity this spring. In Paris just now, too, there is a new fashion in the way of opera caps, and these are somewhat Oriental in effect, and consist very often of gauze or tulle wound round the head, while others are really shaped and cover a part of the hair, in something the fashion of a bathing cap before the handkerchief is tied over it. The fashion is only becoming to a few women, but it is rapidly being adopted, although many who refuse to do so have no objection to the caps themselves, but merely wish to keep their hair perfectly tidy.

While women here are still wearing combinations of felt, velvet or fur on their heads, the big designers are busy evolving the models for the coming season, and everything points at present to the vogue of flowers and diaphanous materials like tulle and net. The promise of increased size is carried out in the new straws, but a few straw tricornes are already shown, so they may not have utterly lost their hold on the popular taste by the time straw hats are being worn. The between season hat is as usual largely composed of flowers, and may be found in turban shape, somewhat modified, the tendency being to have it a little higher at the back of the crown, and also with less of a droop over the hair in the back. A pretty toque of this description recently sent over from Paris was entirely made of lilacs shading in tone from the palest color to a deep purple, the bow of ribbon perched at the side being of the deepest shade. A similar shaped hat was made of pansies in wonderful hues of gold and brown, and finished with a swathing of tulle in a smoky grey color.

For Easter wear some of the prettiest models designed have crowns of flowers with brims of Leghorn or straw, one of the most attractive of this description having a crown of beautifully shaded pink roses, the brim being of black straw, and the trimming consisting of black tulle which formed a big bow at one side.

A pretty little hat from Paris which is sure to be extensively copied had a brim of black Chantilly lace, the crown being of fine straw skilfully draped. The wide brim turned up sharply at the left and was held in place by a bow of the lace.

Of course the sailor in various styles will be popular as usual, special favor being given to the wide brimmed variety which roll slightly and are trimmed with wings or scarfs. Some of the trimmings which will be most popular this spring are fancy quills and wings, which are in many instances most artistic, though some of them are really absurd. Flowers will be much used, as will lace and tulle.

The Selection of Clothes.

WOMEN will always take clothes seriously, and the art of dressing well is rapidly becoming a science, to the study of which much time is being devoted. The woman with leisure has an opportunity to arrange her wardrobe to please herself, and by careful attention to details may appear wonderfully well dressed while only expending a comparatively small sum. The woman who is interested in society or business has to depend largely upon her dressmaker for her choice of clothes, and the result is often most displeasing.

Just now clothes are very complicated, and while the modes are many, it takes skilful fingers to arrange the draperies which form so important a part of most indoor and evening frocks. "The little dressmaker" is utterly at fault when it comes to evolving one of the complicated robes of the moment, although it has long been believed that the average modiste can usually achieve greater success with a "fussy" dress than with one which depends for its success upon the beauty of its cut and fit.

A NOVEL EVENING GOWN.
This charming frock of black chiffon, lace, and jet shows draping in one of its newest forms.

It is because women persist in trying to achieve the effect of a Paquin gown through the medium of a poorly paid dressmaker that one sees so many badly hung and poorly draped dresses. The work is entirely beyond unskilled fingers, and yet the wearers do not seem to realize that what may look charming on the slim figure in a fashion plate has an entirely different effect when crudely developed by a near-amateur in the dressmaking line.

Lectures on the art of dress are being given in some of the big cities, and girls are being taught to understand just what suits them and why it suits them. If the practice of giving these lectures only becomes general, there is little doubt that women will cease to make spectacles of themselves and will dress with a view to suiting their own individuality instead of following blindly where fashion leads.

The women with most money to spend are not always the best dressed, and it would repay any woman to learn what suits her best and depend on modifications of that style. Extravagance in clothes has almost reached the limit during the past season, and it is time that women took the matter into their own hands, and instead of wearing whatever was designed for them, should instead select what is best suited to their requirements, and wear it.

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"How did you enjoy the musicale?" "Oh, I applauded at the wrong time, as usual. Thought the orchestra tuning up was a classical number."—Kansas City Journal.

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, Jan. 15, 1910.

IF this charming weather continues we shall hear of England being boomed as a winter resort, rivalling the Riviera and Cairo. Why should one squander money on railway fares, hotels and tips when there are blue skies, green grass, balmy breezes and an absence of fog (except such as is produced in one's mind by the claims of rival politicians) in dear old England? Primroses are coming out in the lanes, and early bulbs are poking their noses through the soil in country gardens. How long this remarkably mild weather will last is another question. There have been prophecies as to the length and cold of this winter of 1910, but so far there has been little to complain of. The parks are green and the air so soft that the gulls, one fears, may be deceived into flying off to find colder spots and then what will the people who feed them in St. James's Park, and on the Embankment do for amusement?

* * *

OF course, as you will have surmised, I have devoted this paragraph to the weather to avoid beginning on the General Election. The subject can't be eluded morning, noon and night, but one must make a decent pretence of talking of something else occasionally.

The interest taken in the contest is very keen, and the fact that the elections extend over a fortnight instead of a day, keeps interest alive.

Society is much affected by politics, and nearly all the big London houses are closed while their owners, both men and women, are away in the country electioneering. There is very little entertaining being done, either in town or country. In the country the Hunt balls, and other big gatherings have been postponed until the fight is over. Enthusiasts in motor-cars, in carriages, and on bicycles are tearing about the country arguing with coy voters and patting children's heads in the intervals of distributing literature. Vehicles of all kinds are in such demand that I notice one candidate asks through the columns of a well-known weekly newspaper, for motors, carriages, and donkey-carts, so there is a chance for the costers to come forward and help.

There has never been a General Election in which pictures played so prominent a part. All the available hoardings are covered with Peers and People, pleading for or against the Budget. In poster-land the Peers look to be villians of the worst description, and invariably appear in their robes and coronets. One of the recent pictures for the Unionist side is "Lest we Forget." It is divided in half. One side shows Mr. Lloyd-George in the uniform of a policeman, escaping from Birmingham Town Hall by a back-door, while a mob infuriated by his disloyal speech on the Boer war waits for him to appear. The other side shows graves with the names of the peers who were killed in South Africa. Among them was the Marquis of Ava. Now that the Liberals are stirring up such intense feeling against the Lords the public is reminded that more than sixty men belonging to noble families served in the war.

Mr. R. G. Mathews, the well-known Canadian artist, now resident in London, had a clever drawing in The Daily Mail this week, "Free Trade means Free Food," representing a line of poor, decent-looking men waiting for a bowl of free soup which some benevolent person is handing out to applicants.

* * *

THE writer has been canvassing in a poor part of London and in the course of her peregrinations met a woman whose enthusiasm slightly overstepped the mark.

"Now, Miss," she said coaxingly, "Won't you and some of the other ladies just go and tear down their dratted posters? Just 'ave a go at them, Miss, do. I'll warrant you Mr. Balfour would be pleased, that he would! If it weren't for biby, and 'im only eight months old, I'd go with you and do it."

* * *

CANADA is receiving much notice just now. To a great extent this is owing to the publicity given to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's scheme for providing ready-made farms for a good class of immigrant, on easy terms. The Canadian Pacific offices here have received an immense number of applications, and letters asking for particulars regarding the plan.

There was a big dinner at the Royal Colonial Institute the other night, followed by a lecture by Mr. C. W. Peterson, general manager of the Canadian Pacific Irrigation Colonization Company, upon "Irrigation in its relation to Agriculture and Colonization." Sir Thomas presided and pleaded for British settlers for British possessions, and an interested audience listened also to Dr. Parkin, Mr. A. J. Dawson, editor of The Standard of Empire, Mr. J. Obed Smith, assistant Superintendent of Emigration, and several other speakers. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who is going to tell English people about the great North, was asked but was unable to be present, but Miss Binnie-Clark, an Englishwoman who is making a great success in the North-west as a farmer, spoke, and pleaded that advantages given to men might be extended to women who wished to obtain ready-made farms with small houses. Mrs. George Cran, an Englishwoman, who went to Canada a year or so ago to find out exactly the prospects for women of the better class, was present. She has written a book, "A Woman in Canada" which is to appear after the election.

Lord Roberts has also been talking about Canada, and urging young men to remember that Canadians cannot put up with arrogance, and airs of superiority. Personally, I think it should be made an indictable offence to draw comparisons between England and Canada, for the first six months' residence in either country.

* * *

SUCH trifles as theatres and new plays are almost lost sight of in these days, but there are some very good things on now. "Don," of which I wrote some time ago is still "going strong" and has been moved to The Kings way, associated with the name of Lena Ashwell. Seymour Hicks and his popular wife, Ellaline Terriss, appeared this week in a new piece, "Captain Kidd," which is promised a long run by those who think they know. Tree revives "Beethoven" for a week only, and on February 1st appears in "The O'Flynn." Julia Neilson and Fred Terry are appearing again in "Henry of Navarre," which many Canadians most likely saw last winter. Conan Doyle's melodrama of the ring, "The House of Temperley," is drawing well, and most of the children's plays are patronized by the young people who have not yet gone back to school.

After the election and the return of the Court to town there will be more to chronicle of general interest, but just now even the January sales are outshone.

M. E. MACL. M.

Literary Folk in the Campaign.

ONE of the interesting features of the British election is the way literary men and women have laid down their pens and taken up public speaking. Maurice Hewlett has held forth for the Liberals. Sir Gilbert Parker has been speaking for the Conservatives. Silas Hocking has put aside stories of adventure, and is deep in contesting a constituency; Quiller-Couch, better known as "Q," is in the midst of the fray.

Marie Corelli has indulged in a characteristic jeremiad over empire, and last but not least, Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has protested against women electioneers who are ordering new gowns and hats for canvassing purposes. She read somewhere that velvet is to be the smart wear for electioneering, and she asks men candidates if they want to get into Parliament by means of "velvet." English women, she goes on to say, think far too much of their clothes, and she suggests that the incoming Parliament shall heavily tax all feminine frocks and frills; indeed, she favors the enactment of a law under which drapers' shops shall be taxed.

Lady Dorothy Nevill, writer and octogenarian grande dame of the social political world, is horrified at any such idea, and comes forward to repudiate Mrs. Steel's statements. She says pretty clothes are necessary at election time. Most of the canvassing is done in poor streets, and the people who live in them don't like to think that the ladies who visit them have put on old clothes for the purpose.

"But," continues Lady Dorothy, "when Mrs. Steel hints that extravagance in dress is associated with women who hold anti-suffrage views, she is making a mistake. There are extravagant women to be found in all parties, but not among the antis more than any other. I've seen satins and sables at suffragette meetings, and the leaders of the movement pay great attention to their costumes."

Thus the battle rages. Novels are not written and poetry is relegated to obscurity till the "Genelec," as the general election has been named, is over.

It is possible that the world's future supply of paper pulp will be derived from the bamboo forests of the tropics instead of being drawn from the forests of the temperate zones. Successful experiments have been made in Japan pointing in that direction. A company has been granted a perpetual lease of 8,000 acres of bamboo forest in Formosa, enough to provide 600 tons a month.

Last year was a notable one for women in many lands. The women of Norway then voted for members of Parliament for the first time, the women of Denmark took part in the municipal elections for the first time, the women of Michigan voted on questions of local taxation, and the women of Victoria cast their first ballot for Parliament.

MRS. ERLIC CHAPLIN.
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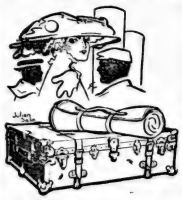

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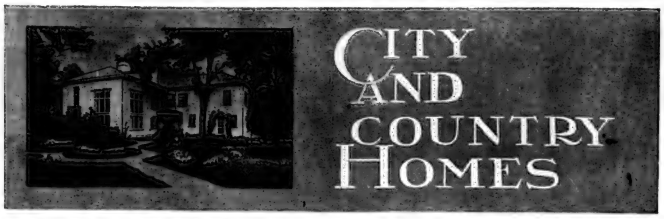

Rough-Cast English Houses.

ROUGH plaster walls are very much in evidence among English country houses, and several exteriors treated, wholly or in part, in this way, are illustrated on this page. The house known as "The Orchard" at Chorley Wood has a special interest from the fact that it was built by an architect for his own occupation. Often an architect is restricted in the carrying out of his ideas by the client who, having to pay the piper, naturally claims his right to call the tune. But when an architect builds a house for himself one is not wrong, probably, in reading in it his ideal of what a home should be. The house is delightfully situated in an old orchard of about two and a half acres in extent. The hall, which has a fireplace and a window seat, is an important feature of the plan; the room to the left, not lettered on the plan, is the kitchen with the scullery adjoining; behind this, on the sunny side of the house, is a schoolroom and playroom for the children. This room and the dining room have wide windows which admit abundant sunshine in the early part of the day, and later in the day sunshine enters through a small circular window on the other facade of the dining room. The windows have stone dressings and are fitted with iron casements and leaded lights. The roof is formed of slates of a silvery gray tint arranged in graduating courses. The chimney-stacks are rough-cast and surmounted with tarred pots. On the first floor there are five bedrooms with boxroom, bathroom and w.c., and a hot water tank in the middle serves to warm long rows of shelves where linen is kept.

The walls of the house are of brick, rough-cast and the woodwork of the exterior is painted green and of the interior white.

The house at Camberley is partly brick and partly rough-cast. The interior of this Camberley house is interesting. The staircase is simply but effectively treated, the woodwork here and throughout the interior of the house being pine, stained. The dining room has a fireplace built in red brick, the headers being picked out to give a decorative effect; the base is of firebrick and the fire is a very effective one.

The house at Harrietsham, Kent, has rough-cast walls with the upper portion finished with half-timber work. The steep roof, which on one side comes down so as to form a roof for the verandah, is of local red tiles.

FRONT VIEW OF HOUSE AT CAMBERLEY.

Individual Rooms vs. a Comprehensive Scheme.

THE relative treatment of adjoining rooms is a consideration which contributes largely to the success of the interior decorating and fitting of the house, particularly where the rooms of the first floor open together. For such rooms a complete and comprehensive scheme must be planned which will include them all in a way and yet permit certain essential characteristics to be brought out in each.

In determining the color scheme and decorative treatment the arrangement of the floor plan (says Margaret Greenleaf in House and Garden), the dimensions of the rooms, the placing of doors, windows and fireplaces, and the characteristics expressed in the architectural detail must all have equal weight.

I quote here from a letter received from a woman in a Western town, who, after her house was completed, felt there was something wrong in this newly furnished and expensive home. She wrote as follows and her letter voiced the disappointments of many other women who have had similar ambitions: "I have spent a great deal on my house and I left it in the hands of a decorator from the largest department store in ——. My reception room is furnished correctly after the Louis XVI. period. My hall is Colonial, my dining-room old English. The den and smoking room is *l'Art Nouveau* and with all of this it is not satisfactory." Such a description brings at once to the mind's eye an effect that is cluttered and distracting and wholly inconsistent and unlivable.

In giving this matter of interior decoration and house furnishing careful study, one realizes that the crux of the whole matter lies in selecting color schemes, materials and furniture which are consistent and suitable. To be consistent the scheme must be within the means and fit the requirements of the occupants, and to be beautiful the rooms must be relatively harmonious and wholly suited to the general environment, both of exterior and interior.

In a hall which serves as the entrance to a house of Colonial design it is particularly desirable that the rooms on the left, the right, and the rear should be in harmony with its Colonial feeling. If one yearns for a French drawing-room in such a house, furnishings of the contemporary period of the French Empire may be appropriately introduced in this the most formal room of the

HOUSE AT CAMBERLEY, AS SEEN FROM THE SIDE.

This home is built in the midst of a pine woods, a rather unusual site for an English house, but nevertheless one of a decidedly picturesque character. The building itself is a successful treatment carried out in red brick with rough-cast above, and a tile roof. One of its most striking features, and one which has greatly tended to enhance it from a viewpoint of design, is the interesting and architectural treatment of the windows and doorways.

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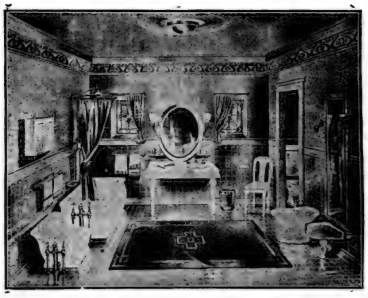

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SIR W. S. GILBERT, who has returned to comic opera in "Fallen Fairies," is a stickler for correctness of detail at rehearsals.

There is a story that on one occasion at a rehearsal of "The Mikado" Mr. Gilbert (as he was in those days) suddenly called out:

"There is a gentleman in the left group not holding his fan correctly."

A member of the company explained that one gentleman was absent through illness.

"Ah!" replied Gilbert, with becoming gravity, "that is not the gentleman I am referring to."

THE Rev. E. J. Hardy's little book "How to Be Happy Though Civil" (Charles Scribner's Sons) overflows with anecdotes used in the way of illustration. In the chapter on manners at meals, for instance we find it said: "A true gentleman is not greedy. At breakfast in a country house an elderly lady was asked what she thought of the man who had taken her in to dinner on the night preceding. She replied that he was not a gentleman. 'Oh, grandma, why do you think so?' asked a youth from Oxford. 'Because,' was the reply, 'he scooped all the oysters he could find out of the sauce and appropriated half of the forced strawberries at the dessert.' Upon this some one at the table remarked that the old lady should not speak in that way of one who left so little to be desired."

Again, in the chapter on courtesy in church: "On one occasion when Jackson, Bishop of London, had concluded a sermon in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the verger opened the door of the pulpit and banged it with a great noise. Then he whispered to the perplexed prelate that the Duke of Wellington was asleep and that, not liking to touch him, they adopted this method of rousing him."

Doubtless the anecdotes enforce the lesson. Certainly many of them are amusing.

PATERNAL government seems to be carried to oppressive extremes in some parts of Germany. The Dresden skating rinks have conspicuous placards reading:

"Don't put your arm around the waist of your skating companion. It's dangerous."

"I never dare to look down when I'm standing on a high place," said Mrs. Lapsling. "It always gives me an attack of verdigris."—Chicago Tribune.

"Have you ever heard the story of Algy and the Bear?" asked a boy of his father. "It's very short. 'Algy met a bear; the bear was bulgy; the bulge was Algy.'"—London News.

CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

HOUSE AT HARRIETSHAM, KENT.

The architectural lines and general treatment, together with the materials used, have combined to produce in this structure a quaint and homelike result that is of more than passing interest.

house. The wood finish in the hall could appropriately be ivory white enamel with doors and hand-rail perhaps in softly polished mahogany. The standing woodwork of the French drawing-room should be treated with the same enamel. For the living-room on the opposite side of the hall a less formal treatment and Colonial furnishing could be indulged. The dining-room at the rear of the hall may hold either mahogany or oak wainscot or could be finished with white enamel. The dominant color appearing on the walls of the hall should show again in the living-room, and if the French drawing-room had walls of old rose or Empire green as its prevailing tone a suggestion of this color should be carried into the other rooms.

In the vernacular house which is frequently built of cement, or shingles and siding, with casement windows and sunken doors suggestive of the English cottage, the interior trim should most appropriately be of wood stained to what is known as a natural tone, that is, showing such color as this particular wood might take from age, and long exposure to weather conditions. For instance, if chestnut is used for the standing woodwork throughout, this may be stained in shades of gray-brown gradually toning to silver-gray in the least lighted rooms of the house. The gradation of color in the woodwork from room to room is so slight as to be more felt than seen. The wall tones should be equally harmonious and show slight contrast. The ceiling tint between the beams, or where a plain ceiling is introduced, should show the same in all rooms, and all floors stained alike in shade and given a similar finish. The variety brought into these rooms may be introduced through the medium of draperies, furniture covering and rugs, and these also should show color relation.

In bedrooms more latitude is allowed and they can be considered—to a certain extent—individually. If the color suggestion of the hall from which such rooms open is neutral in tone or unaggressive, it is not difficult to harmonize a variety of color effects for the different bedrooms. The walls of such rooms may be covered in floral papers, and with these plain draperies should be used, bringing out some color shown on the wall paper; or, if plain effects for the walls are preferred, gaily figured chintzes and cretonnes, or dainty embroidered muslins, for the hangings and furniture coverings may introduce the design and variety of color.

Small Fireplaces are Best.

IN the middle ages our ancestors built their huge wood fires in the middle of their great halls on the stone floor and let the smoke escape any way it could. And it is rather curious (as Henry H. Saylor remarks in House in Garden) that in three centuries of chimney building we have yet to learn, as a race, how to construct a fireplace and flue so that it will do the work expected of it. There are fireplaces that do not smoke, of course, but they are rare. It is an easy matter to make a fireplace draw; simply make the flue large enough and it will draw not only the fire but the fire-tools and a rug or two for good measure. That is the sort our Colonial ancestors built. On a cold night they blistered their toes before the mighty blaze and developed rheumatism and influenza through the mighty wind that rushed past them on its way up the chimney. Ninety per cent of the heat went up the chimney—but then cordwood was to be had for the cutting.

If we are to take real comfort and enjoyment out of our fireplaces we have got to give up this almost universal desire for a big fireplace. I have yet to find the man-about-to-build who does not ask at once for "one of those fine big fellows—the kind that burns whole cordwood." I suppose this is based on the assumption that if a small fireplace is a good thing, a great big one is that much better. Well, it isn't. Have your big cordwood blaze, if you like, in your summer shack or seaside bungalow, where the cheer of a roaring fire is the sole desideratum rather than just plain solid comfort. But a big fireplace is too powerful a ventilator for the home living-room; it needs air—a great quantity of it, and the fire will draw it into the room through every crack and crevice of doors and windows to feed the flames. And that means draughts. So take my advice and be content with a fireplace about three feet in width and two and a half feet high.

Toothless in a Strange City.

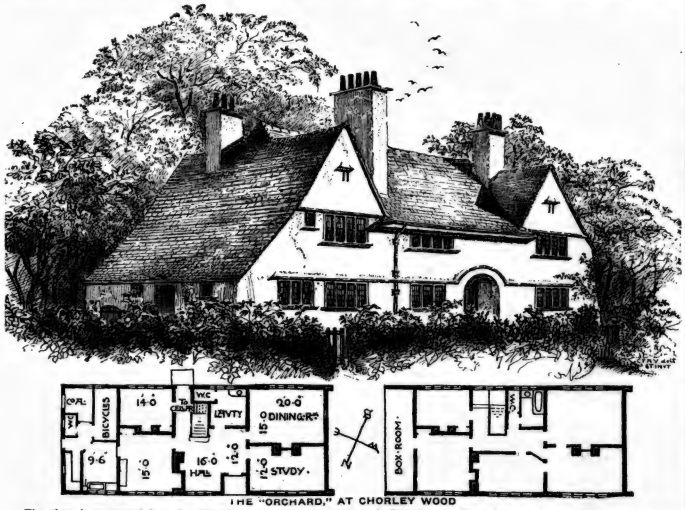
A SHORT time ago Torontonians saw a farce which centered about the loss of a youth's false teeth. Farcical as the incidents seemed they were not more so than an incident which happened to two Torontonians a few years ago. Both were in the United States on business, and to their mutual surprise they bumped into each other in Rochester. Delighted at a meeting in a city in which neither had any friends, they made an evening of it; took in a vaudeville show; had a fine supper, and enjoyed themselves generally. One was obliged to leave by an early train for Toronto. The other was staying half a day longer. They took a double-bedded room and in the night one of them tossed about a good deal.

"What's the matter?" asked his companion.

"To tell the truth," said his friend," I have a new set of false teeth in my mouth and they bother me."

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said his friend; "take them out."

The sleepy man arose, groped about, found his coat, as he thought, wrapped the teeth in his handkerchief and put them in the breast pocket. The other got up early left his friend sleeping and caught his train. As it pulled out of Rochester he sought the dining car and sat down to breakfast. Desiring to use his handkerchief he fumbled in his pockets and took it out. To the consternation of the passenger opposite, a fine set of false teeth dropped on the table. The Torontonian apologized and fell into a paroxysm of laughter. When breakfast came along he demonstrated conclusively that the teeth were not his. Next day a sheepish and toothless man walked into his office and demanded his teeth. He had been compelled to spend a day in a strange city with no other nourishment than soup, all because he had hidden his molars in the wrong coat.



THE "ORCHARD," AT CHORLEY WOOD

The place is so named from its delightful natural surroundings. A characteristic English home, designed by the owner and architect, Mr. C. F. Voysey, and executed in brick with white rough-cast stucco exterior and silver grey tint slate roof. Its breadth of treatment, plain surfaces, and arrangement of roof lines, express in a charming manner the designer's idea of a home.

A Youthful Observer.

THE following is a veracious account of a dialogue between two children, more or less observant, who did not know that they were being overheard by adult ears. The elder youngster was a little girl of five summers, who, in virtue of her superior years, had constituted herself mentor to a little brother of three. The boy, as a result of breaking his Christmas toys, had learned the virtues of the substance known as glue, and lying in his cot was telling of its remarkable qualities as he scanned his own bodily frame.

"My ears dooed on; my arms dooed on; my nose dooed on," he was explaining to his sister. "My hands dooed onto my ankles."

"Oh, don't be silly," said his advanced sister. "Your hands are glued on to your wrists; your ankles are down by your feet."

"No," insisted the boy; "my 'ists my hands' ankles."

"Oh, brother," said the girl, "you're just a little boy and don't know anything about those things. You won't know anything about them till you're bigger and go to chusch."

"Me not going to church," insisted the younger; "me going to oppice like papa."

"Of course you'll go to church," declared the superior sister; "you'll have to go to church till you're big like papa, and then when you're big like him you won't have to go to church at all."

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The Words of the Widow

A fool and his money are easily turned into an unlimited stock company.

* * *

The "salt" of the earth is usually found close to the mine's surface.

* * *

If riches hadn't wings money might be less uplifting.

* * *

A "lamb" usually ends by becoming "the goat."

* * *

Never gauge the depth of an oil well by the length of its promoter's tongue.

* * *

An easy mark often takes things hard.

* * *

A half interest in a paying concern is better than an undivided interest in oneself.

* * *

Watered stock needs no temperance orator to sing its praises.

* * *

The bleating lamb is seldom worth fleecing.

* * *

Some men are given money in order to develop a spirit of enterprise in others.

* * *

Though not a time-piece a ticker has told many a man when his hour has come.

C. C. M.

A Campaign Poem.

THE Women's Social and Political Union, of which Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst are leading members, in a recent issue of their London paper, "Votes for Women," publish the following verses by L. H.:

(Echo of a Barrack-room Ballad, with acknowledgments to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

We went up to Saint Stephens with petitions year by year;
"Get out!" the politicians cried, "we want no women here!"
M.P.'s behind the railings stood and laughed to see the fun,
And bold policemen knocked us down, because we would not run.
For it's woman this, and woman that, and "Woman go away!"
But it's "Share and share alike, ma'am!" when the taxes are to pay;
When the taxes are to pay, my friends, the taxes are to pay,
Oh, it's "Please to pay up promptly!" when the taxes are to pay!

We went before a magistrate, who would not hear us speak,
To a drunken brute who beat his wife he only gave a week;
But we were sent to Holloway a calendar month or more,
Because we dared, against his will, to knock at Asquith's door.
For it's woman this, and woman that, and "Woman, wait outside!"
But it's "Listen to the Ladies!" when it suits your Party's side;
When it suits your Party's side, my friends, when M.P.'s on the stump
Are shaking in their shoes at how the cat is going to jump!

When women go to work for them the Government engage
To give them lots of contract jobs at a low starvation wage,
But when it's men that they employ they always add a note—
"Fair wages must be paid"—*because the men have got the vote.*
For it's woman this, and woman that, and "Woman, learn your place!"
But it's "Help us, of your charity!" when trouble looms apace;
When trouble comes apace, my friends, when trouble comes apace,
Then it's "Oh, for woman's charity!" to help and save the race!

You dress yourselves in uniforms to guard your native shores,
But those who make the uniforms do work as good as yours;
For the soldier bears the rifle, but the woman bears the race—
And that you'd find no trifle if you had to take her place!
Oh, it's woman this, and woman that, and "Woman cannot fight!"
But it's "Ministering Angel!" when the wounded come in sight,
When the wounded come in sight, my friends, the wounded come in sight,
It's a "ministering angel" then who nurses day and night!

You talk of sanitation, and temperance, and schools,
And you send your male inspectors to impose your man-made rules;
"The woman's sphere's the home," you say? Then prove it to our face;
Give us the vote that we may make the home a happier place!
For it's woman this, and woman that, and "Woman, say your say!"
But it's "What's the woman up to?" when she tries to show the way;
When she tries to show the way, my friends, when she tries to show the way—
And the woman means to show it—that is why she's out to-day!

A FUTURE BEAUTY.

This delightful little daughter of Lady Beatrice Herbert is only five years old and already gives promise of much beauty. Her father, Lord Herbert, is the future Earl of Pembroke.

Eskimo Women and Their Ways

ESKIMO women consider themselves the "first ladies of the land." Their traditions tell of them as descending from an earlier and greater nation than the Toltec. They do not call themselves Eskimos (raw-fish eaters), but Innuit—"the people." While beauty is rare among Eskimo women, travellers insist that they possess a fascination of manner, a sympathetic cheerfulness and kindliness of disposition, that charm every one who becomes acquainted with them.

Like most primitive women, the Eskimos are child-like and free from self-consciousness in thought and behavior. Vanity, however, is a feminine foible which no intensity of cold has ever been able to freeze out of them. Skins for boots and gowns are taken from animals, dressed and fashioned into shape by women. The strength and size of their teeth permit them to dress the skins by a chewing process, which extracts all fats and makes them soft and pliable. No other dressing is considered as excellent for bird skins, of which they make summer jackets. Squatting upon the raised platform which occupies from one to three sides of their dwellings, or perhaps, in summer time, out of doors, they hold skins with their teeth while scraping them, pausing occasionally to cleanse scraper or skin with those same useful members, assisted by the tongue, after which the skins are chewed until the process of dressing is completed. An Eskimo woman not only so prepares skins of which she fashions her boots—lining the soles of these with walrus hide—but also keeps her boots pliable by an occasional chewing. Sometimes these fit the leg, but in most communities they bag at the knee so that a baby or implements or articles of work find lodgment there.

Happily the Eskimo wardrobe is scant, and seldom includes more than three suits of skins, with skin stockings, fur shoes and fur boots to wear over the shoes. The summer costume is often of deerskin, with a skin mackintosh for rainy weather.

Threads for sewing and embroidery are dyed as well as made by women from sinews of deer and, where such exist, roots, grass, and tree fibres.

Behring Strait Eskimos carve ivory into belt clasps, buttons, ornaments for sash ends—which hang at one side from the drawing-strings of their trousers—combs to support the hair, earrings, lip labrets, and other decorative objects worn about the person. They even carve their ivory thimbles, thimble-holders, work-boxes, and needle-cases, says a writer in Harper's Bazaar.

These women, too, vary the large pointed fur hood, common to all Eskimos, and built for mothers with a baby pouch back of the shoulders, by tastefully made caps and hats of fur.

Perhaps an Eskimo woman fears that painful consequences would follow the exposure of a clean face to polar atmosphere, for she is not wont to wash her face—although she sometimes scrapes it—so that the blubber with which it is incidentally greased at every meal forms an effective protection against cold. Eskimo women have enormous appetites, and are not especially fastidious in the preparation of their food. With them, quantity, not quality, is the first essential.

Civilization has brought the Eskimo the delight and excitement of shopping. Perhaps to reach a shop she spends three years or more voyaging along the coast for nearly a thousand miles in the family "woman's boat," or oomiack, which is manned entirely by women. How the ten or twenty oarswomen chat of joys to come as they propel a boat some thirty to forty feet long, stored with all their household goods and occupied by all their children! They have, perhaps, made a sail of stitched seal-skin, which aids their progress. Perhaps the head of the household condescends to steer. In any case men accompany them in small hunting craft and break the force of onrushing waves before these can reach the oomiack. Each woman knows that her husband's hands will be quick to seize and steady her craft should rough seas overtake them. Although an oomiack can make fifty miles a day, its women travel leisurely and camp on shore every night. It is no light task to disembark one's entire effects every evening and return them to compact space each morning.

It happens more often than not that the merry shopper contents herself with examining everything and not purchasing anything. Or, it may be, she buys on credit, which no shopkeeper dare refuse, since an Eskimo is very touchy upon this subject, and very particular, if he lives, to pay his obligations.

Too inexperienced is the Eskimo dame to distinguish between the value of Britannia spoons—which she tastefully uses for dress ornaments—bright cotton cloth, and useful iron pots. If her purchase of novelties leaves her its price, she may add an iron pot to her treasures, for well she knows how much more quickly it will cook her soup than the soapstone kettle that hangs from her domestic roof above her train-oil lamp of stone. Perhaps a modern lamp capitivates her fancy, for her saucer-shaped receptacle of stone, with one straight side along which a wick of moss is laid, is certainly antiquated. She does not remember that her primitive stone lamp does not emit smoke, that it furnishes a brilliant light, and supplies heat to her house, besides serving as a cook-stove when she does not prefer her meals frappe.

Stoves are owned by many Eskimo women near the fringes of civilization, but few shoppers from polar regions care for practical articles as compared with useless novelties. Warmth and light are provided in abundance and at little expense in the community houses which eastern Eskimo women build for their permanent homes. These domiciles are often fifty to seventy-five feet in length, with a raised platform of earth or snow, called the "sleeping-bench" because, although it serves as sitting and work room by day, it is used to sleep upon at night. Permanent houses are built of stones and earth, or of driftwood, where that is procurable, and are erected upon as high a site as possible. A woman thinks herself fortunate if she can place her house upon a shelving rock that will serve as a dry floor inside and carry off melting snows outside.

Deftly a woman nets air-tight, transparent fish-gut for window coverings, and lines walls with skins chewed for this purpose. Skilfully she marks off family allotments on the sleeping-bench with the posts which support the long beam that serves as her roof-tree. Each family supplies its own lamp, which burns, night and day, upon a raised stand or—prized possession!—lamp-table, near the edge of that family's place upon the bench. According to its size, from three to ten families occupy a house, each providing its own furnishings of skin and its culinary utensils. Often these consist of a slate-stone knife and soapstone pot, with a bowl by way of dinner service.

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AMERICA'S GRACE DARLING.

Ida Lewis for thirty odd years has kept the light burning in the Lime Rock Light House in Newport harbor; and for twenty years before that she lived there with her father, Captain Hosea Lewis. From him she gained her knowledge of the sea and there are none more expert than she is at sailing a boat, rowing or swimming. A record of eighteen lives saved stands to her record, and as late as August last, her sixty-eight years did not prevent her springing into her boat and rescuing five young girls, whose boat had upset in a steamer's wash. Honors have been showered upon her. She has medals from the Government and from the life saving societies. Andrew Carnegie has placed her on his private pension list, and as long as she lives she will have $30 monthly from this source. But of all the honors and tributes paid to her heroism she appreciates most of all the decision by the New York Yacht Club to elect her a member with full privileges.

When Europeans visit an Eskimo house and are wedged among their hosts to sleep, it is etiquette to extinguish the family lamp, something that only the poverty-stricken do at other times.

Every Eskimo housewife knows that she will not lack anything that her companions can spare, and that, should her own supply of train-oil fail, she will be welcome to a supply for herself and her lamp from the sealskin oil-sack of a neighbor. To her the lonely, separate house is associated with the birth of a child and her deathbed. Alone she is laid upon a skin-covered bench of snow in a hastily constructed hut of the same dazzling whiteness. Near her are placed a lamp, food and water, but who can describe the chill of an arctic igloo with only one lamp to heat it! Here her first-born comes into the world, and in a similar new hut each child opens its eyes upon a world of white loneliness and cold. If it be sickly or deformed, the sea or the bitter outer world seals its eyes with ice. No wail breaks the silence of its passing soul, for its tiny mouth has been filled with straw. Eskimos dread sight or sound—and especially touch—of the dead.

On her first entrance to her new hut of snow an Eskimo woman is buoyed by hope of welcoming a son. What of her last incoming to those narrow confines? She knows that the medicine-man has decided that her sickness is mortal when she is laid upon her bed of snow. She gazes upon the feebly burning lamp beside her; upon food and drink set close at her hand. She sees her loved ones pass out of the doorway that needs no tunnel entrance to keep chill airs away, for presently the door is sealed with snow. The chill of death pierces through her enveloping furs. Her tomb insures that no long tarrying will be hers. The soul, companioning with her, may refresh itself with food, but starving and freezing her feeble body will witness even that soul's departure and know that its hour has come to perish alone.

If European death scenes astonish, the consenting "yes" of a bride at marriage shocks an Eskimo woman. Not only must a bride show herself unconsenting; she must, if she respects herself and tribal traditions, scream and struggle with all her might when her wooer or his envoy enters her family residence and, laying hold upon her, drags her—usually by the topknot—to her new home. She may be presented with a new lamp and water-pail by her bridegroom, and she is, as a general thing, mightily pleased at her change of estate. But she is far too circumspect to show her pleasure or affection, and keeps up a noisy demonstration until she feels that she has done all that a well-bred maiden should. If she does not exercise proper discrimination in this matter, her lord sometimes scratches the soles of her feet so that she cannot run away to her parents.

The women of Aberdeen, S.D., cast one-fourth of all the votes in a recent election to pass on the proposal to issue $17,000 of bonds for a High School building.

Hamar Greenwood's Courtesy.

A former president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, who is widely known by her pen name, Mary Markwell, tells the following story:

"When I was in London a couple of years ago, the opening of the British Parliament seemed to be something I ought to see. Being the 'President of the Canadian Women's Press Club,' I considered it only necessary to send my ('official'?) card to the Lord High Chamberlain and forthwith receive a card of admission to peerage seats!

"I awaited this recognition of my own importance until two days before Parliament opened; the last mail brought me nothing—the official Source of Parliamentary favors had, probably, lit his official pipe with my official card! Nevertheless, I began to realize how very big the British Parliament, and, incidentally, how very small the 'president of the Canadian Press,' etc., was. But the Canadian spirit dies hard—I wanted to witness this pageant of pageantry! Then I remembered:

"Wasn't Mr. Hamar Greenwood a House member? More, wasn't he a Canadian? I sat down and wrote Mr. Greenwood the following note:

"'Dear Mr. Greenwood,—Parliament opens to-morrow. I am a Canadian woman in London. I want to see my King, and the Lord High Chamber-some-thing-or-other won't let me; can you help me? (Signed) M. M.'

"That night I cried myself to sleep in my S.W. Kensington lodgings, feeling that this talk of the 'Imperial spirit' wanted some of its elixir 'at home'! Of course, I was Nobody—why should the great Lord High Chamberlain recognize in poor me my great-grand-mama's right to Debrett? How I hated Lord High Chamberlains!

"Next morning dawned in a deluge of rain Clad in working togs, I took the penny 'bus for No. 12 Charing Cross, where, day after day I was enlightening 'decayed gentlewomen' on chances in Canada. I had given up all hope of seeing my King in his royal robes, and I had too much Canuck spunk left to go out in a raincoat and 'galoshes' to see him passing by. I went to my desk and set about opening a Vesuvius of mail enquiries.

"Suddenly the office door swung open and in whirled a strikingly handsome man, silk hat in hand and swinging a gold-headed cane-umbrella.

"'Are you Mary Markwell?'

"'Yes.'

"'My name is Greenwood. I got your note yesterday, but I wasn't able to secure you a ticket of admission until about an hour ago; by happy chance I got it for you' (extending an official looking envelope).

"'Oh, Mr. Greenwood' (this in a despairing wail) 'I haven't got a decent hat—it's miles to Kensington—and—and'—(here the tears came), 'and it's after ten o'clock—and—Parliament—opens—at—eleven—a.—m.'

"'I'll call a cab!' said the gentleman briskly; 'get ready—whirl home and get your hat' (consulting his watch with tremendous gravity). 'You've just forty minutes left, and you can make it if you try!'

"Then Hamar Greenwood, British M.P., silk-hatted and dressed for the great Function, stepped to the door, summoned a hansom, which whirled me to S.W. Kensington and back to the British House of Commons in time to see Edward VII. open Parliament in the year 1907"

Mary Markwell, in telling the story, adds: "The only time I ever felt like joining the 'votes-for-women' order. I *would* like to be able to vote for Hamar Greenwood."

Couldn't Be Right There.

A man from Western Canada recently came East for a visit. He found one day that he was not far from an asylum, where a cousin he had not seen for some years was engaged as a carpenter, and decided to stay off there for a day, and visit his relative.

He was made welcome, and after dinner he was told that the superintendent would take him through the asylum at two o'clock. As he was much interested in the institution, he was in the office promptly on time to keep his appointment.

But although there were people going in and out all the time, no one spoke to him. At last he began to wonder if he had made a mistake in the time, if his watch was wrong, or if the clock on the wall was not correct. So he stopped the next person who entered and said: "Will you please tell me, is that clock right?"

The girl laughed and answered: "What you're givin' us? Go on back to your cell. What would it be doin' here if it was right?"

MISS MARJORIE SLAUGHTER.

The first woman to conduct an orchestra of men at a London theatre. Miss Slaughter has shown herself eminently fitted for the post and has been especially successful in conducting her late father's music.

Letters of a self-made woman to her Daughter

MY DEAR ANNIE:

I wonder if life is as interesting to those who have all their habits, surroundings and almost thoughts arranged for them generations ahead, as it is to a person such as I, for whom new experiences, situations and decisions are each day's provision. Sometimes it is to you, my dear daughter, that I owe a valuable suggestion. For instance, when we came to this city and bought this house, I was absolutely under the direction of your governess, Miss Brown, as to selection and purchase of furniture, engaging servants, and fitting myself out with fine clothes. Madame has done many hard things to me in the way of providing raiment, but, until you said so briskly, "Why don't you go to someone else?" the idea never seemed to occur to me. I had a good excuse to leave madame, when some valuable lace was injured in being arranged on my new evening gown. So she sent in a terrible bill, I paid her, and she will dress me no more. She does not even realize that I have really given her up, but if I can only find a woman who would be ashamed to send me an orange satin gown, when I ordered a dull brown, I shall never squander any more good money on clothes at which I have seen and heard people laugh. I am going to lock away all these vivid gowns, and have a few rich, quiet, grey, white or black ones. I love color, but observation and sense seem to say that I shall do better to leave it out of my gowns in large measure. This notion has opened my eyes to the duty a woman has to be pleasant and dignified in clothing as well as in manner. I hope I shall not become dowdy, but there must be dressmakers who will meet my views. I have found out the address of the lady whose dear little children used to come into my rooms at the Ponce de Leon, and bring me flowers, and I am going to write to their mother and ask her if I may have the little ones for tea next Saturday. I am also going to ask her if I may come and see her sometimes. I know Miss Brown wouldn't let me, if she were here, and I feel a certain risk in doing it, but I am rather inclined to think I shall not make a mistake. If she is ill, I could take her out for a drive, and that would be grand, for I dread that solitary airing in my fine car more than anything I have to do. Perhaps she may even be the friend I am wanting, so you may expect more in my next letter. You ask what I am doing? Well, Annie dear, the recital is not very long. I go out for an hour each morning, sometimes to shop, sometimes to look after a few poor people, sometimes out into the country to get rid of houses and ashphalt, and buy new laid eggs. I have found a place where the farmeress keeps a dozen for me every week, with the dates marked on each one. They do taste good, Annie, and if she would let me go into the barn and find them myself, I'd think they'd taste even better. When the chauffeur sees me carrying out a little wadded basket, he always steers straight for the farm. Your father says he will buy me a little place in the country in April, so that I can go out there when I please, and have my own hens and dairy and garden. I don't suppose it will cost any more than madame's last bill, and how much I shall enjoy it! If my little children's mother would like, I could take them all out every week-end. But perhaps she won't! Uncle and aunt got here safely on Saturday. They are becoming more contented and don't look fussy whenever one of the maids goes near them. The little chamber-maid (housemaid, I should say) is a very bright busy little Irish girl, and uncle says he'd like to steal her from me. She gets on wonderfully with your aunt, and has coaxed her to let her arrange her hair, which is curly and white, and looks quite wonderful in the new style little Peggy has chosen. I found that this big house could not be properly kept in order with only Peggy for upstair work, so we have closed several of the rooms, and now she can get along. She is very anxious to please me, and you cannot imagine how much better I am looked after than when we had seven servants, even though now there are only three. The best of it is that I believe I have now such a grasp of my household that I could manage one or two more quite as easily. Whenever Peggy has too much to do, she has promised to let me know, and we are to send for her cousin, who is anxious to come out to Canada. In the meantime she looks after me beautifully, keeps my things almost as nice as Marie did, and does my hair much more becomingly. In the evening, when I am alone, she reads the papers to me, and once she propped open the double door into their little sitting room, to let me hear how well she could manage the pianola. These little human ways, without any aggressiveness, suit me much better than the former way we lived under the rule of the big butler and his staff. Uncle and aunt have told me a good many things they have heard said about us, down where we used to live. I have become a foolish over-dressed fashion-plate, and you an extravagant overbearing sort of girl. L t's shake hands on it, Annie, for one's about as true as the other. I've been going around in a tweed skirt and plain silk blouse, ever since uncle and aunt came. I wonder if I dare let them see me in my gown for the ball? It certainly is most dainty and becoming, even if the lace is pleated up where it has been torn. I bought a black costume and toque to take uncle and aunt to church. They talked all the evening about the sermon, and fortunately it suited them perfectly. Country people are so much given to criticism of their clergyman that I am quite relieved to find they liked the one I picked out as near their style. Between you and me, Annie, I never could understand how so many rave over him. He certainly doesn't give one much new thought, and to be constantly told the same thing over and over gets on my nerves. Your father laughs at me for this, and says we don't go to church to get new notions, but somehow, when he says that, I can see a little twinkle in his eye, and I mistrust if he means it. I wish you were here, Annie, for I find it hard to amuse uncle and aunt. I have fallen into quiet ways, and done so much thinking lately, that I've lost my chatty and gossipy powers. Somehow, it worries me to have aunt tell me about the operations and terrible illnesses of the countryside, and uncle on English politics is simply a screaming farce. The other evening, young Charlie B. came in with a book he wanted me to read, and he had the time of his life drawing uncle out on the tariff reform and votes for women. I could scarcely remain in the room, between the fun of uncle's arguments and the audacity of that fearless boy. I don't talk politics with anyone but your father, and then only to be set right on any question which concerns this country, but uncle knows it all from A to Z. It took me back twenty years to hear him laying down the law about England and Germany. Charlie B. says he never had so clear a view of what might happen to all of us, but I know he was making fun. I hadn't the heart to stop him either, for it was the first time your uncle has had a chance to really talk since he came, and he did enjoy instructing that mischievous boy. When he went away, Charlie B. said he'd like to come again and argue it out with the jolly old chap, and both aunt and uncle urged him to do so. It's no use saying anything, is it?

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

The Life of the Czarina.

LIVING a life that is filled with fears for the safety of all whom she holds dearest the Czarina, once a happy healthy girl full of life and spirits, is now a melancholy wreck and is said to be suffering acutely from hysteria and melancholia.

Daughter of Princess Alice and a favorite with all the British Royal family the Czarina in her girlhood was often in England and was devoted to her English relatives. Her marriage to the Czar took place under very melancholy circumstances and since then conditions in Russia have been such that she has gone in constant fear of not only her own life but of those of her husband and children. The Czarina with her somewhat strict upbringing and Anglo-Saxon ideas tinged with mid-Victorianism was not as adaptable as she might have been when she found herself the consort of the ruler of all the Russias, and from her first appearance in the land of her adoption she failed to win popularity.

The domestic side of her life has been tinged with sadness, for the lack of an heir added to her unpopularity and the birth of her four daughters tended to make her still less liked outside her immediate family, although it has been asserted that both the Czar and Czarina would have preferred not to have a son upon whose shoulders would fall the tremendous responsibility of guiding Russia through her formative period. The little heir was however eagerly welcomed and his advent made a decided difference in the position of the Czarina. As mother of the future Emperor she held a much more important position than as merely the mother of the little Grand Duchesses.

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THE CZARINA.

One of the most beautiful and clever of the late Queen Victoria's granddaughters, the Empress of Russia has had a somewhat tragic life, and at present is seriously ill.

The strain however of knowing that her family and friends were in constant jeopardy owing to the action of the Terrorists had so worked on her nerves that she became a wreck of her former self. It is said that the Czarina cannot bear to have her son out of her sight and that every moment he is away from her she expects to hear that some evil has happened to him. It is even hinted that already the little heir has suffered from a serious illness the cause of which was not altogether natural.

The relations between the Czarina and her mother-in-law, the Empress Dowager, have never been of the happiest, especially as the latter for some time after her son's marriage retained a very strong influence over him, even going so far as to interfere in the domestic arrangements of the Royal pair, and to exercise considerable authority in the nursery. With the birth of the heir the Czarina insisted upon all this being changed with the result that the various members of the family do not pull very well together.

During the past eighteen months the Czarina has suffered from several severe nervous breakdowns, the last of which has proved so serious that several specialists were called into consultation, including a leading authority on mental diseases. Since then the Empress has rallied somewhat but it is generally believed that her condition is very grave.

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THE RUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY.

A new photograph of the Czar and Czarina, with their only son the heir to the Russian throne, taken on the Czar's yacht "Standard."

Father of the Apaches.

ARTHUR DUPIN, the "father of the Apaches," has just died in Paris. He was a feuilletonist, who wrote stories for the Paris press after the style of Fenimore Cooper. One of his early contributions, entitled "Les Apaches de Belleville," made such an impression on the criminal classes of that notorious Paris suburb that by common consent they adopted the name of the redskin tribe.

From that time on the fraternity professed a grim sort of affection and respect for M. Dupin, to whom they considered themselves under an obligation. One of their leaders, known as "the doctor," was told off to visit the feuilletonist periodically and keep him informed of the happenings in their ranks and furnish him with material for fresh stories.

One day "the doctor," coming out of Dupin's office, spied a detective who he knew was on the lookout for him so he went back, appropriated a fur overcoat and top hat belonging to the proprietor of the journal on which Dupin was employed and strolled calmly past the unsuspecting sleuth. The articles were brought back the next morning, but their irate owner refused to wear them again and called to the police, who arrested "the doctor." After that the Apaches were less "demonstrative in their affection for their father."

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IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Arrival of the Czarina, accompanied by the Czarevitch, to witness the Cossack parade.

Old Friends and New

Little Breeches.

I DON'T go much on religion.
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On a handful o' things I know,
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free will and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong;
Pert and chippy and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chew terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started!—
I heard one little squall
And hell to split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell to split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches
And sarched for 'em far and near,
At last was struck hosses and waggon
Snowed under a soft white mound!
Upset, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hopes soured on me
Of my fellow-critter's aid—
I jest flopped on my marrow bones,
Crotch deep in the snow and prayed.
By this the torches were played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhat thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white.
And thar sot Little Breeches, and chirped
As pert as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter with me."

How did he git thar? Angels
He could never have walked in that storm;
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm,
And I think that saving a little child
And fotching him to his own,
Is a durned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne.

—John Hay.

A Midsummer Song.

O FATHER'S gone to market-town, he was up before the day,
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen-door is calling with a will;
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
O, where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning air there comes a summer sound—
A murmur as of waters from skies and trees and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo:
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
O, where's Polly?"

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with buzz and boom,
And in the field and garden a thousand blossoms bloom.
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny rose,
But—Polly!—Polly—The cows are in the corn!
O, where's Polly?

How strange at such a time of day the mill should stop its clatter!
The farmer's wife is listening now and wonders what's the matter.
O, wild the birds are singing in the wood and on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill.
But Polly!—Polly—The cows are in the corn!
O, where's Polly?

—Richard Watson Gilder.

For the first time in Georgia politics a woman has announced her desire to select a Congressman. She is Mrs. Griggs, widow of Representative J. M. Griggs, who died recently. As soon as Governor Brown called an election Mrs. Griggs called a conference of friends announcing that she wished H. H. McIntosh to succeed her husband. Mr. McIntosh will probably make the race at her request. Mrs. Griggs's action, it is said, was taken because of her knowledge of her husband's unfinished plans. She says Mr. McIntosh is the man best fitted to complete them.

Miss Anna C. Hedges, a St. Louis girl, and principal of the Hebrew Technical School for Girls in New York City, has been chosen to fill the newly established chair of Household Economy at the University of New Zealand. Miss Hedges was graduated from Columbia University in 1905.

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A SUFFRAGETTE in an American city was doing some slum visiting. Coming on a dirty little boy, she said:

"Ah, my little fellow, I am shocked to see so many youngsters around here with soiled faces. Don't you know we suffragettes have promised to kiss every little boy that has a clean face?"

"Dat's why we're keeping dem soiled, mum!" shouted the tough lad as he beat it down the alley.

"Own up, now. Who's the head of your family?" "My wife used to be," admitted Mr. Enpeck. "But since my daughters are grown we have a commission form of government."—Washington Herald.

TORONTO SOCIETY

LT.-COL. R. K. SCOTT, D.S.O., who was loaned by the Imperial Service to the Canadian Service, and who is the Principal Ordnance officer at Ottawa, is at the end of his time returning to the Imperial Service. Major J. F. Macdonald, Senior Ordnance officer, of Toronto, has been promoted to the position vacated by Lt.-Col. Scott, and will take up his residence in Ottawa on February 15th, 1910.

The Cricket Ball fulfilled all the expectations of the club on Tuesday evening and turned out a most gay and successful affair, all the requisites for a very pleasant evening having been ensured by the committee. The King Edward is a delightful place for a dance, owing to the luxury and variety of the 'tween-numbers sitting-out places, the fine floor and the excellent arrangements possible for supper. The most beautiful gown may be worn without a tremor of apprehension, the surroundings are in harmony and the promenades spacious and elegant. The committee saw to the music and every one dancing had a word of praise for it, and there were a great many dancing who don't do so often, but who limbered up for the Cricket Ball partly out of love of the fine old game and memory of the good victories Toronto has won, partly because they found it impossible to resist "the time, the place and the girl." There were many handsome chaperones present, and so many balls nowadays lack in this imposing feature, that one welcomed the rich gowns, the grey-ing hair and the smiling interest of the older set. Also there are young cricketers whose prowess interests some very pretty maidens, and they were all there, men and maids, and quite a number of young matrons who admire hubby on the field, and enjoy hours under the shade of big trees on 'Varsity Lawn, while he piles up runs or does marvels of bowling or fielding. Others came to dance, for the simple love of dancing, and all enjoyed themselves in a delightful manner.. Mrs W. Fleury, wife of the president, received, assisted by Mrs. Dyce Saunders, whose husband is a noted cricketer. Mrs. Fleury was in white satin, veiled in painted chiffon, and Mrs. Saunders in a glittering black jetted gown. They stood in the banquet hall, through which guests passed, *en route* to the ballroom, at the entrance to which were programmes. At eleven o'clock supper was served in the banquet hall, where a table of honor was arranged for the Government House party and the patronesses who were escorted by members of the committee. The overflow of supper guests sat at tables in the east corridor and everything was managed as smoothly as if the Cricket Club was in the habit of giving dances once a week. His Honor came in before supper and escorted Mrs. Fleury, the Misses Gibson, Miss Creelman, Captain Douglas Young and Mr. Hope Gibson, A.D.C's., were of the Government House party, and the latter was also one of the stewards of the dance. A few of the guests were: Mr., Mrs. and Miss Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion; Mrs., Mr. A., and Miss Gooderham, of Deancroft; Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey, Mrs. Arthur Grasett and Miss Grasett, Mrs. and Miss Beatrice Spragge, Mr. Davidson Harman, Miss Handyside, of Montreal; Miss Clarkson Jones, Mrs. W. H. Cross, the Misses Meta and Winnifred Cross, Major and Mrs. Home, the Misses Braithwaite, Miss Marion Creelman, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Mr. and Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Miss Vivian McLeod, the Misses Heward, the Misses Edwards, Miss Amy Saunders, Miss Chalcraft, Mr. and Miss Rathbun, Mr. Acton Fleming, Miss Gladys Baldwin, Mr. Clifford Brown, Mrs. Victor and Miss Norma Armstrong, Miss Caldwell, Miss Edith Kay, Miss Heron, Miss Adele Boulton, Mr. and Miss H. Laidlaw, Mr. Dimock, Dr. Walter Wright, Miss Lottie Phillips, Miss Phyllis Moffat, Miss Norah Gwynn, Miss Aileen Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond Mackay, Miss Julia Pringle, Mr. Merrick, Mr. Ross. Captain Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Clarkson, Miss Marguerite Baines, Miss and the Messrs. Fellowes, Dr. Stewart, Captain Austin Boddy, Mr. P. E. Henderson, Miss Lois Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Miss Nevitt, Mr. and Mrs. George Blaikie, Mr. Cambie, Miss Estelle Nordheimer, Mr. Roy Nordheimer, Mr. Percy Patterson, Miss Norah Warren, Mr. and Miss Greening, Mr. A. K. MacDougall, Miss Florence Bowes, the Misses Schreiber, Miss Margaret Cassels. Dr. Spragge, Dr. Stanley Ryerson, Dr. Brefney O'Rielly, Mr. Sutherland, the Misses Murray, Miss Phippen and Miss Persse, Miss Lilian Miles, Miss Hilda Burton, Miss Devigne, Miss Kemp of Castle Frank, Mr. Hugh Barwick, Miss Rolph, Miss Adele Harman, Miss Eleanor MacKenzie. Mr. John Greey, Mr. Waldie, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin.

Miss Grace Rothwell is visiting Major and Mrs. Edward Leigh.

Mrs. Clinton, of New York, who has been Mrs. John Cawthra's guest, returned home on Wednesday.

Many friends called on Mrs. Home on Tuesday, who was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Harold Bickford, each of the pretty sisters looking most attractive, Mrs. Home in a graceful white crepe de soie embroidered costume, and holding a large round bouquet of sweet peas and lily of the valley and Mrs. Bickford in a mahogany tinted cloth gown with smart trimmings of velvet. In the dining room the bonnie maids who had officiated as attendants on the bride at the Home-Davidson wedding were in charge of the refreshments and Mrs. Cambie and Mrs. Douglas Warren poured tea and coffee. The decorations were of pink sweet peas in both rooms.

The Arts dance last week was a very successful function and a bright party enjoyed the short programme and as usual longed for more. The gymnasium was prettily decorated and the committee did themselves credit The music and floor were perfect.

Miss Dorothy Gates, of Hamilton, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Hagarty, 17 Walmer road, and will be in town for her cousin's marriage to Mr. Casey Wood.

Mrs. Cawthra has entertained several times for her guest Mrs. Clinton of New York, a charming visitor, who is making many friends here. On Thursday (20th) Mrs. Cawthra gave an informal luncheon for Mrs. Clinton, at which another visitor in town, Mrs. Body, was also a guest. The art treasures which Mrs. Cawthra is always adding to on each of her wonderful tours are sure to afford post-prandial interest to anyone enjoying her hospitality and a number of wonderful snakes and dragons and fearsome reptiles in exquisite carved ivory or flexible silver or in bronze are the latest additions to the treasures, which beautify her salon.

AN ENGLISH BOY.

John, the younger son of Baron de Forest, has an older brother, Alaric, who is equally charming in looks. Baron de Forest was the adopted son of the late Baron de Hirsch, and Lady de Forest is a sister of the present Lord Gerard.

The Saturday evening baseball games at the Armouries continue to attract smart crowds and the officers and their kind chaperones do all possible to make these evenings a finish of brightness and good cheer each week.

Captain Lindsay has returned to Stanley Barracks after some time spent in Eastern Canada.

Mrs. George Evans invited some friends for tea yesterday afternoon, to meet her cousin Miss Sydney Bland, (a daughter of General Bland, R.E., of White Abbey, County Antrim), who is out on a visit at Holm House.

On January 19, at eight o'clock, in the Calvary Presbyterian church, Cleveland, the marriage of Mr. Forsey Pemberton Page and Miss Nellie Louise Pentland was celebrated by Rev. T. S. McWilliams, assisted by Rev. S. T. Martin, of Toronto, of which city the groom is a resident. Mr. S. Gourlay, of St. Catharines, brought in the bride, his niece, and gave her away. Mr. Fred Elliott, of Toronto, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Page are to make their home at Sheldrake ave., North Toronto, after the first of March. They are now honey-mooning in the East.

Owing to the discomfort in Paris because of the floods, several Torontonians domiciled there have been seeking pastures new. Among others, Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs and Mrs. Greene were leaving and going to England, I believe.

Monsieur Balbaud will give two French lectures in Conservatory Hall, on the afternoons of Feb. 2 and 9. The first lecture will be on fairy stories, "Les contes des fees," and the second on Military stories of Napoleon I. Monsieur Balbaud's delightful French is too well known to need any comment, and these lectures, not being on abstruse subjects, will be more easy of comprehension by students of *"la belle langue."*

The marriage of Miss Annie Hagarty, daughter of the late Mr. George Hagarty, Walmer road, and Mr. S. Casey Wood, jr., son of Hon. S. C. Wood, took place in St. George's church on Wednesday afternoon, the witnesses of the happy event being a small party of relatives and near friends. Revs. W. Broughall and Canon Cayley performed the ceremony, and Mr. Dudley Hagarty brought in his sister, and gave her away. Miss Norah Warren was bridesmaid and Mr. L. P. Wood best man. Miss Hagarty's wedding gown was very handsome. of ivory satin with rare lace and touches of silver, the overdress of chiffon was hemmed with silver and the veil and orange blossoms were arranged most becomingly. The bouquet was a shower of lily of the valley, and the jewels worn were pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaid was in a pale blue gown, artistically planned, as all Miss Warren's gowns are, with a toque to match, trimmed with an osprey and white owl's head. Her bouquet was of pink roses. After the ceremony, Mrs. Hagarty received the guests at her residence, and later on Mr. and Mrs. Casey Wood went south for their honeymoon, the dear little bride looking very happy and pretty in a cloth travelling costume and hat of violet shade. The wedding presents were beautiful, although, owing to the family being in mourning, very few were asked to the wedding. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wood are very highly esteemed in Toronto and hearty good wishes follow them into their new life. They are to reside at 35 Foxbar road.

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E. G. WEST & COMPANY, Canadian Agents, 176 King Street East, Toronto.

The Wolf.

A SHEPHERD found a wolf one day
Within his fold, quite well disguised
In very best of sheep's array.
The wolf discovered was surprised.

"How did you see my little game?
I wish that you would let me know."
The shepherd said, "You're all the same.
You always overact it so!"

—Lippincott's.

Many English women are excellent shots, and among the best must be counted the Marchioness of Graham, the Marchioness of Bredalbane and the Duchess of Bedford. Queen Maud, of Norway, is also an excellent shot, and when a child practised daily at a target.

Where Women Live Long.

IN various countries women are said, on the whole, to live longer than men. Some recent statistics show that women of Belgium usually live to a good old age, and that in Brussels especially this is the case. During the last two years the feminine element has predominated in the Brussels population. In 1908 there were only 7,848 boys in the Belgian capital between the ages of 10 and 15 and 7,903 girls of the same age. After 20 years the difference increases in favor of the woman, and while Brussels only possessed 9,383 males of 20 to 25 years and 9,181 of 25 to 30, the fairest half of the human race was represented by 11,701 and 10,899 respectively.

This supremacy the feminine element keeps positively to the end, at least as far as Brussels is concerned. While Brussels has only sixty-five men of 85 to 90 years and ten nonagenarians only, she can count 184 women between the ages of 85 and 90, thirty-five of 90 to 95 years, and six of more than 95 years.

Joynes.—I tell you, Singleton, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented married life, the happy flight of years, the long, restful calm of——. Singleton.—How long have you been married? Joynes.—Just a month.—Tit-Bits.

Lady Gay's Column

WE were talking over the present styles of hairdressing and the men took the liberty of saying they were hideous. "If," said the wise woman of the quartette, "one could manage to evolve a braid that would make the belt line around one's cranium, without false hair, I'd find the turban head perfectly artistic and admirable." "Oh, don't hesitate over a pound or two of switch, even if it is a Belt Line," said the flippant girl. "I don't see why one shouldn't wear false hair!" "Well, did you ever try and find out where most of the false hair comes from?" asked the wise woman. And then she told of the pigtails cut from the heads of Chinese malefactors, whose sentence of being buried alive leaves their unfortunate heads sticking out, so that the thieves of hair-hunters may come along and snip off the pigtail. The hair is very coarse and strong and undergoes a queer treatment of steaming and stretching by suspension with a two hundred pound weight attached, until it is ever so many times its original length and proportionately attenuated. To supply fair hair it is bleached white with sulphuric acid and then dyed the blonde shade desired. Fancy going around with a turban headdress made out of the pigtail of a Chinese criminal! More terrible than this chance is that of wearing the hair of a diseased person, even a leper, for the hairhunters do not stop at a little thing like leprosy. Only the other day I read a report of a woman who had contracted this fearsome blight, and the paragraph mentioned that she had probably been infected by the false hair bound about her head.

Apropos of the false hair question, a debutante of a recent year has sent me the following lines which she calls "The Society Girl's Problem." If you don't like it, blame her, not me.

"To curl, or not to curl, that is the question,
Whether 'tis better at the dance to appear
With classic outline of straight locks all smooth,
Or to grasp firmly at the tongs red-hot
And produce a row of frizly. To curl, to frizz,
To frizz, perchance to burn, aye, there's the rub,
For, if we burn, hair once gone ne'er returns,
This thought to contemplate we all agree
Must give us pause. There is the dread
That makes us, 'spite of longing, hesitate.
For who admires the short and skimped ends,
The roughened look that irons will produce,
The scraggy tufts askew, as the result
Of long and frequent visits to "Monsieur"
When we ourselves might, if we wore it plain.
Arrange it with a comb? Yet still, we own
The subtle fascination of the curl,
The Marcel wave, that used to hold such vogue,
The winsome tendril! Who would plainness bear
But that the fear of ugliness to come
(When rats, and switches, puffs and such have fled)
Inspires rather to cherish what we have,
Than trust to tonics that we know not of.
Thus meditation brings it down to this,
And thus we say, in tones of deep resolve,
"Straight hair." It is our fate and we submit,
While golden dreams of beauty unattained
Fade into nothingness, from whence they came,
And lose the name of action!"

Have you a small blank book by you, with a pencil handy, when you are enjoying a clever story or article? Here and there, epigrams, clever little moralizings, quaint imagery, enchanting humour jostle your senses and give you a quick tingling of appreciation. You pick up your pencil and copy the phrase which has pleased you, add the name of the writer, and know it is yours forever. A little book such as you may in time make by this method is of decided value. It holds the things which have interested, amused, impressed you. And it brings them back to you clearly and quickly, as you turn over its closely written pages. Nothing over six lines should go into such a little book. There is often the most precious nugget of wisdom in one line. Try the little blank book and the pencil and see if you don't soon find it well worth while.

Here is what went into my little book to-day, from a French story I became entangled in: "Money never yet missed the smallest opportunity of being stupid." "In revolutions, as in storms at sea, solid treasure goes to the bottom, light trifles are floated to the surface." "Love is the gold, Hatred the iron, of the mine of feeling that lies buried in us." "A woman's caresses scare away the Muse."

Among the many well-paid occupations which are open to women I often wonder that proofreading isn't more sought out. A good proofreader is really born, not made, although a great deal of making is also necessary. A wide range of knowledge—not too pedantic, or modern diction would sometimes give cramps and conniption fits—quickness of perception, for once one begins to blunder in search of the real meaning, one finds several imps of suggestion and final bewilderment; a certain familiarity with Latin, French and German, an aptness at following the mode of expression and general style, and a patient understanding of the shortcomings of the writer, in matters of omission and commission, in short an assembly of sterling qualities, added to a proper time of birth, are necessary to make the ideal proofreader. He or she is rare and precious accordingly, even-tempered and iron-nerved, capable of complete concentration, so that untimely interruptions only cost the time they consume, and not five minutes more to get into calm renewal of work, a high consciousness of responsibility and great value for perfect results; these make the ideal proofreader, so it's no wonder the article is scarce and hard to come by.

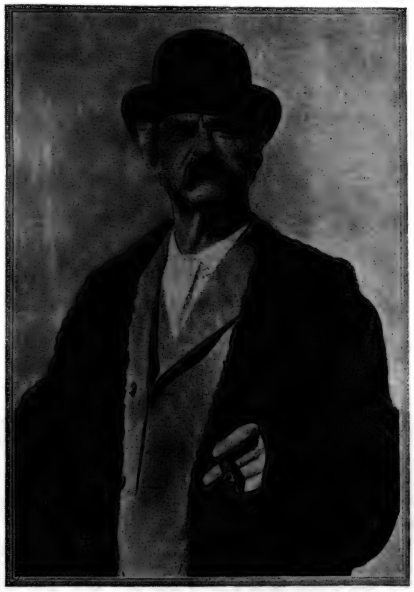
Did you ever see your poulterer weighing a chicken? It may be away up in the twenties-a-pound, but why does he make you pay for the head and the feet and the wing-quills and the wooden skewers, and oh, why doesn't he put a pair of rubbers and a Tam on the poor birds this cold weather, or a pair of skates? I asked my butcher about it and he grinned, but all the extras went with the fowl, which totaled up to about fifty cents a pound of eatable matter in the finish.

Don't you just love the pawer? The other night I saw two men talking and one kept pawing the other, on the arm, on the knee, on the shoulder, until he was absolutely obliged to dash away with some foolish excuse. It was with a sense of great joy that I heard that crusty old Baronet in "The House Next Door" shout within twenty-four hours: "Don't dare to paw me, sir," and I was hoping the victim of the evening before was in the theatre, for I'm sure he'd have enjoyed it too. The pawing person, male or female, should be caged, until some dawning sense of the enormity of his ill conduct arises in his soul, and even when he's let out his neighbors should shout at him as Sir John Cotswold did in the play: "Don't dare to paw us, sir."

To a correspondent of to-day, signing herself "August," I am obliged to refuse a nicely worded request, for the reason that the work she asks me to do has now no space provided in the paper. As for the alternative of answering her letter privately, I have not even time to write letters to my own kith and kin these busy days. Will August accept my regrets on the matter?

LADY GAY.

LORD KITCHENER AND HIS HOSTESS.
This picture of Lord Kitchener and the wife of the Marquis Maida formed part of a photograph of the house-party staying at the residence of the Marquis at Tokio, during Lord Kitchener's recent visit to Japan.



MARK TWAIN'S LATEST.
A new photograph of the great humorist. It was taken at his home at Redding, Connecticut, on his return from a trip to Bermuda.

An Ear-piercing Ceremony.

EVEN in this day of the revival of the ear ring there are people who liken the custom to that of wearing a nose ring, and all kinds of remarks are made about women still clinging to their primitive tastes simply because they show a fondness for a jewel that has long found favor in the eyes of their sex. The piercing of the ear has been largely done away with of late by the habit of wearing ear rings that are held in place with a screw, but while this is becoming a custom in some lands, there are still many countries where the ear is carefully pierced, and in Burma the ceremony is one attended with a certain degree of formality, being equivalent in fact to a girl's "coming out" in England or America.

It is difficult to imagine a more trying ordeal than that of being dressed up in one's best and having one's ears pierced in the presence of all one's relations, friends, and acquaintances. The fact that the sharp needles used by the professional ear-borer in Burma are of real gold can hardly render the operation less painful, and it is considered quite necessary to have an orchestra ready to strike up loud music as the exact moment approaches to drown the cries and protestations that the small victim may utter. The holes are filled with short bits of grass, the number of these being increased each day hereafter until the aperture reaches the required size. A 'pwe' (play) begins for the amusement of the guests, and like the dramatic entertainments of China it may last for many hours or even days.

Although it may seem tedious to the Western mind, these little people of Burma seem to enjoy watching a lengthy presentation of some fairy tale—for such is generally the nature of the plot of a Burmese 'pwe'—with its prince and princess as hero and heroine. The antics of the actors make the spectator doubtful whether they are human beings or marionettes.

On one such occasion, says a writer who recently witnessed the ceremony, the assembled crowd were dressed, as the Burmese always are, in dainty flower-like garments of every imaginable hue, their little kimono-like silk bodices of white showing up the colors of the scarves of gauze or silk. The hair is drawn up into a shining knob on top of the head, a comb stuck into it in front, and further ornamented with real flowers. A Burmese is unlike her sister of the West, in so far as she does not mind who sees 'where Nature fails'; she wears a knob of someone else's locks, and as everyone's are raven black it cannot be a difficult matter to procure a knot to match, and one may often see a lady sitting in her shop in the bazaar or at her window doing her coiffure and rubbing a white powder-like substance on to her cheeks from a moistened circular disc, which appears to consist of some kind of white clay and imparts a grotesquely-artificial appearance to her pretty face. The unmarried girl has her hair parted all round her head and drawn into the usual knot on top but leaving a substantial straight fringe hanging down all round. She wears ear tubes of jade or amber, but not of gold; no Burmese is supposed to wear ear ornaments of that metal unless she be a roval personage.

The scene is brightened by many-colored rugs which are laid upon the floor in rows. It is considered quite correct, too, for everyone to smoke the large cigars, which are often a foot long; even small babies are occasionally allowed to pull at their parents' gigantic cigarette, made as a rule of whole rank tobacco leaves rolled into a piece of paper.

Raising Basket Willow.

A PENNSYLVANIA girl in need of pocket money has found a new way of making it, by raising basket willow. Her father is a farmer, and when she left college he gave her ten acres of land which had been a part of his farm, and all under cultivation with the exception of about four acres in a bottom that was subject to overflows each year

There is nothing expensive about the culture. The greatest demand seems to be for very small rods, but because they are difficult to peel, the majority of growers do not care to trouble with them.

Aside from the cutting, peeling, and shipping, there is no expense except the annual grassing with the sickle. The annual inundation does away with the need of fertilizing and also the ploughing hoeing, which would otherwise be necessary.

The girl's first crop was sold from four sample bundles, which she shipped to manufacturers recommended by a friend. Since then she has shipped to them directly each season, and has always received top prices because they say they prefer bottom willow only, as it is less brittle and of a more uniform size.

Miss Rogers—How did you imagine anything so beautiful as the angel in your picture? Artist—Got an engaged man to describe his fiancee to me.—Brooklyn Life.

Many girls in the United States are applying for positions as census takers. The work includes making a house to house canvass, taking the names of all the inmates of each dwelling, and noting such other statistics as may be ordered by the census authorities.

"You used to be an awful spendthrift." "Yep. But I ain't any longer." "Ah! Reformed?" "No—I spent it all."—Cleveland Leader.

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Alaska Sable Muffs, Empire designs ..... $13.50 to $27.00
35.00 Large Blue Wolf Stoles for $25.00
$20.00 Large Rug Muffs, in blue wolf, for $16.50
$60.00 Muskrat Coats, 24 and 26 inches. Special $40.00
$75.00 Muskrat Coats, 26 inches. Special $50.00
$50.00 Russian Pony Skin Coats, 26 inches. Special $29.00
$100.00 Russian Pony Skin Coats, 48 inches. Special $80.00
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$6.75 Dyed Sable Muffs. Special ..... $ 5.00
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Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

SMITH—At the Home Hospital, on Saturday, January 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Smith, a daughter.

DEATHS.

FAY—Suddenly, on Tuesday, January 25, 1910, at Aiken, South Carolina, Mary E., widow of P. L. Fay, Esq., and eldest daughter of Sheriff T. C. Dawson, of St. Catharines.

THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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CHAPTER XVI.

ANTONIO SPEAKS PLAINLY.

"YOU, Antonio!" I gasped, staring at the fellow who, dressed in a dark grey suit and soft black felt hat, presented an appearance of ultra-respectability.

"Yes, signore, I am very surprised to find you here—in Rome," he replied.

"Come," I said abruptly, "tell me what has occurred. Why did you leave London so hurriedly?"

"I had some family affairs to attend to," he answered. "I had to go to my home at Lucca to arrange for the future of my two nephews whose father is just dead. Pietro joined me there."

"And you were joined also by Mr. Kirk?" I said.

"Ah, no, signore!" protested the thin-faced Italian with an emphatic gesture. "I have not seen him since I left London."

"Are you quite certain of that, Antonio?" I asked slowly, in disbelief, as I looked straight into his face.

"Quite. I know that he came abroad, but have no idea of his present whereabouts."

"Now tell me, Antonio," I urged, "who and what is Mr. Kirk?"

The Italian shrugged his shoulders, answering:

"Ah, signore, you had better not ask. He is a mystery to me—as to you, and as he was to my poor master."

"He killed your master—eh?" I suggested. "Now tell me the truth—once and for all."

"I do not know," was his quick reply, with a strange flash in his dark eyes. "If he did, then I have no knowledge of it. I slept on the top floor, and heard nothing."

"Who was the man who went to Edinburgh on the night of the tragedy?"

"Ah! *Dio mio!* Do not re-open all that puzzle!" he protested. "I am just as mystified as you yourself, signore."

I looked straight in the man's face, wondering if he were speaking the truth. His hard, deep-lined countenance was difficult to read. The Italian is such a born diplomatist that his face seldom betrays his thoughts. He can smile upon you sweetly, even though behind his back he grips a dagger ready to strike you to the heart. And so old Antonio's face was sphinx-like, as all his race.

"You saw Leonard Langton at Calais," I remarked.

"He told you that!" gasped the dead man's servant, with a start. "What did he say of me?"

"Nothing, except what was good. He told me that you were a trusted servant of the Professor."

"Ah, my poor, dear master!" echoed the man, his face turned thoughtfully away towards the afterglow. "If I knew—ah, *Madonna mia,* if I only knew the truth!"

"You suspect Kirk?" I suggested. "Why not tell me more?"

"I suspect him no more than I suspect others," was his calm reply. "Be certain, signore, that there is much more behind that terrible affair than you suspect. There was some strong motive for my poor master's death, depend upon it! But," he asked, "where did you meet Signor Langton?"

Briefly I related the circumstances of Kirk's presence in the house, his escape, and the discovery I afterwards made in the laboratory.

"You actually found the evidences of the crime had been destroyed!" cried the man. Yet my sharp vigilance detected that beneath his surprise he breathed more freely when I announced the fact that the body of the Professor was no longer existent.

"Yes," I said, after a slight pause, during which my eyes were fixed upon his. "Destroyed—and by Kershaw Kirk, whom I found alone there, with the furnace burning."

The Italian shook his head blankly. Whether he held suspicion of Kirk or not I was unable to determine. They had been friends. That I well knew. But to me it appeared as though they had met in secret after the tragedy, and had quarrelled.

I told the man nothing of my journey to Scotland or of the puzzling discoveries I had made; but in reply to his repeated questioning as to why I was in Rome I explained that I was in search of my wife, telling him of the unaccountable manner in which she had been called away from London by means of the forged telegram.

"And you say that the signora knew nothing of the affair at Sussex Place?"

"Nothing, Antonio. It was not a matter to mention to a woman."

"You suspect Kirk, of course, because his description is very like the man described as being with her in Florence. What motive could he have in enticing her away from you?"

"A sinister one, without a doubt," I said. "But, Antonio, I beg of you to tell me more concerning that man Kirk. You have known him for a long time—eh?"

"Four years, perhaps. He was a frequent visitor at the Professor's, but young Langton hated him. I once overheard Miss Ethelwynn's lover telling her father some extraordinary story concerning Kirk. But the Professor declined to listen; he trusted his friend implicitly."

"And foolishly so," I remarked.

"Very, for since that I gained knowledge that Kirk, rather than being my master's friend, was his bitterest enemy. Miss Ethelwynn was the first to discover it. She has been devoted to her father ever since the death of the poor signora."

"But how do you account for that remarkable occurrence behind those locked doors?" I asked, as we stood there in the corner, with the gay chatter of the society of Rome about us; an incongruous situation, surely. "What is your theory?"

"Ah, signore, I have none," he declared emphatically. "How can I have? It is a complete mystery."

"Yes; one equally extraordinary is the fact that Miss Ethelwynn, who was seen by us dead and cold, is yet still alive."

"Alive!" he gasped, with a quick start which showed me that his surprise was genuine. "I—I really cannot believe you, Signor Holford! What proof have you? Why, both you and Kirk declared that she was dead!"

"The proof I have is quite conclusive. Leonard Langton spoke to her on the telephone to Broadstairs, and he is now down there with her."

"Impossible, signore!" declared the man, shaking his head dubiously.

"When did you last see her?"

"She was lying on the couch in the dining-room, as you saw, but at Kirk's orders she was removed from the house in a four-wheeled cab. I explained to the cabman that she was unwell, as she had unfortunately taken too much wine. Some man—a friend of Kirk's—went with her."

"And what was their destination?" I demanded.

"Ah, signore, I do not know."

"Now, Antonio, please do not lie," I said reproachfully. "You know quite well that your master's daughter was removed to a certain house in Foley Street, Tottenham Court Road."

"Why," he exclaimed, turning slightly pale, and staring at me, "how did you know that?"

I laughed, refusing to satisfy his curiosity. In his excitement his accent had become more marked.

"Well," he said at last, "what does it matter if the signora is still alive, as you say? For my own part, I refuse to believe it until I see her in the flesh with my own eyes."

"Well," I remarked, "all this is beside the mark, Antonio. I have understood from everyone that you were the devoted and trusted servant of Professor Greer, therefore you surely, as a man of honour, should endeavour to assist in clearing up the mystery, and bringing the real assassin to justice."

The man sighed, saying:

"I fear, signore, that will never be accomplished. The mystery has ramifications so wide that one cannot untangle its threads. But," he added, after a slight pause, "would you object to telling me how you first became acquainted with Signor Kirk?"

Deeming it best to humour this man, who undoubtedly possessed certain secret knowledge, I briefly described the means by which Kirk had sought my friendship. And as I did so, I could see the slight smile at the corner of his tightened lips, a smile of satisfaction, it seemed, at the ingenious manner in which I had been misled by his friend.

"Then he brought you to Sussex Place on purpose to show you the dead body of my master?"

"He did. I had no desire to be mixed up in any such affair, only he begged me to stand his friend, at the same time protesting his innocence."

"His innocence!" exclaimed the Italian fiercely between his clenched teeth.

"You believe him guilty, then?" I cried, quick to notice his lapse of attitude.

"Ah, no, signore," he responded, recovering himself the next second, a bland smile overspreading his dark, complex countenance. "You misunderstand me; I suspect nobody."

"But you had a more intimate knowledge of the household, and of the Professor's friends, than anyone else. Therefore you, surely, have your own suspicions?"

"No; until one point of the mystery, which has apparently never occurred to you, has been cleared up, both you and I can only remain in ignorance, as we are at present."

"Why not be quite frank with me, Antonio?" I urged. "I do not believe you are your master's assassin; I will never believe that! But you are not open with me. Put yourself in my place. I have been entrapped by Kirk into a network of mystery and tragedy, and have lost my wife, who, I fear, is in the hands of conspirators. I have not been to the police, because Kirk urged me not to seek their aid. So——"

"No, signore," he interruped quickly, do not tell the police anything. It would be injudicious—fatal!"

"Ah!" I cried, "then you are acting in conjunction with Kirk?? You, too, are trying to mislead me!"

"I am not, signore," he protested. "On the tomb of my mother," he declared, making use of the common Italian oath, "I am only acting in your interests. The disappearance of your signora adds mystery to the affair."

"What do you suggest as my next move? If I find Mabel, I care nothing. The tragic affair may remain a mystery for ever. I leave it to others to discover who killed Professor Greer."

"You actually mean that, signore?" he cried. "You would really refrain from seeking further, providing you rediscover your wife?"

I was silent for a few seconds. His eagerness was sufficient admission of a guilty conscience.

"Yes," I said. "What matter the affairs of others, so long as the wife I love is innocent and at my side? She is the victim of a plot from which I must rescue her."

The Italian gazed again away across the roofs of the Eternal City, now growing more indistinct in the gathering mists.

"I fear, Signore Holford," he at last exclaimed with a sigh, "that you have a very difficult task before you. You are evidently in ignorance of certain curious facts."

"Concerning what?"

"Concerning your wife."

"You would cast a slur upon her good name?" I cried excitedly, my anger rising.

"Not at all," was his calm, polite response, his lips parted in a pleasant smile. "You asked me to assist you, and I was about to give you advice—that is, provided that you have told me the truth."

"About what?"

"About Miss Ethelwynn—that she still lives."

"Of that there is no doubt," I said.

"And if you found your signora alive and well, you would undertake to make no further inquiry?" he repeated, with undue eagerness.

"Ah! You wish to tie me down to that?" I cried. "You do so because you and your friends are in fear. You realize your own peril—eh?"

"No," declared the man at my side; "you still entirely misunderstand me. You are an Englishman, and you mistrust me merely because I am a foreigner. It is a prejudice all you English have, more or less."

"I entertain no prejudice," I declared hotly. "But to tell the truth, Antonio, I am tired of all this mystery and know that Kirk and his friends have alienated me from my wife. I intend to take action."

"In what manner?" he asked calmly.

"I shall go to the Questore here, in Rome, and tell the truth. I happen to know him personally."

"And you will mention my name!" he gasped, well knowing probably the drastic measures adopted by the police of his country.

"I shall not be able to avoid mentioning it," I responded, with a smile.

"*Bene!*" he answered, in a hard, hoarse voice. "And if you did—well, signore, I can promise that you would never again see your signora alive. Go to the Questore now! Tell him all you know! Apply for my arrest! And then wait the disaster that must fall upon you, and upon your missing wife. An unseen hand struck Professor Greer—an unseen hand will most assuredly strike you, as swiftly, as unerringly." And then facing me defiantly, a grin upon his sinister face, the fellow added: "Silence, signore, is your only guarantee of safety—I assure you!"

CHAPTER XVII.

ETHELWYNN SPEAKS

I looked into the closely-set, crafty eyes of the old Italian, and saw both determination and desperation.

Was he the man who killed Professor Greer?

"I require no guarantee of safety from you, Antonio," I answered quickly. "I am now solely in search of my wife. Where is she?"

"Caro, signore, I have no idea," was the old fellow's bland reply, as he exhibited his palms. "I have not the pleasure of the signora's acquaintance."

"But you know where Kirk is hiding, and she is with him, assisting him discovering my whereabouts, I believe!" I cried.

"That the Signor Kirk crossed from Dover to Calais I am well aware, but of his movements afterwards I assure you I am in complete ignorance."

What could I do further?

He professed to be equally mystified with myself regarding my wife's disappearance, declaring his readiness and anxiety to assist me if it were possible.

Then, in the falling twilight, we slowly descended the road together, he giving me his address in the Via Tordinona, a side street close to the Bridge of Sant' Angelo, which I noted on my shirt-cuff. At the Porto del Popolo we parted, and I returned to the hotel to dine with Gwen, whom I found waiting me in feverish expectation. I told her briefly of my meeting with a man I knew, but explained nothing of his connection with the house in Sussex Place, nor of the secret tragedy that had been enacted.

Next day was the fifth of February, the day of Santa Agata. How well I recollect it, for at noon we bade farewell to the Eternal City, and as the train roared on across those wide, dreary marshes of the Maremma on our journey northward, I sat in the corner of the compartment and made up my mind to go direct and seek Ethelwynn, the girl whom I had seen dead, and who was yet alive.

I recalled all Antonio's ominous statements; how that he had expressed a doubt whether the professor's assassin would ever be brought to justice, and how he had threatened that, if I betrayed the truth to the police, I should never again meet Mabel alive. Did not those words of his conclusively prove complicity in the affair? Why did he command my silence at peril of my dear wife's life. He had lied when he told me that he was ignorant of her whereabouts; but if he were the actual assassin, or even one of the accomplices, I saw that I could hope for no assistance from him. It was that conclusion which caused me to resolve to invoke the aid of the girl whom I had seen lying upon the floor, cold and lifeless.

From Rome to Broadstairs is a far cry, but two days later we alighted at Victoria, and on the morning of the third day I found myself at the door of a pretty newly-built red-roofed house standing in its own ground high upon the cliffs between the Grand Hotel at Broadstairs and Dumpton Gap.

A neat maid opened the door, and, on inquiring for Miss Greer, I was shown across a square, ample hall to a small cosy sitting-room over-looking the sea, facing direct upon the treacherous Goodwins.

The maid who took my card returned to say that her mistress would

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TOLSTOI'S HOME.
Rear view of the house at Yasnaya Poliana, where the great novelist has lived for many years. He is shown standing at the corner of the house with his two grandchildren.

TO AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT invites every Amateur and Professional Photographer in Canada to submit, for purchase and publication, photographs of Canadian men and women and events of the day.

Subjects must be of *general* rather than *local* interest, and highest current rates will be paid for such as are accepted for publication. All photos should be printed on a glossy paper, and may be mailed either unmounted or mounted—unmounted preferred. Full descriptive text should be written on back of photos.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is on sale, and has regular subscribers, in every city and town in Canada, and those submitting illustrations of people or events should therefore keep it clearly in mind that all subjects must be of National, rather than of purely local, interest.

Communications and Photos Should Be Addressed

ART EDITOR
TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
TORONTO

be with me in a few moments. And then I stood at the window, gazing along at the quaint old-world harbor of Broadstairs, with "Bleak House" standing high beyond, full of keen anxiety as to the result of the interview.

She came at last, a tall, slim figure, in a dark stuff skirt and cream silk blouse, relieved by a touch of color at the throat, a sweet-faced, fair-haired, delicate girl, whose large blue eyes wore a look of wonder at the visit of a stranger. She whom I had seen a corpse was certainly alive, and living here in the flesh!

"I must apologise for this intrusion, Miss Greer," I began, for want of something better to say, "but I may introduce myself as an acquaintance of Mr. Langton—an acquaintance under somewhat romantic and curious circumstances."

"Mr. Langton has already told me how he met you—when he believed there were burglars in our house in Sussex Place," she said, with a brightening smile.

"Yes," I replied. "I—well, I was put there on guard, but Mr. Langton's suspicions fortunately proved to be unfounded."

"Ah!" she said, with just the slightest suspicion of a sigh. "I'm glad of that—very glad!"

"The reason of my visit, Miss Greer, is" I explained after a brief pause, "to ask you whether you are aware of the whereabouts of my friend, your father?" And I fixed my eyes straight upon hers.

"My father went to Scotland," she replied, without wavering. "At present he's in Germany. The last I heard of him was three days ago, when he was in Strassburg."

"He wrote to you?" I gasped, staring at her in amazement that this ready lie should be upon her lips.

She noted my surprise, and said:

"Yes, why shouldn't he?"

What reply could I give? Could I tell her that the Professor, her father had been cruelly done to death, and his body cremated in his own experimental furnace? Had I not give my word of honor to that weird will-o'-the-wisp, Kershaw Kirk, that I would preserve silence? Besides, my only thought was for my own dear wife, whose face now rose ever before me.

"Well," I stammered. "I—well—I believed that you were unaware of his whereabouts, Miss Greer. At least, I understood so from your father's butler, Antonio."

She smiled, regarding me quite calmly. She was either in ignorance of what had occured, or else she was a most perfect actress.

Yet how could she feign ignorance? Had not Kirk told me that she had thrown herself upon her knees before her father's body, vowing a fierce, bitter vengeance upon his assassin? Perhaps Kirk had lied, of course, yet I recollected that the discovery had been made while the dead man's daughter was in the house, and that after the astounding incident she had removed with Morgan, her maid, to Lady Mellor's, while the other servants—unaware of what had occurred—had either been sent away down to Broadstairs, or else discharged. In secret, this handsome girl before me—the girl with that perfect dimpled face and innocent blue eyes—had returned, and we had found her lying apparently dead in the dining-room.

Ethelwynn's present attitude of pretended ignorance of her father's fate struck me as both amazing and culpable.

"You say that the Professor was in Strassburg?" I said. "Is he still there?"

"As far as I know," she replied, twisting her rings nervously around her thin white finger.

"Could I telegraph to him?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly, if you have business with him," she responded. "I'll go and get the address." And she swiftly left the room, leaving on the air a sweet breath of violets, a bunch of which she wore in her belt.

A few minutes later she returned with a letter in her hand.

"His address is Kronenburger Strasse, number fifteen," she exclaimed. "Do you know Strassburg? It's just at the corner, by the bridge over the canal."

"I have never been in Strassburg," was my reply. "But I have important business with the Professor, so, with your permission, I will telegraph to him from here."

"Most certainly," she said. "He tells me that his affairs are likely to keep him abroad for a considerable time. But——" and she paused. At last she added: "I have never heard him speak of you as a friend, Mr.—Mr. Holford."

"Perhaps not," I said quickly. "The fact is, I'm a confidential friend of his, as well as of Mr. Kershaw Kirk."

"A friend of Mr. Kirk!" she cried, staring at me with a startled expression, half of fear and half of surprise.

"Yes," I said. "I believe Mr. Kirk is an intimate friend both of your father and yourself. Is not that so?"

"Certainly. He's our very best friend. Both dad and I trust him implicitly," replied the girl. "Indeed, during my father's absence he is left in charge of my affairs."

For a moment I remained silent.

"He is your friend—eh?"

"Certainly. Why do you ask?"

"Well, because I feared that he was not your friend," I answered. "Do you happen to know his whereabouts?"

"He's abroad somewhere, but where I don't know."

"Ah!" I laughed lightly, in pretence of careless irresponsibility. "He has always struck me as a strange figure, ever mysterious and ever evasive. Who and what is he?"

"You probably know as much of him, Mr. Holford, as I do," was the girl's answer. "I only know him to be an intimate friend of my father, and the ideal of an English gentleman. Of his profession, or of his past, I know nothing. My father, who knows him intimately, is always silent upon that point."

I noted that she spoke in the present tense, as though to preserve the fiction that her father was still alive. Ah! this girl with the innocent eyes and the wonderful hair, the beloved of young Leonard Langton, was an admirable actress, without a doubt. Without the tremble of an eyelid, or the movement of a muscle of the mouth, she had actually declared to me that Professor Greer was still alive!

"To me, Kirk is a mystery," I declared, my gaze fixed straight into her eyes as I stood near the window where the wintry sunlight from across the sea fell full upon her; "at times I doubt him."

"And so does Mr. Langton," she responded. "But I think that the fears of both of you are quite groundless. Mr. Kirk is a little eccentric, that's all."

"When did you first know him?" I inquired.

"Oh, when I came back from Lausanne, where I had been at school, I found him to be my father's most trusted friend. They used to spend many evenings together in the study, smoking and discussing abstruse points of foreign politics in which I, a woman have no interest."

"And has he always showed friendship towards you, Miss Greer?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, and to Leonard also, though of late I fear there has been some little unpleasantness between them."

At this I pricked my ears. I recollected that young Langton had to me pretended ignorance of the very existence of Kershaw Kirk! What was the meaning of his attitude towards the man whom I had so foolishly allowed to escape, and who had repaid my friendship by inducing my wife to travel upon a fool's errand, and, as I feared, fall into a fatal trap laid open for her?

Antonio had covertly threatened me, and I knew instinctively that my well-beloved Mabel was now in direst peril. Ah! that wild fevered life I was now leading was one continuous whirl of dread, of suspicion, and of dark despair.

"You have actual knowledge that Mr. Langton has quarrelled with Kirk?" I asked at last.

"Yes, and I much regret it, for Mr. Kirk has been our very good friend throughout. It was he who urged my father to allow Mr. Langton to pay court to me," she added. "It was he who made the suggestion that we might be allowed to marry. Such being the case, how can I think ill of the eccentric old fellow?"

"Of course not," I said, "but is your trust really well founded, do you think? Are you quite certain that he is your friend, or only your pretended ally?"

"I am quite certain," she declared, "I have had proof abundant of it."

"Your father did not, I believe, tell you of his projected visit to Germany before leaving?"

"No," was her reply. "He went up to Edinburgh, but after having left me was suddenly compelled to alter his plans. He crossed to the Hock of Holland, travelling from York to Harwich without returning to London."

"This he has told you?"

"Yes, in a letter he wrote from Cologne. I wanted to join him, but he would not allow me, and ordered me to come down here. He is very busy concerning one of his recent discoveries."

"Ah!" I sighed. "He would not allow you to go to him, eh?"

"No; he made excuse that the weather was better just now in Broadstairs than in Southern Germany, and said that his future movements were very uncertain, and that he could not be hampered by a woman."

In that reply I recognised an evasiveness which was natural. The Professor himself was dead, and this mysterious person posing as him was, of course, disinclined to meet Ethelwynn face to face.

Yet that even surely did not affect the girl's amazing attitude? She herself had seen her father dead, yet was now actually assisting the impostor to keep up the fiction that he was still alive!

(To be continued.)

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RUSSIA'S GREATEST WRITER.

Count Lee Tolstoi, the great social reformer and novelist, is reported to be nearing his end at his home in Yasnaya. He is now in his eighty-second year, and the doctors summoned from Moscow and Tula have pronounced that he is not likely to recover. The great Russian seemed to realize so late as last November that he had delivered his last message to the world.

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TOLSTOI AND HIS FAMILY.

A remarkable photograph of Count Leo Tolstoi, which was made in view of the celebration of his eightieth birthday. It was taken at his home on the day of his birthday celebration. From left to right (standing)—His daughter; Alexandra; his son, Michael; son-in-law, Suchotina; son, Andrew. Seated—His niece, Princess Elizabeth Valerianawa Cleolenskaj; latest married daughter, Tatjana Suchotina; Count Leo Tolstoi; grandchild, son of Michael; Countess Sophia Andrejewna; his sister, Marie Nikolajiewna; and his grandchild, son of Michael.

Perfumes and Their Effect.

MOST people are more or less susceptible to the influence of perfumes, and it is generally conceded that certain flowers have a bad effect on the voice of a singer. Be this as it may, it is undoubtedly a fact that the average prima donna has a decided objection to having certain blossoms about her. Everyone has realized at some time or other that the odor of a flower will recall some incident with which it was connected in the past, and an unexpected whiff of perfume has been known to bring back a scene that had been forgotten for years.

Some people cannot remain where lilacs are in full bloom or bear the odor of jasmine. Some are given a headache by heliotrope or tuberose. Some are given the vertigo or a sinking sensation by certain flowers, even being nauseated by roses. Attacks of real illness with long trains of digestive disorders following in their wake may be brought on by odors.

The fact can be explained only as a pathological phenomenon exerting its influence on the most vulnerable point in the human economy, the gastro-intestinal tract. As offending scents may set in motion a train of morbid digestive symptoms, so, on the contrary, those that are sweet and agreeable may exercise a highly beneficial effect. The Orientals have developed to a notable degree the faculty of deriving the most enjoyment from inhaling fragrant odors. It is in fact the custom of many Eastern peoples to spend after each meal a season of quiet while the air around them is rendered fragrant by a fine mist. Or a bottle of their favorite perfume is constantly inhaled.

Even the poor indulge in this habit, for all feel that it benefits nerves and digestion. It is believed by some scientists that a psychic state favorable to the digestive process may be induced through the olfactories fully as well as through the other senses.

PLACES WHERE A FEW WEEKS MAY BE PROFITABLY SPENT.

What can be more beneficial to a person than a complete relaxation from worry and toning up of the system? If a peaceful sojourn in a high altitude is desired, visit Algonquin Park, the highest point in Ontario, where the "Highland Inn" will remain open all year. If you require the mineral bath treatment, try St. Catharines, Preston, Chatham, or Mount Clemens, all within a few hours journey.

Further information and tickets may be obtained at Grand Trunk City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

Winter Excursion Tickets are now on sale to all Southern Resorts via BUFFALO, DETROIT and through the Cincinnati Gateway in connection with all Southern Lines.

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Let us plan your tour. We will plan your tour, deliver Railroad Tickets and Pullman accommodations and check your baggage to destination. Address J. C. Pop, Canadian Passenger Agent, 60 Yonge St., Toronto. 'Phone: Main 4561

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Transfer Troubles

No doubt, at a transfer point, you have run for a car and missed it. No doubt, at another transfer point, you have sat in a car and impatiently waited while a number of passengers with transfers got aboard. You ought, therefore, to understand both sides of a little problem in the operation of the Toronto Railway Company's service.

The man who makes a bad transfer connection at a junction point is annoyed. So is the man who loses time waiting for passengers from other cars to get aboard.

If the company could always satisfy both it would become the first transportation company in the world to do so. But since there are different intervals between cars on different routes, the company cannot guarantee that when a passenger transfers he will find the second car always waiting for him.

It can and does instruct its conductors and motormen to handle the difficulty with the sole end of accommodating the public. Much depends on the intelligence with which these instructions are carried out.

At some points in the city, such as, for instance, at the corner of King and Yonge streets, there is an almost continual stream of passengers transferring up Yonge street and another almost continual stream of passengers transferring along King street. It must be plain that if a King car were to wait until the cars on Yonge street ceased supplying it with passengers it would not start again on the same day. In the meantime, what about the people who got on first?

With every disposition on the part of the company to serve the convenience of the public, and every willingness on the part of motormen and conductors to carry out this policy, there must always be some unlucky people to "just miss a car." If there is to be any meaning in the term "rapid transit," this is inevitable.

At points where traffic is particularly dense, and where one car follows closely on another, there may be times when a car will start when someone is actually running for it.

The Toronto Railway Company's instructions to its employees are to accommodate, as far as possible, every intending passenger at transfer points, and it would be obliged if instances where this is not done were reported at the Head Office.

The Toronto Railway Company

Sweetens the Stomach

and, best of all, it makes you yourself feel sweet.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

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Should you prefer a trial subscription, rather than remit for a full year, the price is exactly proportionate, namely, $1.50 for six months, $1.00 for four months, 75c. for three months. Remittance may be made by Post Office Order, Express Order, Cheque, or 2c. Canadian Stamps. Letters may be mailed "unregistered" at our risk.

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SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE
THE PUREST ON THE MARKET. READY IN A FEW SECONDS. SAVES TIME & TROUBLE. TRY IT. Of all Grocers & Stores.

One Woman's Work.

WOMEN seem determined to upset all theories as to what they can and cannot do. Every day seems to bring a new job for a woman and just as surely does the right woman appear to fill it. Those anti-suffragists who base their argument on the assertion that government is for national defence primarily and implies physical force, will be surprised to learn that Los Angeles now has a woman as night watchman. Mrs. Adelaide Foster is probably the first and only woman as yet to occupy that particular position. Her husband was for many years the night watchman in a fashionable district of the city, and when he became ill and unable to work, Mrs. Foster took his place. She had for a long time worked with him, but later took the entire management, and on his death continued the work.

Although women are so often said to be timid, Mrs. Foster says that she has never known the meaning of the word "fear." She is always armed and ready. "I know," she says, "that if it came to shooting I'd get in the first shot, and I am a good marksman. That is about all the thought I give to it."

Mrs. Foster says that it is no use having sympathy with law breakers. If one person lets them go, they will only be caught later. The way to prevent crime, she asserts, is to keep the district so well patrolled that crooks do not care to enter it. But any one whom she catches she always sends to a station, without mercy.

Sapleigh.—Bah Jove, you know, an idea has occurred to me——. Miss Pert (interrupting)—Pardon me, Mr. Sapleigh, isn't that more than a mere occurrence? I should call it an event. —Boston Transcript.

Dr. Sophie Herzog, of Brazoria, Texas, is said to be the only woman railroad surgeon in the world. She is an Austrian by birth and came to America in 1886.

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, JAN. 27, 1910.

THE ball at Government House on Thursday night proved to be most enjoyable, though unfortunately Her Excellency, owing to her recent indisposition, was not able to be present. Lady Evelyn Grey, however, made a capital substitute as hostess and assisted His Excellency the Governor General in receiving the guests at the entrance to the ball-room. The invitations were much more limited than is the rule at the State Ball, a fact, however, which made dancing a much easier matter, and therefore far more enjoyable. Red and green decorations made the ball-room very bright and attractive, and the same effective color scheme was carried out in the supper room, where the numerous quartette tables were arranged with silver bowls filled with clusters of scarlet blossoms, and silver candelabra shaded with crimson. Three adjacent reception rooms were arranged as sitting out rooms for the tired dancers and the many older members of society who were present. Lady Evelyn Grey looked extremely well in a gown of primrose satin with aluminum embroideries and touches of gold. The raised dais at the end of the ball-room was occupied by Their Excellencies' house party, which just now is augmented by the addition of several English visitors, including the Countess of Harewood, the mother of Lord Lascelles, A.D.C., who looked very distinguished in white satin with embroideries of gold, and Lady Dartrey, who was gowned in pale blue satin with cut steel and crystal trimmings. The Countess of Lanesborough was gowned in mauve satin with crystal bugle trimming and wore a magnificent diamond tiara and necklace. Lady Mary Dawson, daughter of the Countess of Dartrey, who is the guest of Lady Lanesborough at Rideau Cottage, was in deep rose satin with bands of silver passementerie, and Lady Eileen Butler was very becomingly gowned in yellow chiffon most gracefully draped over satin, the bodice elaborately embroidered in gold, and wore a lovely topaz necklet, and yellow roses in her hair. At midnight the strains of the National Anthem announced that supper was the next incident on the programme, and His Excellency took Mrs. Frank Oliver down, followed by Hon. Sydney Fisher with Lady Evelyn Grey. A long buffet in the dining-room beautifully arranged with brilliant scarlet blossoms and shaded candelabra also provided refreshments during the evening upstairs. Among some of those from out-of-town points who were present, several of whom had come to attend the Fielding-MacFee wedding on the previous day, were Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett Magann, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. De Martigny, of Montreal, who were guests of Hon. Charles and Madame Marcil; Mrs. Gwyn Francis and Mrs. Hal Osler, of Toronto, who are staying with Mrs. Hugh Fleming; Mrs. Edwin Forse, of Niagara Falls, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. David Pottinger, of Moncton, N.B., guests of Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber; Mr. and Mrs. William Mulock, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pringle, of Cornwall; Miss Edith Jones, of Boston, who is Mrs. Fred Booth's guest just now; Miss Eileen Dwyer and Miss Carmichael, of Halifax, and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, of Toronto, who are staying with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden for a short time. Her Excellency is giving another ball at Government House on February 4th.

⁂

A small but very jolly dance on Friday evening was given by Lady Davies as a farewell festivity for Miss Aimee Haycock and her friends, prior to the marriage of Miss Haycock on Tuesday, Jan. 25th, to Mr. Tom Davies, Sir Louis and Lady Davies' eldest son.

⁂

January, this year, appears to be vying with the proverbial wedding month of June in the number of these happy events in the Capital. On Saturday the marriage took place very quietly at All Saints' Church of Miss Claire McCullough, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McCullough, of Stewart St., to Mr. Fred White, eldest son of Lt.-Col. Fred White, Comptroller of the North-West Mounted Police, and Mrs. White, of Besserer St. During the few days preceding her marriage Miss McCullough was the guest of honor at various happy gatherings. Mrs. Edward Fauquier entertained at the Country Club at luncheon for her, when the guests included ten of her nearest friends. Mrs. E. A. Dunlop, of Pembroke, who was at The Russell for a week, was the hostess of a particularly smart luncheon at the Country Club for the same popular bride-elect on Thursday, when the guests included Mrs. Godfrey Greene, Jr.; Mrs. Clarence Burritt, Mrs. Russell Blackburn; Mrs. Stewart Cameron, of Fort William, who came to town expressly for the wedding; Mrs. Alex. MacDougall; Mrs. Sam Clarke, of Winnipeg, Miss MacCullough's elder sister; Miss Gwendolyn Clemow, Mrs. George Bryson, Mrs. George Maclaren, Miss May Loucks and Miss Dorothy White. The table was beautifully arranged with Killarney roses and lily of the valley. Mrs. Fred Hogg invited many bright young girls and several of the younger matrons to meet Miss McCullough at the tea-hour on the same day.

⁂

Invitations have been sent out by Mr. and Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell for the marriage of their younger daughter, Miss Evelyn, to Mr. Victor Stewart Patton, son of Mr. Frank Patton, of Winnipeg, which will take place on Tuesday, February 8th, at Grace Church at two o'clock.

⁂

Mr. H. N. Bate and party, including his three daughters, Mrs. Alex. Christie, Mrs. Aldous of Winnipeg, and Mrs. Lansing Lewis of Montreal, with Mr. Harry Christie, Miss Ethel Aldous and Mr. Lansing Lewis, sailed from New York on Saturday by the "Carmania" for England. From there the travellers will go on to Egypt, where they will remain several weeks, later visiting many points of interest in Europe before returning to Ottawa in the spring. Lt.-Col. H. Allan Bate has gone to California to remain for the balance of the cold weather, and Mrs. H. Allan Bate is making arrangements to leave, with her daughters, Miss Morna and Miss Claudia Bate, early in March for a trip to Europe.

⁂

Mrs. Gerald Brophy, of New York, is the guest of Mrs. J. J. Codville, and the latter entertained at a most enjoyable bridge party for her guest on Wednesday evening of this week. Another hostess who entertained at bridge recently was Mrs. W. G. Perley, who gave two large gatherings on successive afternoons, at the first of which Mrs. T. Cameron Bate, Mrs. T. C. Boville and Mrs. Ernest Linton won pretty souvenirs, the successful ones on the second occasion being Mrs. Ellery Lord, Mrs. Douglas Street and Mrs. Linsley. Mrs. Ernest Linton also entertained at a pleasant bridge on Tuesday of this week in honor of Mrs. Robert Linton, of Montreal, who is her guest.

⁂

Mrs. George Paley was the hostess of a very bright little luncheon given especially for Lady Eileen Butler at the end of the week. Mrs. George Bryson was another of the more recent entertainers at luncheon when she made Miss Edith Jones, of Boston, her guest of honor, and covers were laid for twelve at a table bright with golden daffodils. Mrs. C. A. Irvin gave a smart luncheon for her niece, Miss Georgiana Gould, of New York, and Mrs. Thomas Ahearn's dainty luncheon had for its special guests two attractive brides, Mrs. Harry Southam (nee Ahearn) and Mrs. Frank Ahearn (nee Lewis). Miss Flora Macdonald, of Toronto, arrived in town on Monday and is the guest of Miss Ethel Perley. Mrs. George H. Perley, who with Mr. Perley has just returned from a visit of several weeks in Pinehurst, North Carolina, is giving a dance in honor of Miss Macdonald this evening.

⁂

Mrs. Edward Houston and her infant daughter returned to the Capital last week from Toronto, where they have been since Christmas visiting Mrs. Houston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth.

THE CHAPERON.

A POET AND HIS WIFE.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian poet and playwright, has recently won a great success with his play, "Blue Bird," which was produced in London. His wife, Georgette Leblanc, is one of the best known actresses on the French stage, and is noted for her marvellous taste in dress.

The Witch's Tryst.

I.

A WITCH-CRONE rides
Her besom steed
Athwart the starless night.
The sacred moon hides
As from a deed
Of shame and ghastly fright.

II.

The beldam shakes
Her skinny hand,
As if to curse the earth.
The darkness quakes,
As though a band
Of hell-hounds yelped their mirth.

III.

But look! The moon,
Grown bolder, shines
Down on a funeral field.
There, at night's noon,
Some ancient pines
A soft, warm shadow yield.

IV.

The witch! Drops she
In that weird place,
As one who doffs disguise!
She bends her knee
With saintly grace;
Whilst tears fall from her eyes!

V.

What would she do?
What sweet thrill creeps
Through her time-withered breast?
Does one she knew
And loved there sleep
The sleep of endless rest?

VI.

And does she deem,
In this dim hour,
That she shall greet again
The lost love-dream
Whose joy and power,
Grave-hid, so long have lain?

—William Struthers.

How She Used Her Money.

A GIRL on her way home the other night with her week's salary in her hand-bag, showed what a woman can do to protect her property. She was only a little woman, an inch over five feet in height, but her muscles were well developed, and she had more courage than weight. When a robber came along as she was going to her home in the suburb of a town in the Western States, she didn't scream or faint, or even call for help. She merely lifted her bag and struck the robber one good, swift blow over the head, and then went on her way while her assailant measured his length on the sidewalk. That such a thing could happen speaks well for the improvement that has been taking place of late years in both the size of a woman's muscle and her salary.

Tea That is Always Fresh

"SALADA" is grown in the finest tea gardens of the Island of Ceylon, picked every day and reaches you not later than fifteen weeks after being gathered. Its native purity and fine flavour are preserved in air-tight sealed "SALADA" packets. You are guaranteed tea of unvarying good quality.

"SALADA"

Ask your grocer for a package to-day. You'll like it.

The Dominion Bank

Proceedings of the Thirty-Ninth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders

The Thirty-Ninth Annual General Meeting of The Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the Institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, 26th January, 1909.

Among those present were noticed:—

Hon. J. J. Foy, Jas. Carruthers, A. W. Austin, E. B. Osler, M.P., C. A. Bogert, S. Jeffrey (Port Perry), Wm. Crocker, H. B. Hodgins, W. R. Brock, Wm. Ross (Port Perry), F. H. Gooch, D'Arcy Martin, K.C. (Hamilton), G. N. Reynolds, C. Walker, Dr. Andrew Smith, David Kidd (Hamilton), J. C. Eaton, A. A. Jones, John Stewart, Aemilius Baldwin, A. Fouida, Andrew Semple, J. H. Paterson, C. H. Edwards, W. C. Lee, W. G. Cassels, Col. Sir H. M. Pellatt, J. Gordon Jones, Andrew Gunn, R. J. Christie, W. C. Harvey, E. W. Langley, W. C. Crowther, W. H. Knowlton, J. P. Hoss, Wm. Davies, Jas. Matthews, Ira Standish, L. H. Baldwin, S. Samuel, H. S. Harwood, Barlow Cumberland, Capt. Jessopp, Jas. Scott, A. R. Boswell, R. Mulholland, Wm. Ince, J. E. Pringle, N. F. Davidson, J. W. B. Walsh, J. J. Maclennan, Rev. T. W. Paterson, R. M. Gray, John T. Small, K.C., F. J. Harris, H. W. Willcox (Whitby), Wm. Mulock, jr., H. J. Bethune, and others.

The Secretary read the Report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:

To the Shareholders:

The Directors beg to present the following Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 31st December, 1909:—

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st Dec., 1908 .		$392,996 08
Premium received on new Capital Stock		18,268 38
Profit for the year ending 31st December, 1909, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts...		620,927 24
Making a total of		$942,191 70
Which has been disposed of as follows:		
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 1st April, 1909...	$119,504 10	
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 2nd July, 1909...	119,509 50	
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 1st October, 1909	119,511 00	
Dividend 3 per cent., payable 3rd January, 1910	119,631 74	
Transferred to Reserve Fund	18,268 38	496,424 72
		$455,766 98
Written off Bank Premises		150,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss Carried Forward		$295,766 98

RESERVE FUND

Balance at credit of account, 31st December, 1908 ...	$4,981,731 62
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account	18,268 38
	$5,000,000 00

Your directors have pleasure in reporting that since the affairs of the Bank were last placed before you at the annual meeting of the shareholders in January, 1909, there has been a steady development in all departments of its business as is evidenced by the statement submitted.

During a considerable period of the year some difficulty was experienced in fully employing the Bank's funds at remunerative rates, but as a result of improving trade conditions and the harvesting of an excellent crop, the demand for legitimate banking accommodation has increased, and there is every reason to expect a prosperous current year.

Following the policy of conservative extension new branches have been established in important Western centres, and at other points in Canada where it appeared advantageous to do so.

Offices were opened during the year as follows:—At Victoria, B.C.; in Saskatchewan, at Guernsey, Hanley, Melville, Moose Jaw and Saskatoon; in Alberta, at Claresholm and High River; at the corner of Guy and St. Catherine streets, Montreal; in Ontario, at Milton, Rectory street, London; and in Toronto at Deer Park, Wychwood, and near the corner of Lee avenue and Queen street.

The Branch at Linwood, Ontario, was closed in March last.

Desirable sites have been purchased in Calgary, Edmonton, Brandon and Moose Jaw, also at the corners of Queen street and Lee avenue, Bloor and Sherbourne streets, and Yonge street and St. Clair avenue, Toronto, and at the corner of St. Lawrence boulevard and Prince Arthur street, Montreal. It is the intention to erect suitable buildings on these properties at a reasonable outlay.

The new offices buildings in Windsor and Fort William were completed and occupied in 1909.

The authorized capital stock of the bank at this time is $5,000,000, of which $4,000,000 has been issued and fully paid up. A by-law will be submitted for your approval providing for a further increase of $5,000,000, which, together with the $1,000,000 already authorized but not issued, will be offered to shareholders from time to time in such amounts as the expansion of business warrants.

You will also be asked to approve of a by-law changing the par value of shares from $50 to $100 each.

The directors, as is customary, have verified the Cash Assets, Securities and various investments entered on the accompanying statement.

In addition, the General Balance Sheet of the Bank as on the 31st December, 1909, detailed herein, has been checked and found to be correct, including the auditing of all Foreign Accounts.

Every branch of the bank has undergone the usual thorough inspection during the year.

E. B. OSLER, President.

The report was adopted.

The thanks of the shareholders were tendered to the President, Vice-President, and Directors for their services during the year, and to the General Manager and other officers of the bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

By-laws were passed authorizing an increase in the capital stock of the bank of $5,000,000, and changing the par value of the shares from $50 to $100 each.

The following gentlemen were duly elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, James Carruthers, R. J. Christie, J. C. Eaton, J. J. Foy, K.C., M.P.P., W. D. Matthews, A. M. Nanton, E. B. Osler, M.P.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., was elected President, and Mr. W. D. Matthews Vice-President, for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES

Notes in circulation		$ 3,565,994 00
Deposits not bearing interest	$ 7,052,129 04	
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	38,435,684 81	45,487,813 85
Deposits by other Banks in Canada		276,789 13
Balances due to Banks in foreign countries		69,795 07
Total liabilities to the public		$49,400,392 70
Capital Stock, paid up		4,000,000 00
Reserve Fund	$ 5,000,000 00	
Balance of Profits carried forward	295,766 98	
Dividend No. 109, payable 3rd January, 1910	119,631 74	
Former Dividends unclaimed	111 50	
Reserved for Rebate on Bills Discounted, Exchange etc.	141,136 06	5,556,646 28
		$58,957,038 98

ASSETS

Specie	$ 1,446,399 94	
Dominion Government Demand Notes...	3,942,763 75	
Notes and Cheques on other Banks...	2,328,025 60	
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	642,736 62	
Balances due by Banks in foreign countries	1,592,558 74	10,562,484 65
Provincial Government Securities	333,572 56	
Canadian Municipal Securities and British or Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	746,317 08	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks..	4,992,733 95	
Loans on Call in Canada, secured by Stocks and Bonds	2,407,124 23	
Loans on Call in the United States, secured by Stocks and Bonds	2,000,000 00	22,042,232 47
Bills Discounted and Advances Current...	34,815,943 29	
Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation	160,000 00	
Loans to other Banks in Canada, secured...	429,229 72	
Overdue debts (estimated loss provided for)	43,359 84	
Real Estate, other than Bank Premises...	118,225 99	
Mortgages	37,008 97	
Bank Premises	1,300,000 00	
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads.	11,038 70	36,914,806 51
		$58,957,038 98

Toronto, 31st December, 1909.

C. A. BOGERT,
General Manager.

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, JAN. 27, 1910.

A VERY enjoyable evening bridge was given by Mrs. Beasley on Thursday, the guests being Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Eastwood, Capt. and Mrs. Domville, Mr. and Mrs. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. F. Gates, Mr. and Mrs. Myler, Miss Bell, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, Miss Crerar, Mr. J. M. Young, Mr. Alex. Murray, Dr. Parke, Mr. H. M. Patterson. The pretty favors were won by Miss Bell, Mrs. Innes Dr. Rogers and Mr. T. H. Crerar.

Mr. Josling came up from New York this week to spend a fortnight at the Holmstead, the guest of Mrs. Hendrie.

Miss Spohn, Penetanguishene, is visiting Mrs. Herbert Griffin, Main street east, who gave a tea on Wednesday afternoon in honor of her guest. The table was prettily arranged with roses, Mrs. W. A. Robinson and Mrs. R. O. Mackay doing the honors. Some of the guests were Mrs. Langsford Robinson, Mrs. Arthur Treble, Miss Colton (Toronto), Miss Isobel Scott, Miss Vera Millard, Miss Eleanor Lazier, Miss Bessie Balfour, Miss M. Bell, Mrs. Fred Robinson, Miss Alma Van Allen, Miss Ethel Calder, Miss Mary Haslett, Miss D. Gibson, Miss Pauline Grant, Miss Jean Malloch, Miss Constance Mills, Miss Ward, Miss Agnes Powis, Miss Mary Haslett, Miss Marjorie McIlwraith and Miss W. Black.

Mrs. H. V. Hart and Mrs. John H. Kerr were hostesses at afternoon bridge parties on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Baxter, Burlington, is the guest of Mrs. Counsell, James street south.

Capt. and Miss Cory, Toronto, are the guests of Col. and Mrs. Mewburn, Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucas gave one of their delightful dinners on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. James Rogers has issued cards for an At Home on Friday the 28th to meet Miss Britton, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lynch-Staunton returned from a week's holiday in New York this week.

A very enjoyable buffet luncheon was given by Mrs. L. H. Ambrose on Friday last to a number of friends. Mrs. R. S. Ambrose, who has recently returned from Montreal, and was a house guest, assisted her daughter-in-law in receiving. The guests included Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. W. A. Wood, Mrs. J. W. Nesbitt, Mrs. David Walker, Mrs. Myler, Mrs. Ferrie (Vancouver), Mrs. G. F. Glassco, Mrs. W. A. Spratt, Mrs. Sidney Mewburn and her guest Miss Cory, Miss Fuller, Mrs. Adam Hope, Mrs. George Thomson, Mrs. R. Tasker Steele, Mrs. Gerald Glassco, Mrs. F. F. Backus, Misses Hobson, Miss Watson, Mrs. George Bristol and Mrs. Robert Hobson.

MARAH ELLIS RYAN,
Author of "The Flute of the Gods."

Mrs. Arthur McKay entertained at bridge on Friday afternoon at her residence, Bold street.

Mrs. J. R. Moodie and Mr. James Moodie have left for California, where they will spend the next two months.

Miss Rousseau's tea on Tuesday afternoon, given for her sister, Mrs. Arthur Morrice, of Montreal, was a very bright little gathering of the latter's friends, who were delighted to welcome her among them if only for a short visit. The tea room was in charge of Mrs. W. A. Gilmore and Mrs. Campbell Turner, assisted by Miss Calder, Miss Jean Findlay, Miss Strathmore Findlay and Miss Laura Harvey. Some of those who came in during the tea hour were Mrs. George Robertson, Mrs. Arthur Rowe, Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Mrs. Heusner Mullin, Mrs. Onderdonk, Miss Climie, Mrs. Adolph Levy, Miss Belle MacDonald, Miss Alice Balfour, Miss Eleanor Lazier and Miss Alma Van Allen.

The first causerie to be given by the Women's Wentworth Historical Society will be held at the residence of Mrs. John Crerar on Feb. 4th, when Major William Hendrie will give his interesting lecture on "Medals."

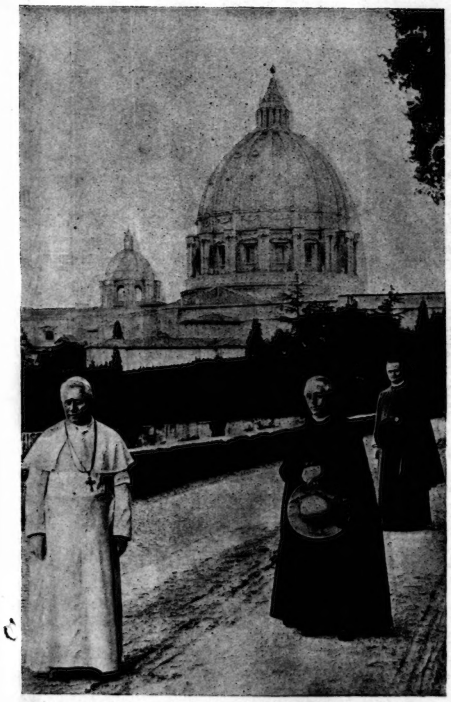
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bradley and Miss Bristol entertained at a most successful musicale in the Conservatory of Music auditorium on Monday evening. The hall was artistically decorated with evergreens, the lights being softened by pink gauze and huge domes of greens hanging above, the effect being very pretty. Mrs. Bradley wore a beautiful gown of black satin with gold lace and was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Bristol, who was gowned in white brocade trimmed with mink and lace. Both carried bouquets of orchids and lilies of the valley. The musical programme was contributed by two singers, Mr. George Devoll and Mr. Isham, of New York. Both artists were received in a most enthusiastic manner. After the programme supper was served. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Southam, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Greening, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Miss Violet Crerar, Mr. Harry Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. Walkden, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fergusson, Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Southam, Misses Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Levy, Dr. and Mrs. Glassco, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ambrose, Mrs. and Miss Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Washington, Dr. and Mrs. English, Dr. and Mrs. Malloch, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Watkins, Mrs. C. S. Scott, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Tidswell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Whitton, Mrs. R. Hobson, Miss Bell, Mrs. Fred Greening, Dr. and Mrs. Griffin, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Domville, Mr. and Mrs. McBrayne, Mr. and Mrs. Hoodless, Dr. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick, Miss Muriel Hoodless, Mrs. Colquohoun, the Misses Colquohoun, Mr. and Mrs. Niblett, Col. Moore, Miss Spohn (Penetang), Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mills, Miss Constance Mills, Dr. O'Reilly, Messrs. Fritz Martin, R. K. Hope, H. Patterson, I. H. Crerar, Stanley Robinson, J. D. Gansby, Mr. and Mrs. James Gillard, Dr. and Mrs. Mullin, Miss Watson, Mrs. John Counsell and Mrs. Counsell.

Mrs. McGiverin and Mrs. David Gillies leave this week for Atlantic City.

Miss Digby, of Brantford, is the guest of Mrs. Percy Domville, Herkimer street.

A very jolly dance was given by the officers of the 13th Royal Regiment in their handsome quarters at the Armories on Wednesday evening, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Mewburn receiving the guests, who numbered about seventy-five.

KATRINE.



POPE PIUS X. WITH HIS SECRETARIES IN THE VATICAN GROUNDS.
The Pope has just passed his seventh Christmastide within the Vatican. He is seventy-four years of age, having been born at Riese in 1835. His parents were in lowly stations of life; his relatives are still shopkeepers. As Patriarch of Venice he gained great popularity by his tact and charity.

Poor Goat!

THERE was a goat in our town
And he was wondrous thin,
And yet wherever food was, he
Was always butting in.

And when he found the food was gone,
He never acted blue—
He merely ate the dishes, and
He ate the table, too.

He ate a family washing and
The clothes-line at a bite;
And then he ate a whetstone, just
To whet his appetite.

He might have been there eating yet,
But that's an open question—
He ate a box of breakfast food
And died of indigestion!

—Cleveland Leader.

Supported by Sugar Cane.

A YOUNG Cuban boy and girl residing in a Florida town have solved the problem of existence in a somewhat novel manner. They have acquired an old sugar cane mill and run it near the business part of the town, their patrons being so numerous that there is a demand for all the sugar cane the two children can make.

Questioned as to how they decided upon this particular means of earning a livelihood the little girl said:

"We came from Cuba, where we were brought up on a sugar plantation, but everything my parents had was destroyed in the Revolution. Then we came here and a few months later my father died.

"We had to help mother take care of our younger brothers and sisters and at first we didn't know what we should ever find to do. I had not yet been taught to sew so I was not able to help my mother do the fine needlework or the embroidery by which she was trying to earn money. It was very hard for my brother to get any work that he was strong enough to do because he was then so small.

"We saw this old cane mill. It had been thrown away by a man when he put in a new mill that can easily do four times as much work in the same time. It was just the kind we had used on our plantation.

AWARDED A CARNEGIE MEDAL FOR BRAVERY.
Miss Bertha Rattenbury, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., recently received a silver medal and $2,000 as a reward from the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission for her bravery in saving, at the risk of her life, a young woman from drowning in Charlottetown harbor. The $2,000 will be expended upon Miss Rattenbury's education.

So my brother told my mother that if he could get it we, he and I, could make money selling the juice. So we began business with it.

"People who have never seen an old fashioned cane mill stand around and see us work and nearly always buy juice, at least enough to taste, but they are not our steady customers, for as a rule they do not like cane juice. Our regular customers are natives, or Cubans like ourselves. We have been accustomed to drinking cane juice all our lives and are very fond of it, just as people from cold climates drink tea.

"At home in Cuba we had several varieties of cane and every Cuban can tell you just the kind it is by tasting even ever so little of the juice. Here we use only the green sugar cane. It is not so thick when first squeezed and is lighter in color than that made from the purple or red cane.

"Sorghum is yet another cane, but we never see that in Cuba. Sorghum is only grown in places where the frosts come too early for the regular sugar cane to mature. I have only seen it a few times, and then I thought it looked and tasted more like fresh cornstalks than sugarcane.

"Though we sell most of our juice right here and see the people drink it, there are some customers who send for it or take it to their homes. Many of them tell us that they would be willing to pay extra if we could deliver the juice to them at certain hours, but as there are only my brother and me we cannot accept their offer. Sometimes we clear as much as $20 a week and then again we hardly make $10. As we never put cane in the mill until there is some prospect of selling the juice we never waste any.

"Of course our cane juice makes the best kind of candy, and often we have orders for several quarts for that purpose, but most people like candy in the colder weather. You see, candy made from cane juice has to be carefully boiled and then carefully pulled. It is very hot work cooking the candy here early in the fall.

"If the season was longer we could make plenty so that mother would not have to sew for money, but cane cutting lasts only a few weeks, and though we keep some of the cane as long as we can it will dry and soon there is no juice in it. Besides, most people only like it during the regular season.

"Yes, we make enough so that my brother and I can go to school when the mill is not running. We make enough to pay the house rent all the year and something extra to help along with our other expenses."

The Most Beautiful Age.

THE age at which a woman is most attractive is something which man has been trying to decide since the days of Adam, and the answer still depends largely upon the person trying to give it. Women are beautiful at all ages and seldom fail in charm whether grandmothers or just past the school and college stage. The degree of beauty to be found in them depends entirely on a man's ideals. A very young man usually admires a woman much older than himself, a middle aged man generally seeks the youth which he himself no longer possesses.

William Morris decided that women were most beautiful at forty, and an English writer in agreeing with him said recently: Personally, one might incline to the opinion that the age at which a woman is most dangerously attractive is 30 or thereabout. At that stage of existence, whether she is married or single, and always supposing she has grace of form, a fair share of good looks, that she understands something of the art of dressing, that she has lived in the world and not in a provincial town or country rectory all her life, she can generally manage to outwit any girl. But we can get a step further in the science of attractiveness when we come to the woman of 40. Her personal attractions are no longer of the dazzling description, but for all she has a charm which alone can be given by maturity, that wisdom which has been bought of experience and sympathy sprung from knowledge that teaches us tolerance.

"This advertisement savors of pessimism." "What's that?" "Gentleman offers to exchange a Christmas present for something useful."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Do you give your wife an allowance?" "No, she takes it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mme. von Niessen-Stone
and Dr. Albert Ham
Give their unqualified praise of the
"NEW SCALE WILLIAMS"
Canada's Greatest PIANO

At the Concerts of the National Chorus at Massey Hall Tuesday and Wednesday evenings this great Piano was used, and the vast audience present had the opportunity of hearing its beautiful tone. But for the benefit of those who were unable to attend we publish herewith two letters—one from Mme. von Niessen-Stone, the great Metropolitan Opera Soprano, who took the house by storm, and the other from Dr. Albert Ham, the well-known Toronto musician and conductor of the National Chorus.

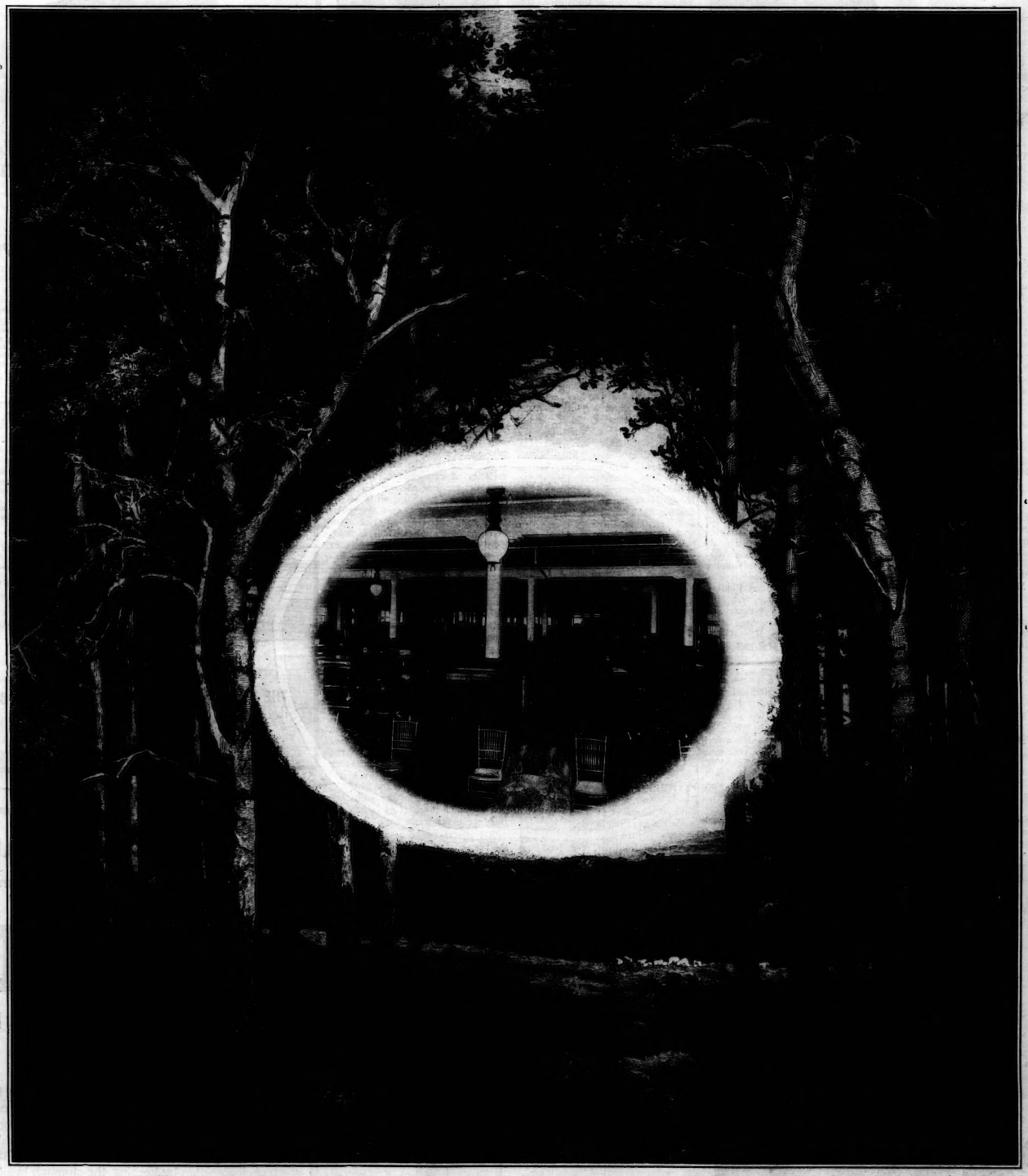
561 Jarvis St.,
Toronto, Jan. 20, 1910.
The Williams Piano Co.,
Oshawa, Ont.:—
Gentlemen:—
Allow me to congratulate you on the New Scale Williams Piano.
Its round, pure tone and responsive touch are alike delightful, and for the purposes of accompaniment it is an ideal instrument.
Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
(Signed)
ALBERT HAM, Mus.Doc.,
Conductor of the National Chorus, Toronto.

The King Edward Hotel,
Toronto, Jan. 19, 1910.
The Williams Piano Co.,
Oshawa, Ont.:
Dear Sirs:—
Your New Scale Piano is really a most beautiful instrument—perfect in tone and touch.
I enjoyed singing to it at the National Chorus Concerts.
(Signed)
MATYA VON NIESSEN-STONE.

We do not hesitate to say that this great Piano is one of the best in the world, and we offer
$1,000 IN GOLD
to any charitable institution in the city if any Canadian manufacturer produces a better piano.
CALL AND EXAMINE THIS GREAT INSTRUMENT, IN BOTH UPRIGHT AND GRAND.
EASY PAYMENTS IF DESIRED.
THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., LIMITED
143 YONGE STREET

Your Best Gift to the State
Give to the state sturdy men and women by giving the youngsters plenty of
SHREDDED WHEAT
The food that's good for young and old alike, but specially good for children. Shredded Wheat contains all the material necessary for the building of strong, healthy bodies. A delicious and nourishing food for all climes and seasons—the food that corrects indigestion by keeping the stomach healthy and strong in a natural way. Shredded Wheat is the best food for the growing boy or girl. It builds brain, bone and muscular tissue and is always ready to serve. All the Meat of the Golden Wheat.
THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LIMITED
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

EATON'S



From the heart of the ancient wood to the homes of Toronto, via our

February Furniture Sale

Young country as is this Dominion, her people demand each year a higher standard in their surroundings.

This is particularly apparent in the ever-increasing call for furniture of a higher grade, just such furniture as we include in our semi-annual Sale, which starts next Tuesday.

Featured in this Sale is Bedroom and Dining-room Furniture; in preparing the most extensive assortment in our history we have been able to make prices and values unusually interesting, even for February.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED